WITHOUT WARNING

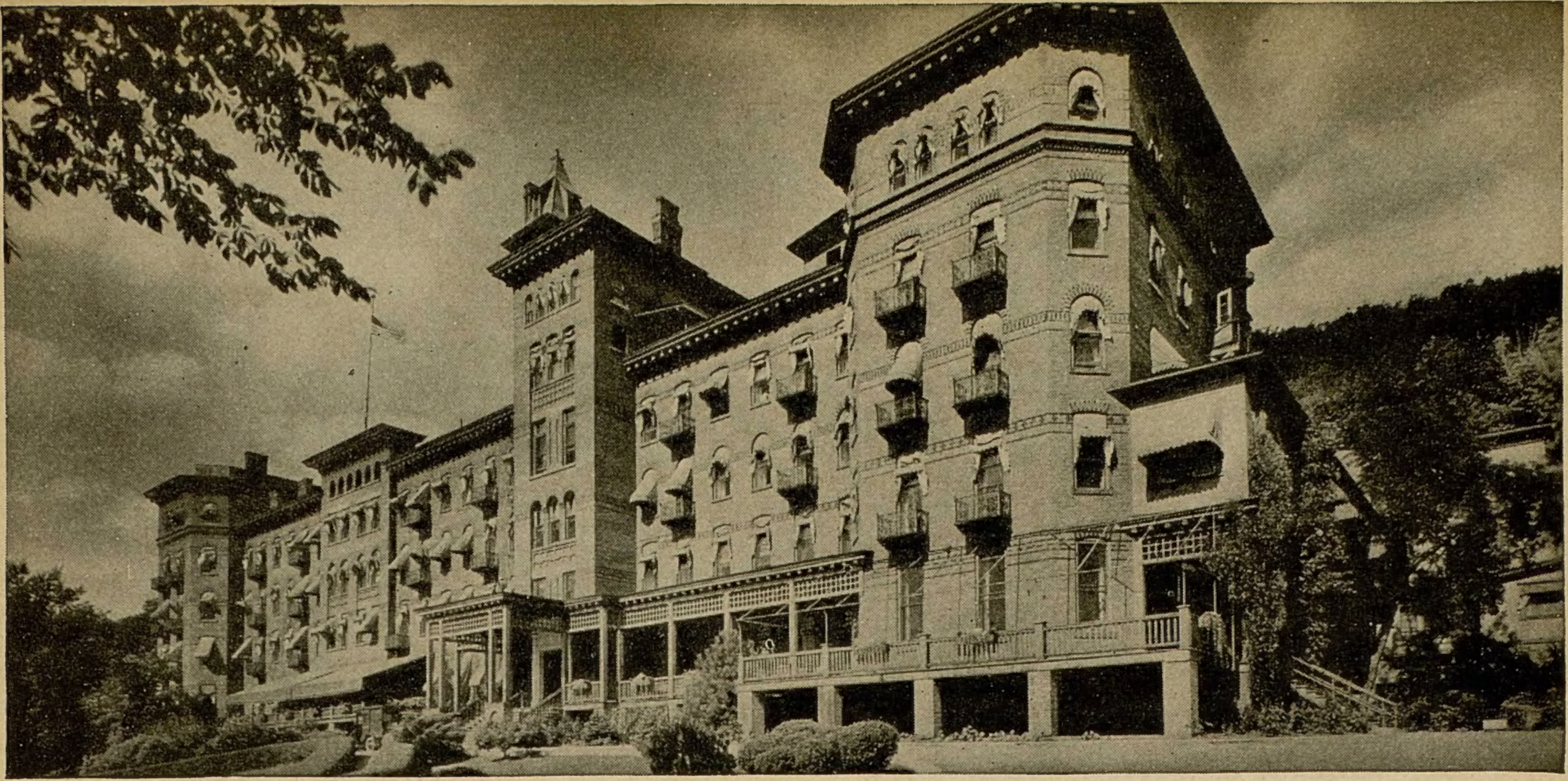
A Novel of the War of East and West That Threatens America in 1937

Liberty

APRIL 11,
1936

5¢

JAFSIE ANSWERS HAUPTMANN'S DEATH-CELL ACCUSATION



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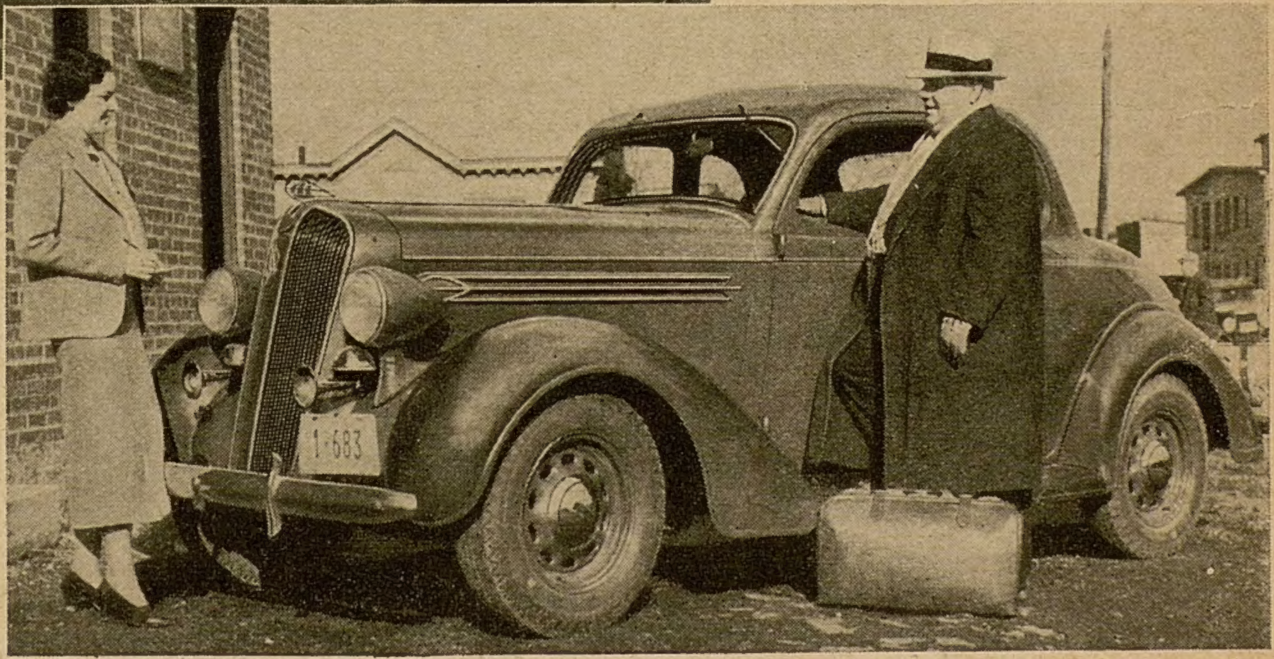


OFF ON ANOTHER TRIP... Mr. Donaldson drives this Plymouth 2,500 to 3,000 miles a month.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

APRIL 11, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 15

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Patriotism, Loyalty to Our Country Should Be Our Guide

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THERE are many nonpartisan patriotic societies in this country. As organizations they take no part in politics.

But when their members see an attack being made on our form of government, when they see efforts to change the system that we have glorified for more than a hundred and fifty years, they can hardly avoid the interest necessary to protect us from the false prophets who are undermining our institutions.

We love our country! During the prolonged period of our marvelous growth it gave us the blessings of liberty that no other country enjoys. And whatever may be the attitude of the nonpartisan associations, in the present emergency their duty is plain. They should immediately manifest active interest in the measures essential to protect our country in this dangerous situation.

There may be defects in our Constitution and many additional amendments may be necessary. But you cannot change the meaning of the liberty guaranteed to us in the preamble to this great document.

We have witnessed a very definite effort to place the entire business of this country in the hands of the Chief Executive in Washington. We have seen a similar effort to control every farmer in the country. Such dictatorial control is definitely Communistic. To give an official in Washington the power to tell every farmer what he can raise and thus place the painful badge of slavery on these hard-working citizens, to restrict every ambitious executive throughout the country by placing a dictator over business, would undoubtedly bring disaster. Such a plan would greatly hamper the development of individual genius, the actual source of our commercial supremacy. And such a procedure could in some instances be allied to slave-driving.

The Masons were credited with being the moving spirit which brought on the Revolution. The tax on tea was especially obnoxious at that time, and we all remember the story of the Americans disguised as Indians who tossed the entire contents of a ship loaded with tea into Boston Bay.

The Masons are one of our most powerful organizations. And there are the Elks, the American Legion, Knights of Columbus, the Loyal Order of Moose, Knights Templars, B'nai B'rith, and many other organizations whose object is to promote America for Americans. Foreign " isms " are obnoxious to the members of these organizations. And the progress such " isms " are making, especially in governmental circles, is disheartening to patriotic citizens everywhere.

The time is at hand right now to call a convention in some city centrally located, where representatives of all the organizations of this country can discuss the dangers with which we are confronted and suggest remedies which will enable them to use their combined forces to defeat the efforts of those who are endeavoring to overthrow our governmental system.

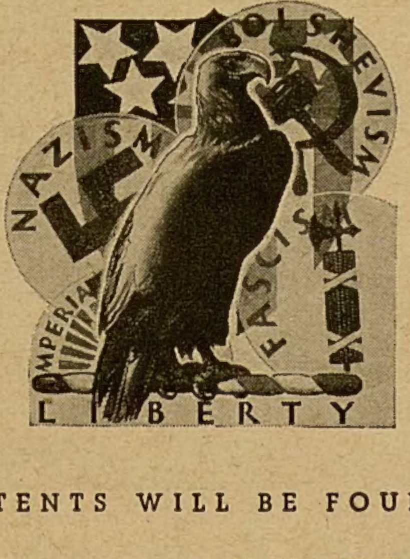
These foreign " isms " are being carried into schools and colleges. And there have been reports of attempts to make converts in the army and navy.

Our educational institutions are especially fertile soil at this time because of lack of opportunities for graduates of our educational institutions. There are but few jobs for young men of today, and it is easy to impress them with the idea that our governmental system has failed, and that consequently business should be controlled and directed from governmental sources, the system now in vogue in Russia and some other foreign countries.

Attorney General Cummings maintains that his department has no authority in protecting this country from the treasonable activities of Communists and other foreign foes.

It is the duty, therefore, of patriotic citizens to take some action which will be effective in these serious emergencies.

The dangers we are facing should be everywhere recognized. The value of our system of government as compared to the various foreign " isms " should be heralded far and wide by effective educational measures.



Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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Can the Women of the Pacific Prevent War?

They Have Tried and Are Trying, Though the World Hardly Knows It—The Story of a Meeting Pregnant with Dramatic Significance

by EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Mrs. Blair is an authority on women's participation in national affairs. Last year she became head of the NRA Consumers' Advisory Board, and was appointed a member of the NRA Advisory Council.

YOU have only to visit California or read your daily papers to understand that a volcano may be simmering beneath the indigo-blue waters of the Pacific. Talk to any frank army or naval officer and he will tell you that two of the countries bordering on that ocean have already entered "a period of strained relations." Pressed to explain that phrase, he will tell you that it means that any effort of either of these nations to strengthen its defenses may provoke a conflict. To the military-minded, such a period is the calm before the storm, the conflict inevitable.

That such a conflict might reduce the paradise of Hawaii to a barren isle is plain. That it might result— But no one can prophesy how far its effects might extend.

Is such a conflict inevitable? Not if the Pan-Pacific Women's Association can prevent it. Not so long ago, that association held a conference of women in Honolulu. To this conference I went as representative of Liberty. Little attention was paid to it by the press of the United States. Yet surely it is news, news pregnant with drama, when women leaders of women in the United States sit down, today, with women leaders of women in Japan with the avowed purpose of preventing war; when women from Japan meet women from China in an effort to promote peace in the Pacific; when women from Australia, Canada, New Zealand—even the Fiji Islands—realizing that any war in the Pacific must affect their own countries, come to join them in council.

Certainly something important is happening when Japanese women ask American women, and American women ask Japanese women, what national sacrifices and adjustments must be made in order to promote greater economic co-operation.

Certainly it is time for statesmen to take notice when Japanese women and American women answer, each for their own country, questions like these: "What tendency is there to give undue national bias to the minds of youth. *How can this be combated?*" Or these: "How reliable are the press and the other news agencies? Is any failing due to government influence? *How can women exercise an influence in this?*" Or these: "How far is compulsory military training of civilian youth considered a threat by other nations? *Can women influence national policy in this?*"

Important women, those delegates! In the American delegation, for example, were the then president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, and two of its vice-presidents, Mrs. E. B. Lawson and Dr. Josephine Pierce.

Does this method of forestalling war seem visionary? Wait. Had Englishwomen known in 1914 how strong was the peace party in Germany, how some of its leaders worked for peace and only narrowly missed it, as has been revealed by historians, would it have been so easy to sell the Liberals of England the idea of a holy war against a war-mad Germany? Yet how many American women know today that Japan has a peace party by no means negligible? How many know that a Japanese woman took a peace petition signed by 80,000 Japanese women to the London Naval Limitations Conference? The same woman attended this Pan-Pacific Conference of Women.

Hearing the clank of antiaircraft guns in Hawaii, seeing the men quartered at Schofield Barracks, remembering the fears and counter-fears, the pressure of populations in the water-bound areas of the Far East, I wondered how far such a conference might avail toward creating "an international community of the Pacific based on mutual understanding and respect."

Certainly there existed no racial antagonisms at this conference, such as one finds in other parts of the world. At the dinner which opened it, on my left sat a Caucasian New Zealander; on my right a dark-skinned East Indian; across from me a beige Filipino; beyond her a cream-colored Maori; next to her, a slightly darker Hawaiian. A Korean was between a Chinese and a Japanese. Americans and Canadians and Australians were sprinkled liberally among them.

Perhaps it may be easier for women to impress their ideas and ideals in the Pacific than it was in the Atlantic. For one thing, in most of the Pacific countries women have the vote. In some of them they have had it longer than in the United States. In New Zealand and Australia they have had it so long that women take an active and influential part in public affairs as a matter of course. In China and India they have not had it so long, but the fact that they won it simultaneously with men made for an equal participation in public affairs. Even in Japan women now raise their voices in public. Therefore, once these women of the Pacific agree on how to build a more harmonious world there, they have the political means at hand to do it.

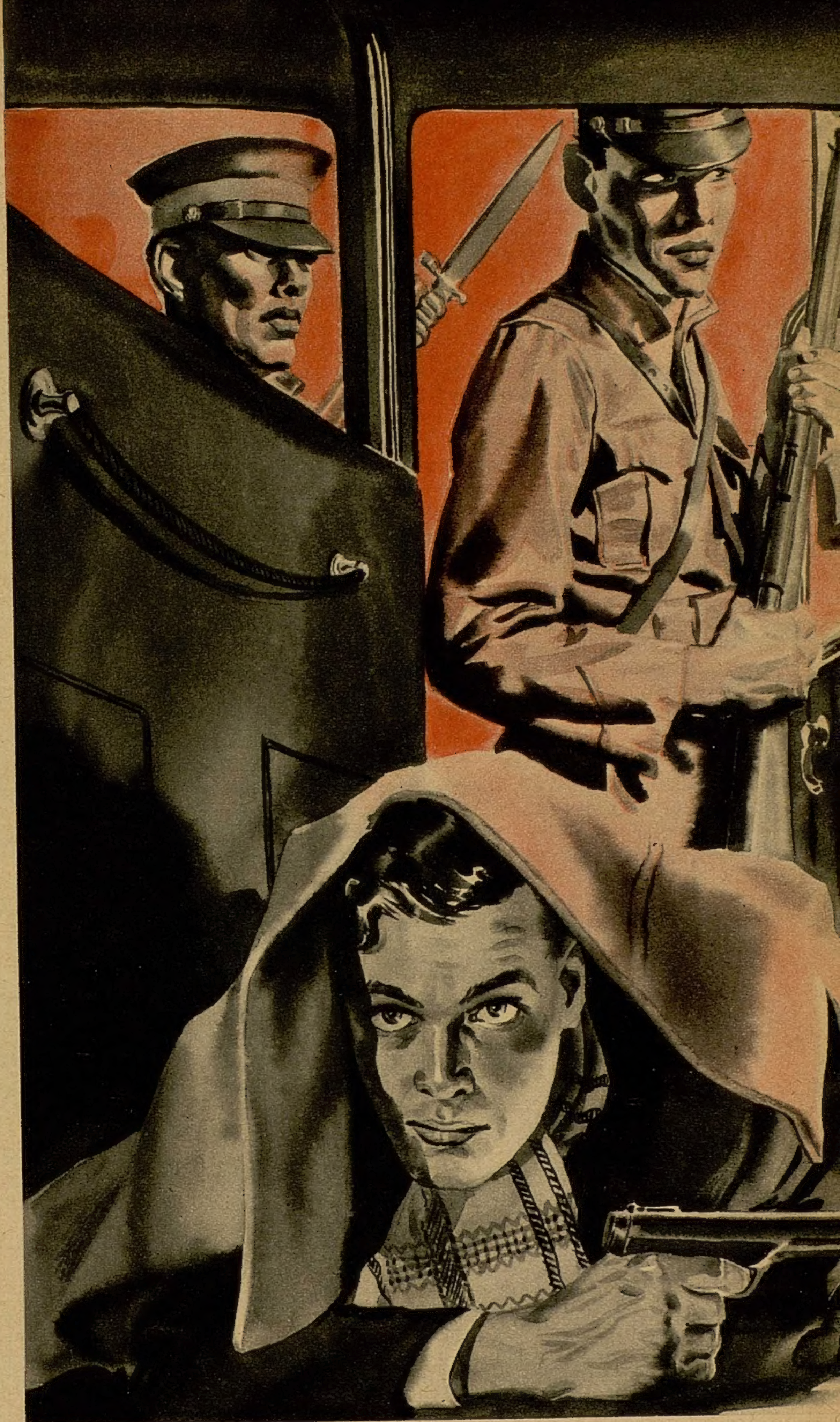
Yet the women of this Pan-Pacific Women's Association do not overlook the present situation. Of the war psychoses abroad in the world they are aware. As to war psychology, once war starts, they have no illusions. That the race, as H. G. Wells once said, is between education and disaster, they well know. So while they work for this new international community, they work even more intensively to prevent war in the Pacific tomorrow or the next day.

Will this technic of the women be effective to prevent war? Who can say? THE END

Now Start Reading the Stirring Serial Which Begins on the Next Page

(Mrs. Blair Has Not Read It, Of Course, But We Hope She Will.)

Will It Be East vs. West in 1937? — Here Begins a Poignantly Vivid Novel of War as It MIGHT Come



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

PART ONE—IN THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD

WAR and a woman!

I found them both on the same night, a soft May night, in the great imperial dockyard at Yokosuka; and so long as I breathe air they will fill my mind and heart.

I see them constantly, but they shift. Sometimes all the suffering, all the ruin, all the waste, all the hideous drama of the war is lost to me—covered over by the look in the woman's eyes, lost in the contemplation of her wide red mouth.

Again her face dims and vanishes in the smoke of guns and in flaming ships and cities; and her voice is unheard in the clamor of battle, the shouts and groans and screams of fighting men, the rattle of machine guns, the roar of airplanes, the gurgle of water gulping down a nation's pomp and power.

They belong together, those two—the woman and the war. I cannot write the story of the conflict without telling many things about Marian Lamar. I cannot put her name on paper without remembering the hordes of little yellow men marching through the roads of California, without seeing white bodies of men and boys and women choking the irrigation ditches and dotting the vineyards and the truck farms.

Without the woman the war could not have ended as it did—might not have ended yet. It was destiny that introduced me to her that night in Japan, destiny that shaped the future of two empires.

I was a young prig of a naval lieutenant then, and more or less satisfied with myself, my history, and my career, smugly complacent over my accomplishments as a linguist and my fame as a football hero.

I had had no orders to do intelligence work. I wasn't brilliant enough for that. But the opportunity came, and I seized it gladly. It was only a lark at first. I had the ball, and I meant to run it down the field in spite of all the tacklers in my path. It was a challenge, something to do, and to talk about later on.

I had been ordered home from the Asiatic station. I was going to Honolulu to see my family, and then on to Los Angeles to marry Rita Cannelle. My ship had put into Yokohama, and promptly developed engine trouble there. She would not sail for a week or more. I was not too disappointed. I had always loved Japan. I had spent my boyhood in its big cities. I spoke its language well.

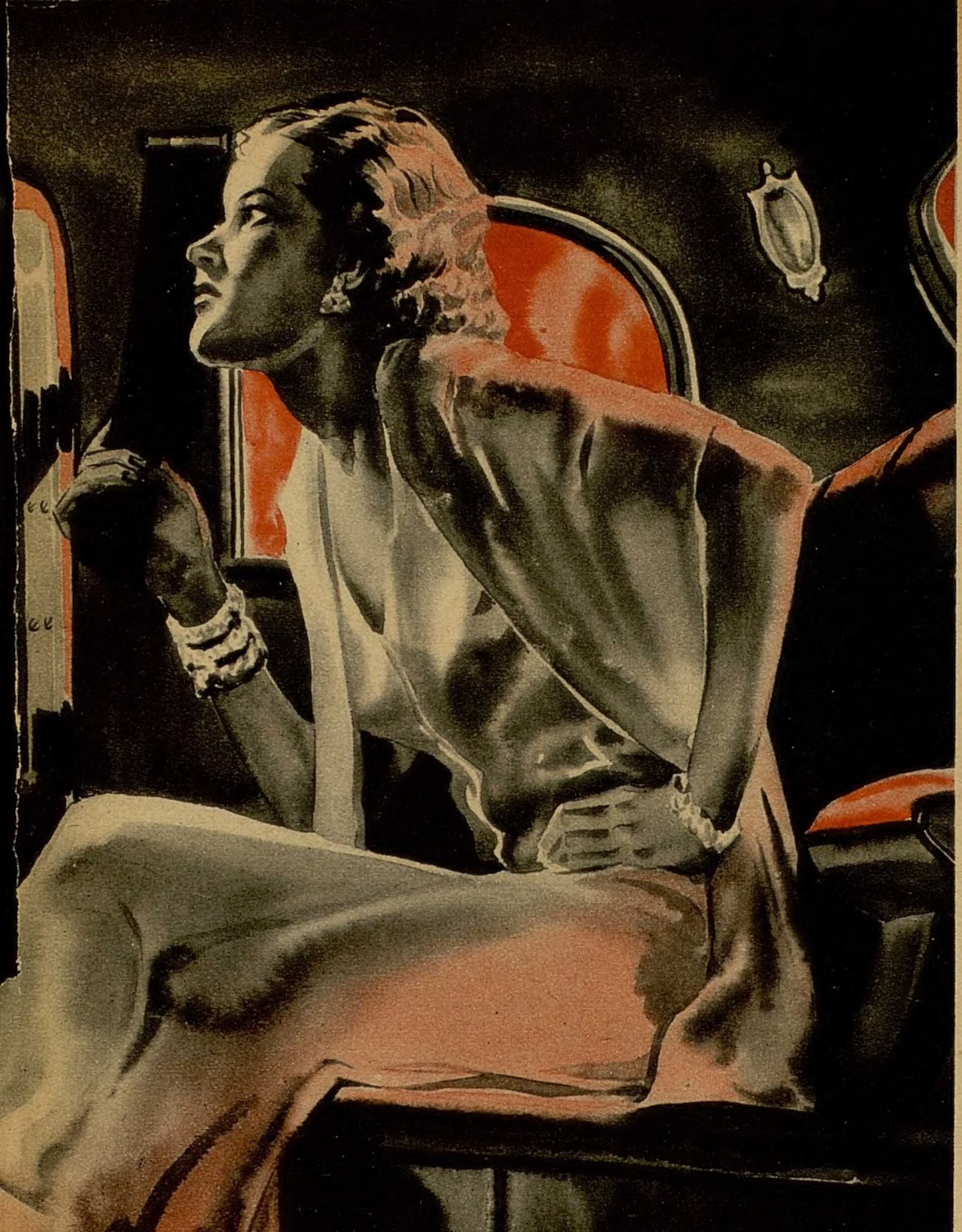
In the Imperial bar in Yokohama I had heard a drunken German boasting. He had designed a cruiser submarine for the Japanese navy, he said, that made all other submarines look like children's toys. They could cross the Pacific and return without refueling. They had tremendous guns and carried huge supplies of mines and torpedoes.

Two Japanese naval officers had suddenly appeared and dragged the German from the bar. And then and there I made up my mind to see if it were the German talking, or only the drinks.

There was plenty of war talk in Yokohama at the time.

Japan was still pursuing her policy of penetration in China. Her grip on Manchuria was secure. She was pressing fresh demands on the Nationalist government at Nanking—demands that meant nothing less than a Japanese protectorate for all North China.

American diplomatic protests had been of no avail. Japan was even demanding the withdrawal of the Ameri-



"This is Prince Kakagawa's car. Did you not see the emblem on the hood? How dare you intrude!"

Beginning—

WITHOUT WARNING

by MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT & EDWARD DOHERTY

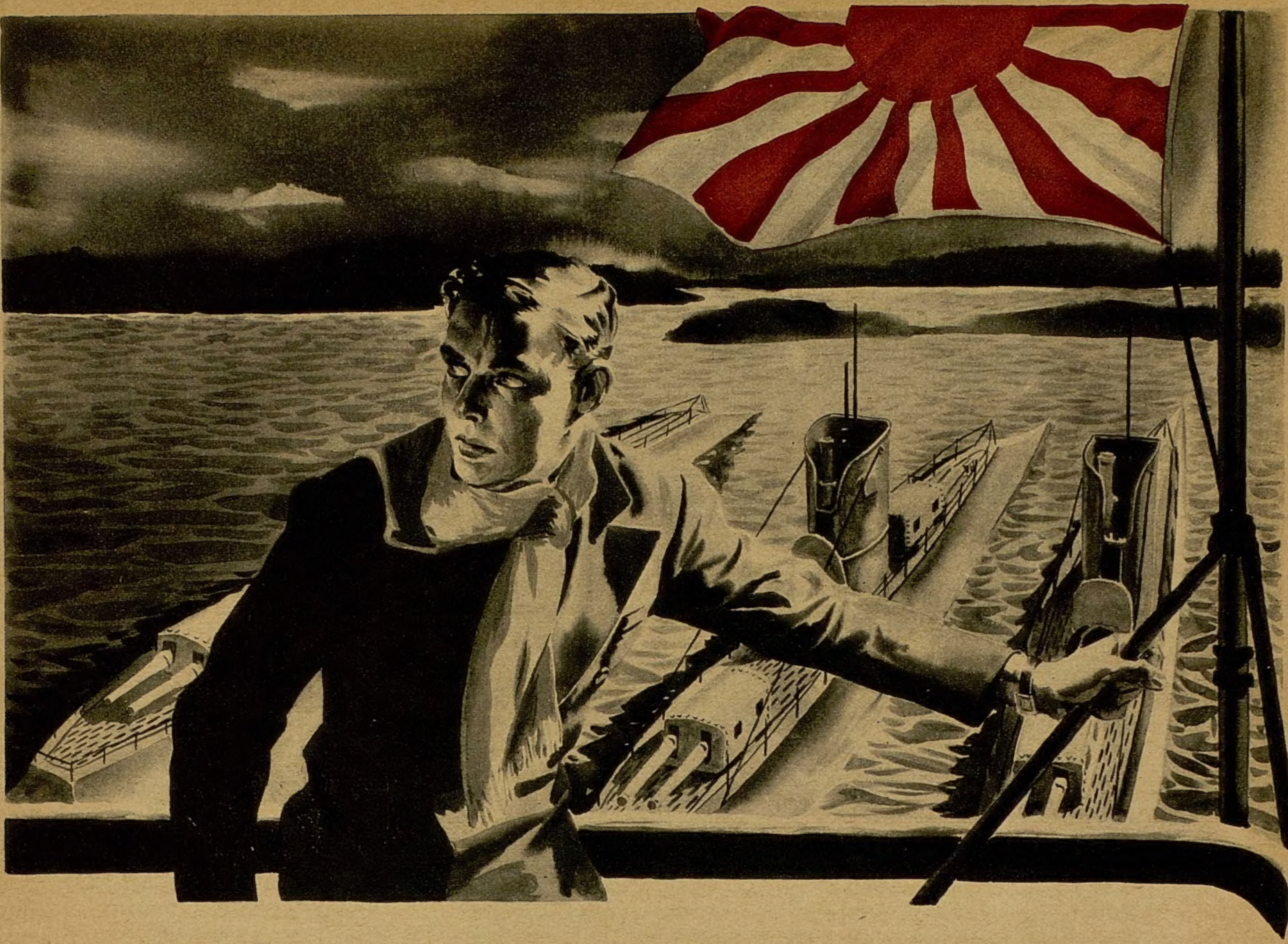
The names and the descriptions of all the characters in this story are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

can and British troops stationed at Tientsin, announcing her own readiness to assume complete responsibility for the safety of the railway from Peiping to the sea.

Everywhere there was talk that Japan judged the time had come to take over the man power and the resources of China and use them as her own, that she might establish the overlordship of all Asia and dominate the Pacific. Everywhere it was pointed out that, to gain her objectives, she must first clear America from her path and then Great Britain.

There was more excitement now in Tokyo than existed during the assassinations of 1936, when nine hundred officers and men of the army, maddened by the conservatism of the elder statesmen, ran about shooting them down.

That was an excitement one could see—the murder of august men, the capture of the police barracks by the rebels, the encircling of their stronghold by the loyal troops, tanks hurrying through the streets, planes flying overhead, soldiers in control everywhere—an excitement that abated somewhat with the resignations and suicides that followed the surrender of the rebels to the wishes of the divine Emperor, the descendant of the sun-god, an ex-



Three subs lay here in peace and gloom. And such subs! Big as light cruisers.

citement that grew again with the gradual growth of the military party.

But here, now, was an excitement one did not see but felt the more deeply for not seeing—an electric all-pervading sense of imminent disaster. There was a fuse burning somewhere. Only a few could see it, but all could hear it sputter. The explosion must come soon.

So, if the German had told the truth and those giant subs were lying in the dockyard basin, the United States should know it.

I went to my hotel and woke up Mike Delevan. He was sprawled on one of the twin beds inelegantly snoring. I shook him hard.

"Hit the deck!" I shouted.

Mike was a bum, a beachcomber, a derelict who had attached himself to me in the hope that I would take him home as my valet, my aide, and my bodyguard. He was of medium size. But no man had wider shoulders or a greater thirst. His nose was prodigious. It spread—or had been spread—over a great area on his flabby red face. He used to say he saw the world through his nose.

He blinked at me sleepily and rubbed his little eyes.

"Shed!" I cried.

"Take off me clothes, is it? Sure, lieutenant, me hands are that numb they can't unbutton one button without a drop of something to warm them."

I poured him a drink that helped to strip him.

His clothes were foul with the smell of Japanese dives in them and the reek of spilled whisky. They were ragged and filthy and wrinkled and dark. I put them on. They didn't fit. But then, they didn't need to.

I emptied the pockets of their incredible contents—old letters with big names signed to them, a military medal, a Navy Cross, a Congressional Medal, a D. S. C., a Croix de Guerre with palms, a handful of loose tobacco, three crumpled cigarettes, an empty flask, a few coins, a dirty handkerchief, a pair of dice, and a rosary.

I rubbed the sleeves of his coat to my cheeks, smudging them.

"If I don't come back," I said, "you can have everything in my clothes closet."

Mike sat down on one of the beds, a bottle in one hand, a whisky glass in the other.

"But you'll be coming back," he said mournfully.

I opened a trunk and pulled out a dark-blue scarf Rita had sent me for my birthday. I knotted it around my neck. I pulled the cap a little lower.

"You think anybody in the hotel will recognize me?"

"Lieutenant Grant," he said, "your own mother would turn away from you with scorn."

I HURRIED out of the hotel, keeping my head bent, limping a little—as Mike did—squaring my shoulders all I could.

In a dark ship chandler's yard I found what I was looking for—a heavy coil of rope and a stout steel grapnel. It didn't matter that the grapnel was rusty.

There's a high wall around the dockyard. I'd have to climb it. There were gates, of course; but I knew they'd be well guarded and well lighted.

I slunk along in the shadows of dark narrow streets, reeling into doorways when I saw any one coming toward me.

I passed the first gate, on the opposite side of the street. A blazing arc light hanging directly over the gate showed me two sentries, short sturdy fellows, policemen armed with clubs and pistols. I was glad of that arc light. It made the shadows so much blacker.

Naval officers and bluejackets were streaming in and out of the gate, and some civilians too—the latter presenting passes that were carefully scrutinized.

The sentries were too busy to pay any attention to me. So I crossed the street and crouched against the wall midway between two gates.

I was just young enough

(Continued on page ten)

PAUL JONES
WHISKEY
LOUISVILLE KY.
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Paul Jones
★★★★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

A MAN can have no greater happiness than a taste for the pleasant things of life . . . the discernment to know these things at their best . . . and good friends with whom to enjoy them.

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Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey!

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Paul Jones, Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

(Continued from page eight)

then to enjoy the sensation of fear. There was so much to lose!

My teeth chattered as though I were cold. I thought of going home, and going quickly. I had a mad impulse to dart across the street and run. I didn't have to do this thing. It was a crazy thing. The German had lied. And even if he hadn't lied, what did a new submarine mean to me? Suppose it was able to go to the United States and back without refueling. Japan wasn't going to war. Not against my country. Japan couldn't go to war!

But—I had to know about those submarines. I had to see them.

I'd got over the feeling that this was just a lark, an adventure to talk over at mess. I think in those few minutes, while I crouched there in the shadow of the wall, I began to grow up.

I began to realize—while I was getting up my nerve—that I was an officer of the United States Navy, and that as such it was up to me to do all in my power for the welfare of my country—that, even if I died for it, I must try to find out all I could about those submarines.

I coiled the rope so it would run free, swung the grapnel around my head, and launched it at the top of the wall.

But I was still shaky with nervousness and the throw didn't go true.

The grapnel struck the top of the wall and bounded back. I caught it, in spite of the darkness. Luckily it didn't strike me.

My heart stopped beating for a moment. I had made a frightful noise. I wondered if I had been heard. I was sure some one would come running toward me at any moment. But I didn't wait for the sound of feet.

I threw again, quickly. And now I was no longer cold, but feverish. The sweat seeped out of my forehead. The heart that had stopped was racing fast.

I listened. I heard the grapnel strike on the other side of the wall. I drew in the rope quickly. It came two feet or so, then tightened. The grapnel had caught. I swung my weight on the rope. The grapnel held.

I KICKED off Mike's shoes, tied them around my neck by means of their laces, and went up the rope hand over hand, as I used to do in my training days on the old Severn.

I rested a moment on the top of the wall, lying flat.

The dockyard was alive with workmen. Everywhere were sputtering arc lights, the darting figures of little men. Directly opposite was a large building with every window in it ablaze with lights. Around it came a narrow-gauge locomotive carrying a string of flatcars. Near by, the gaunt arms of a great crane swung specterlike against a background of scarlet-glowing forges.

The lights of the building made me clearly visible to any one who might have looked my way. I realized that, but I couldn't do anything about it, for I had to readjust the grapnel for my descent.

> **The people of the Americas must take cognizance of marked trends toward aggression, of increasing armaments—a situation which has in it many of the elements that lead to the tragedy of general war. In many nations the masses of the people follow blindly and fervently the lead of those who seek autocratic power.**
>
> **Nations seeking expansion or outlets for population have reverted to the old belief in the law of the sword. The United States can play but one role: . . . through adequate defense to save ourselves from embroilment and attack.**
>
> **—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT in his message to Congress January 3, 1936**

The headlight of the locomotive almost blinded me. I slid down swiftly, burning my palms a little, and felt my feet crunch on gravel. I was inside. I would see what I had come to see.

A voice cried out sharply from the direction of the main gate. Then the sharp report of a pistol. I don't think I heard the bullet whistle past me, but I distinctly recall that I felt the wind of it.

I leaped for the nearest shelter. A man came running at me. He seemed the biggest man in the world. I hit him—saw him fall; ran on without stopping; ran into the dark. Dozens were chasing me. I could hear them shouting. I could hear the pad-pad of their feet. But there was an uncertain quality in the hue and cry that gave me hope. They didn't know exactly where I was; but I expected that any moment I'd run into a spotlight. That would be the end!

If I could get to the water front, if I could see those submarines—well, maybe it wouldn't be so hard to die, but I mustn't die without a glimpse of them.

THERE was a brick footpath leading in the right direction. I followed it. It took me between dark storehouses, led me away from those glowing clanging forges. It led me across three lines of tracks and into the obscurity of other storehouses.

The clamor of immediate pursuit lessened, but there were plenty of workmen around. I dared not walk too fast. I dared not fail to slow up, now and then, and give a brief word of greeting. They weren't all Japs here. There were plenty of white men, foreign technicians. Some measure of courage came back to me.

Presently I came to a broad roadway. An arc light hanging from a steel tower brightened it. I paused to look over the terrain. I saw a gleam of water some distance away, smelled the familiar salt tang of the sea, made out the tripod mast of a light cruiser. She was tied to the nearest dock, her decks lighted, lines of little men crawling up her gangplank burdened with bags and crates and bales. A bluejacket sentry was pacing along the sea wall, the light flickering on his bayonet.

I sat down and put on my shoes, Mike's shoes.

To my left, near the mouth of an alley, stood a big limousine. Beyond it were storehouses, shadows, glimpses of a star-filled sky. I went slowly past the car, then ran along the sea face of the warehouses into the shadows beyond the circle of light that fell from the tower. There I found a roadway. I started to trot. I passed the baby cruiser without challenge. And then, with startling suddenness, I came upon what I sought.

A basin where the riding lights of low-lying ships revealed strange shapes in the dark took my attention. I ran toward it, in my stocking feet again. A bluejacket sentry passed me; didn't see me, didn't hear me.

A concrete road brought me around the edge of the basin. There was little stirring about here; no confusion, no bright lights. Three subs lay here in peace and gloom. And such subs! Big as light cruisers, with rounded gun turrets forward and aft, each with a pair of heavy guns. At least six-inch-caliber, those guns.

The French Surcouf, officially considered the largest submarine in the world, was a pygmy compared to one of these. These, I thought, were at least 400 feet long and upward of 3,500 tons surface displacement.

I knew they hadn't been included in any published list of Japanese vessels of war. I sensed that the very existence of these three had been kept hidden even from the citizens of Japan. Such secrecy must have a sinister, deadly purpose.

Three here—and how many more might there be elsewhere?

On the nearest undersea boat I could see white-clad watch officers. They were on the bridge. At the bow and stern, parties of seamen stood ready to tend lines. The conning tower was so large it boasted a door. The door was open. An electric light revealed a white-painted passage within—a passage that indicated the vessel was unusually roomy. Her crew would be almost as comfortable, when running on the surface, as that of any cruiser, it appeared to me.

I watched for a long time, crouching by the stringpiece of the pier. It was plain the sub was getting under way. Where was it going?

Cautiously I started back. I must get out of the dockyard quickly. I must send warning.

Back along the concrete road I went as swiftly as I dared—back along the seaward side of the warehouses, hugging the shadows, back to that brick walk that would eventually, perhaps, lead me to the vicinity of the main gate—and to my rope and grapnel.

GEORGE F. ELIOT *has been busy as a rolling stone getting polish in various fields, as a soldier, a cop, a bookkeeper, and railroad man. But now he most enjoys banging out fiction on a typewriter.*

EDWARD DOHERTY *needs no introduction to the readers of Liberty, who have steadily enjoyed his fiction and articles in its pages. Adventure is Ed's middle name and an itching foot his main guide.*

The rope would not be there, I suspected. It must have been discovered by the sentinel who had fired at me. But maybe I was wrong. It might be just my luck to find it there, giving me a chance to escape.

I sat down and put on Mike's shoes again.

From beyond a storehouse a man came running. The bluejacket on the sea wall challenged.

"Chu-sa Okazawa!" the man cried. "Officer of the day! Have you seen any suspicious strangers?"

"No, sir!"

"Keep a sharp lookout. Some one has climbed the wall. A spy. Perhaps an American, may the gods forbid!"

He was gone, running toward the cruiser, spreading the alarm.

I saw the sentry look around, then start directly toward me. The arc light showed me his set, determined Oriental face. The dark gap that sheltered me had attracted his attention. He was going to search it. I reached for my gun and held it.

BACK of me came running feet, shrill excited voices. I was trapped. I looked to the right. There was no shelter there. I looked to the left. The motorcar! It presented a chance, a desperate chance. I scuttled to it quickly on hands and knees, gaining the running board, found the handle of the rear door.

More quickly than it takes to tell, I was inside the commodious body of the limousine, lying on the floor, the door partly open. To shut it was to make a betraying noise.

"Who are you?"

I quivered—so suddenly the voice had spoken.

I looked up and saw a girl. I did not see her plainly. I only saw she was a girl. She spoke Japanese with a quaint accent.

"A friend," I whispered. "Do not be afraid. I'll go, when I can."

I had a strange feeling that I ought to laugh, my telling her not to be afraid, when I was quaking so I could scarcely talk. She was not afraid.

"They're looking for you—the sentries?" she asked.

"Yes. Please don't betray me."

She couldn't be Japanese—not with that accent. She must be a white woman. Yet that was impossible. What would a white girl be doing here in Yokosuka dockyard where Japan prepared for war?

"They're coming this way," she whispered. "They're going to search the car."

I doubled up, meaning to open the opposite door and run for it. I'd rather be shot down in the open, I thought, than bayoneted here in the presence of a white woman.

"Lie still," she commanded. "Are you English?"

"No," I said. "American."

I FELT a lap robe settle over me, felt her feet resting lightly on my arm, heard the door flung open, heard a voice demand, "Who's here?"

I felt the woman move a little, thought she was leaning forward. I heard her reply coldly, incisively, with all the snobbish pride of an aristocrat:

"This is Prince Kakagawa's car. Did you not see the emblem on the hood? How dare you intrude in this manner!"

I heard a gasp of dismay.

"Ten thousand pardons, honorable lady. We were pursuing a spy. We thought—"

"Am I to be annoyed with your miserable thoughts? Withdraw! At once! Before His Highness returns and discovers how I have been disturbed."

"We go, honorable lady. We go at once. Pray do not complain to His Highness! His Highness is stern, and quick to punish. We beg the honorable lady's pardon."

The door banged to. The footsteps of the retreating men sounded on the brick walk. The "honorable lady's" breath escaped in a sigh of relief.

"That was close," she said. "He would have yanked that robe out from under my feet in another second."

I threw the robe off me and sat up. She lit a cigarette and in the light of the match I saw her face. And I forgot danger and duty and all things else.

"The Japanese are preparing for a sudden quick blow at America," she said. "It's war. I've heard them talking. I heard them mention Hawaii, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Magdalena Bay. I don't know all the details. The prince doesn't trust me fully."

I didn't know what she was saying. Not then. Her words came back to me later. I sat there staring at the spot where I had seen her face, seeing it as it had been in the light of the match, wondering that such a face should be, letting her voice fill me with strange delights.

Suddenly I became conscious of myself—a smelly, sweaty, dirty oaf, an overgrown frightened boy. She must have seen me when she lit that cigarette. She must have lit it merely to get a glimpse of me. I writhed.

"They've gone," she said; "but the prince will be here any minute. Run while you can."

I wanted to snatch her hand and kiss it. But my hands were grimy and bleeding—cut and burned by the rope, wet with perspiration, cold with fright. I started to get up.

Footsteps came toward us over the brick walk. Japanese voices—many voices. I sprang to the other door, opened it quickly, and crawled into the darkness.

"Under the car," the woman called to me softly. "Hang on."

A few moments later the car of Prince Kakagawa bore me safely and swiftly through the main gate, into the hills, and along the road to Yokohama. It was a long hard ride, with the dust and the grit of the road whipping into my face and the cold air chilling me, every muscle in my body aching from the strain of holding on. But it was fun too. I still had the ball and I was riding to a touchdown! I kept seeing her face and her hands. I kept hearing her voice. I kept wondering who she was and what she was. I kept wondering about the prince. Would he recognize me if he saw me?

The car came to a stop in front of a hotel in Yokohama, or so I judged from the sounds and smells that assailed me. I clung the more tightly to the frame of the automobile.

I heard the prince helping her out of the car.

"It won't take long, Your Highness," I heard her say, "but I must telephone."

"Of course," I heard him answer. "Jolly right."

They walked away. She had spoken loudly enough for me to hear. I felt she wanted me to hear. That implied that I must wait—that she had a plan.

I waited. I waited ages in a few minutes.

The car went on for a mile or so, then stopped so suddenly that I was jolted to the street and the breath went out of me. I crawled out as soon as I could and sat on the curb immediately in back of the limousine.

An ancient rattletrap had stopped midway in a side street directly in front of the prince's car and the prince's chauffeur had put on the brakes hastily to avoid crashing into it. Now out of the dilapidated roadster climbed an irate towering English sailor. He advanced toward the limousine swinging his mighty fists.

"'Ey, 'Ashimuru, wot's the big hidea? Come hout from hunder that sojer's cap! I knows yer. Come hout from hunder, I says, and tell me wot yer means!"

The prince leaned his head out of the window. He was amused. "Scram!" he said.

I wanted to laugh. I knew where he had heard that expression. But I had no time to laugh. I must get to the American consulate at once. I must warn my country that Japan would strike as she had once struck at Russia. Half the American navy would be sunk before America knew there was a war. But I couldn't go like this. I wouldn't be allowed into the consulate. I hurried back to the hotel.

Mike opened the door—Mike in my best dress uniform with his medals pinned to the tunic.

"Glory be to God," he said, "what's happened to you, sir?"

"Pack!" I said. "Start packing at once. We leave here on the first boat."

I began tearing off his clothes.

"The first boat," said Mike. "There ain't none sailing for a week. You said so yourself, sir."

"Then we'll fly!" I shouted excitedly. "We'll fly to Shanghai or Peiping—or some place where we can get a boat and send a radiogram. I must send a radio tonight."

I tore off my own clothes. I was dirty, unkempt, full of dust and grit, covered with perspiration and smeared with oil and grease. I stepped under a warm shower.

"Break out a clean suit of white civvies," I said.

"Aye, aye, sir. And you'll be needing a fresh bottle too, sir. Some one's drunk up every drop we had."

"Hurry!" I said. "We haven't any time."

And even as I said the words I knew with a sense of foreboding that there never would be time. I couldn't get a message out of Japan. All cables, all radiograms, all communications of any kind would be censored. I might even be prevented from leaving the country. But suppose I weren't. Suppose I got to Shanghai, or Vladivostok, or any place else—what could I say?

Only that I had seen three giant submarines and that I believed they were at this moment en route to San Diego, with maybe half a dozen others, to sink what American battleships they could.

They'd think I was crazy. They wouldn't believe me.

Nevertheless I must leave Japan at once, and I must send out the alarm whether it did any good or not. I'd see the consul first. I'd make him believe!

I dried myself and began to shave.

And I must see that girl again. She might be able to tell me more about those submarines, about Japan's war plans.

A military band went by in the street below my rooms. I hurried to the window.

Troops were on the march, heavily armed. In columns of four they came down the street. There seemed no end to them. People were running from all over, cheering, crying, shouting farewells.

"I smell a war," said Mike. "China, I guess," he went on.

"No."

"Holy saints! If it ain't China— You'll not be leaving without Mike Delevan, lieutenant."

I heard footsteps coming toward the room.

"Hide those clothes," I said. "Quick!"

Mike gathered up the rags and tossed them into an open trunk, and covered them with some of my uniforms.

Knuckles rapped on the door.

"Come in," I said as cheerily as I could.

Two Japanese naval officers came in, the two who had silenced the German in the Imperial bar.

"Lieutenant Grant?"

I bowed, trying to be dignified in B. V. D.s.

"I am Lieutenant Grant."

I bowed again, and they bowed.

"His Highness Prince Kakagawa implores the honor and the pleasure of your company—immediately, Lieutenant Grant."

I had the ball all right, and I was running hard. But I was running the wrong way. It looked like a touchdown for Japan.

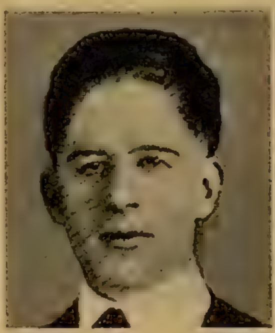
Kakagawa! The power behind the throne, the intimate friend and counselor of the young Emperor, the man who made and unmade ministries with a word—the Japanese god of war! I got into a suit of white uniform to do honor to the occasion — maybe to my funeral.

As I walked down the corridor between those polite and smiling little men it seemed to me that Lieutenant James Thurlow Grant, U.S.N., was a prisoner of war — and might be shot as a spy!

Bold Lieutenant Grant is certainly on his way to one of the hottest spots imaginable, and how is he going to get the better of the terrible Japanese "god of war"? White and yellow patriotism at grips! The result of the tense encounter will come in the next issue of Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—What grapefruit fancier (shown in the early photo at the right) was a student of the saxophone, married a coffee heiress, and rode to fame on a drinking song?

2—Is a missel a book, an epistle, something thrown, or a bird?

3—Who wrote Little Lord Fauntleroy?

4—What line precedes "Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"?

5—Is a Great War veteran who served sixty days entitled to a bonus?

6—How old was Walter Hagen when he won his first open championship?

7—Who is Virginia Katherine McMath?

8—What South American mammal sucks blood of sleeping animals?

9—How much milk is produced annually in the United States?

10—In the Bible, where are raisins and apples prescribed for the lovesick?

11—When was the first state tax placed upon gasoline?

12—For what does the "E." stand in the name of Alfred E. Smith?

13—Who is the tallest eighteen-year-older in the United States?

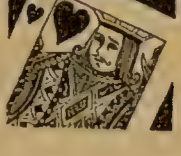
14—How much has snow removal cost New York City in three winters?

15—What motion-picture actor had Mildred Davis, Bebe Daniels, Jobyna Ralston, Ann Christy, Barbara Kent, and Constance Cummings as leading ladies?

16—The Tunney-Dempsey fight at Chicago (1927) drew $2,650,000; how much did the Braddock-Baer fight (1935) draw?

17—In what three emergencies is artificial respiration chiefly used?

18—Who founded Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Colombia, Panama, and Bolivia?



19—Is there anything unusual in the card at right?

20—What Navy Secretary lauded grape juice?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

$60,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

ENTER SELECTION *SWEEPSTAKES* TO LEGALIZE LOTTERIES!

3 MINUTES TIME MAY BRING YOU $20,000.00 IT'S EASY—NOTHING TO WRITE!

Think what *you* could do with so much cash! Buy a home . . . travel wherever you wish . . . have an assured income for the rest of your life . . start in business for yourself . . . enjoy life with all the fine clothes and good times you want! Here is your big opportunity. Someone will win $20,000.00 in this Selection Sweepstakes . . . someone will win $10,000.00 . . . someone will get $5,000.00 . . . and there'll be over 280 other big cash prizes. All this money is going to somebody — *and it might as well be you!*

WHO'S BEHIND THIS?

This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society leader and humanitarian, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President — a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legalizing lotteries; to familiarize the American public with the aims of the movement; and to obtain the judgment of its members on the best uses for lotteries if legalized in this country.

The National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries has the support of many of the most influential men and women — names you respect and honor — an absolute guarantee of the integrity of this "sweepstakes". If it's good for them, it's certainly good for you. Remember, when you join them you not only give yourself a chance to win BIG MONEY but you also help a great, important national movement.

WHAT LOTTERIES HAVE DONE!

France adopted a lottery to reduce its national debt; Italy to build railroads; Denmark to advance art and music; Holland to advance the sciences; Ireland to finance the building of hospitals; Spain for charitable institutions; Germany to finance public improvements, etc. England used to support its navy by public lotteries; early American colonies permitted lotteries to build schools, churches, and public works and improvements, such as canals, bridges, roads, etc. The Revolutionary War was in part financed with the proceeds of lotteries. Early buildings of Yale, Columbia and Harvard were built with the proceeds of lotteries.

HOW YOU ENTER!

It costs you only a dollar to become a member—*and your dollar contribution entitles you to enter this entirely legal "sweepstakes" contest.* Here is all you have to do to be officially entered:

1. On the entry blank are listed 16 ways in which the money raised by legalized lotteries might be used. Everybody has an opinion as to which are the best ways. Simply indicate your opinion by writing the numbers 1 to 16 in the squares—No. 1 after what you think the best way, No. 2 after the second best, and so on until you have a number in each square. We suggest before you do this, however, that you read again the paragraph above which tells how legalized lotteries have been used before for the public welfare.
2. *Print* your name and address plainly on the coupon.
3. Mail the entry blank and coupon together with $1 membership fee.

The entries which, in the opinion of the judges, list in the best order of importance the ways of using money raised by lotteries will be awarded the big cash prizes.

Within 10 days you will be sent your own membership certificate and acknowledgment of your entry.

ABSOLUTELY LEGAL!

Don't confuse this Selection Sweepstakes with any other kind of contest. It is sponsored by a national *non-profit-making* organization—an honest contest and "sweepstakes" honestly conducted. This is a contest of judgment and skill, not of chance. You don't have to write any letter or essay. You certainly can form an opinion as to how the money raised by legal lotteries should be used. Your judgment is just as good as anyone else's . . . you have just as great a chance to win as anyone. *But you can't win if you don't enter.*

DON'T DELAY!

Fill out the entry blank and coupon and mail them now with your dollar membership fee. Don't put it off until tomorrow — you may forget.

Think what you could do with $20,000—more than most people save in a lifetime. Someone will get it for just a few strokes of a pen. Remember that there are over 285 cash prizes...over 285 chances for you to win.

Do it now — don't wait until tomorrow. Remember, only those who send in the coupon and are members of the Conference are eligible to enter this contest.

LOOK! 285 BIG CASH PRIZES

1ST PRIZE	$20,000
2ND PRIZE	$10,000
3RD PRIZE	$5,000
4TH PRIZE	$2,500
5TH PRIZE	$1,000
10 PRIZES	$500 each
20 PRIZES	$200 each
250 PRIZES	$50 each

In Case of Ties Duplicate Prizes Will Be Awarded • Copyright 1936, National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.

CONTEST CLOSES MAY 30TH, 1936

PRIZES AWARDED BEFORE JUNE 15TH

THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH $20,000 TO YOU!

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, presenting check for $10,000 to Mrs. Marie Harris, Yonkers, N. Y., winner of the first prize in the 1935 Sweepstakes Contest conducted by this organization. Second prize winner was Miss Maude King, Chicago, Ill. There were 66 other big cash prize winners. Complete list of names and addresses of winners mailed upon request.

THIS IS THE OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

YOU CAN USE THIS AS YOUR ENTRY BLANK PUT A NUMBER IN EACH SQUARE

Below are listed the various ways in which the proceeds from legalized lotteries might be distributed. Read them carefully. Then number them in what you consider the order of their importance and merit. Write the number 1 in the square after what you consider the best way; number 2 after the second best; and so on, until you have a number in each square. Use ink or pencil.

Money for hospitals ☐
Funds for social service charities ☐
Provision for unemployment relief ☐
Pay soldiers' bonus ☐
Reduce state deficits ☐
Reduce Federal deficits ☐
Reduce municipal deficits ☐
Provide for old age pensions ☐
Pay for public works ☐
Give money to religious institutions ☐
Provide for better schools ☐
Promote art and music ☐
Finance medical research ☐
Support widows and orphans ☐
To reduce taxes ☐
Support army and navy ☐

If you desire you can add any other suggested uses and place them in their order of merit, but this is not a requirement of the contest. In such cases you may submit your entire entry on plain paper, if you prefer.

MAIL COUPON AND ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

6A

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, *Pres.*
National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I herewith enclose one dollar (check, cash or money order) as my membership fee. Also enclosed is my entry in the Selection Sweepstakes Contest. You are to send me my membership certificate and acknowledgment of my Sweepstakes Contest Entry within 10 days.

Name..

Address..

City.............................State..................

JAFSIE ANSWERS Hauptmann's Death-Cell ACCUSATION

Says the Kidnaper: "I Heard the Doctor Say, 'I Never Can Testify Against This Man'"—His Pastor and Confidant Reveals a Strange and Startling New Allegation

by the Rev. D. G. WERNER

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMANN gripped the bars of his cell so fiercely that the knuckles of his strong hands turned white.

"I want to see Dr. Condon," he said. "I want him to come here, in this jail, and talk to me!"

I looked at him silently. As his spiritual adviser since the day of his conviction, I had been visiting him often in his cell in the death house at Trenton, New Jersey. I had talked with him by the hour. He had confided in me freely. I thought I understood the motive for every one of his actions which have mystified other people. But this demand came as a surprise even to me.

Here was the condemned man, who had been saved from the electric chair only by the last-minute intervention of Governor Hoffman, demanding an interview with the old schoolteacher from the Bronx whose testimony had helped, more than any other evidence, to convict him.

Wouldn't Dr. Condon logically be the last person in the world Hauptmann would want to see?

Even though I believed Richard was innocent—and I still believe it, for reasons which I intend to disclose presently—I was puzzled. He spoke again—abruptly, urgently: "I want to ask Dr. Condon a question. It is a very important question which he must answer. . . ."

And then he made a revelation which left me stunned!

Rev. D. G. Werner

Later he repeated the request to Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, the superintendent of the prison, and even wrote a note to Jafsie, who was cruising the Southern waters on a vacation tour. The newspapers spread the story over the country. It created a sensation.

Why did Hauptmann want to see Jafsie? Every one wondered—but no one knew.

It will probably surprise many readers of Liberty to be told that Hauptmann, instead of being apprehensive or fearful, had rejoiced when Jafsie had taken the witness stand at his trial.

"I was glad when Dr. Condon was called to the stand," he told me. "I thought to myself, 'Now that old man will clear me!' I had a reason for thinking so.

"Some weeks before my trial started, he came to see me in the jail at Flemington. We talked for a long, long time. Over an hour, I think it must have been. When he got up to leave, the Doctor said:

"'*I never can* (or '*I never will*') *testify against this man!*'"

This disclosure startled me. I gazed at Hauptmann in astonishment. His eyes were fixed intently on mine. I opened my mouth to ask a question, but he stopped me with a gesture and continued:

"Pastor, I myself heard him say those words. I am so careful in repeating it to you that I give you both versions. I am not sure if he said 'I never can' or 'I never will.' Mr. Hauck was standing right there, and I am sure he must have heard it, too.

"Now, remembering this, how could I believe that Dr. Condon would stand up in the courtroom—as he did—and point his finger at me and shout, 'John is Bruno Richard Hauptmann!'"

The "Mr. Hauck" to whom he referred is Anthony M. Hauck, Jr., of Hunterdon County, one of the prosecutors at the trial. He went on:

"Yes, pastor, Mr. Hauck did hear Dr. Condon. I know he did. He was there, outside the bars of my cell, and when the Doctor jumped to his feet, very excited, shouting that he never would (or could) identify me, Mr. Hauck tried to calm him down. He told him, in soothing tones, 'It will be all right, Doctor; it will be all right.' This is true, pastor, and I am giving you every word just as I heard it that day."

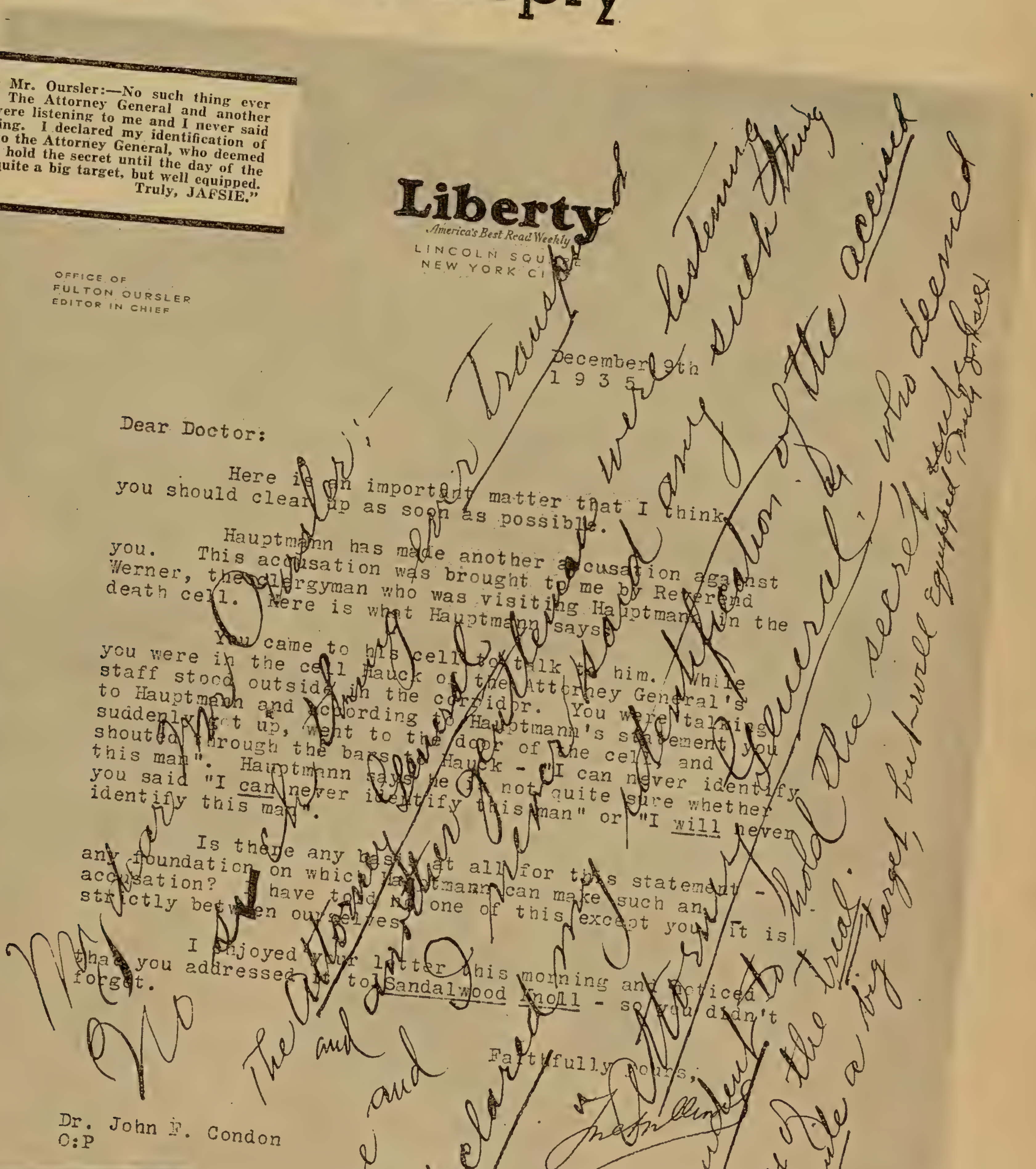
I am not a lawyer, a prosecutor, or a judge. It is not my place to comment on the evidence. Naturally, I wouldn't cast any aspersions on the character of such a man as Dr. Condon. Yet I am perplexed. In Jafsie's articles in Liberty I have found no mention of the scene which Hauptmann described to me. He hasn't indicated anywhere, in any public statement, that he made the remark which the prisoner attributed to him.

Now, I have faith in Richard's honesty. I trust his word. I don't believe

"I thought, Dr. Condon will clear me!" says Hauptmann.

Here Is Jafsie's Reply

"My dear Mr. Oursler:—No such thing ever transpired. The Attorney General and another gentleman were listening to me and I never said any such thing. I declared my identification of the accused to the Attorney General, who deemed it prudent to hold the secret until the day of the trial. I am quite a big target, but well equipped.
Truly, JAFSIE."



Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
LINCOLN SQU
NEW YORK CI

OFFICE OF
FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

December 9th
1 9 3 5

Dear Doctor:

Here is an important matter that I think you should clear up as soon as possible.

Hauptmann has made another accusation against you. This accusation was brought to me by Reverend Werner, the clergyman who was visiting Hauptmann in the death cell. Here is what Hauptmann says:

You came to his cell to talk to him. While you were in the cell Hauck of the Attorney General's staff stood outside in the corridor. You were talking to Hauptmann and according to Hauptmann's statement you suddenly got up, went to the door of the cell, and shouted through the bars to Hauck - "I can never identify this man". Hauptmann says he is not quite sure whether you said "I can never identify this man" or "I will never identify this man".

Is there any basis at all for this statement - any foundation on which Hauptmann can make such an accusation? I have told no one of this except you. It is strictly between ourselves.

I enjoyed your letter this morning and noticed that you addressed it to Sandalwood Knoll - so you didn't forget.

Faithfully yours,

Dr. John F. Condon
O:P

My dear Mr. Oursler:—
No such thing ever transpired
The Attorney General
and another gentleman were listening
to me and I never said any such thing
I declared my identification of the accused
to the Attorney General, who deemed
it prudent to hold the secret
until the day of the trial.
I am quite a big target, but well equipped
Truly Jafsie

"I never said any such thing as he alleges," replies Jafsie.

any man so close to the electric chair could look his spiritual adviser in the eye, speak in a calm, steadfast voice—and lie!

If later events should prove me wrong, I would be more astounded than mere words could express.

I questioned him over and over again, in a soul-searching way. He clung stanchly to the story. He explained:

"This is the question I would like to ask Dr. Condon. I would like to put it to him in person. Why did he change his mind after saying he would not identify me? Who talked to him and what was said? I would like to ask the Doctor if he would dare to face me here and deny that he made that statement in my presence."

"I was present in the jail at Flemington, New Jersey, when Doctor John F. Condon talked to Bruno Richard Hauptmann previous to his trial which resulted in his conviction. Doctor Condon at no time stated, referring to Hauptmann, 'I never can (or I never will) testify against this man!' and at no time did he imply such a statement. At the end of the meeting Doctor Condon positively identified Bruno Richard Hauptmann as the man he dealt with at the request of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh."

ANTHONY M. HAUCK, JR., Prosecutor of the Pleas, Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

Hauptmann went on to tell me just what took place at their dramatic meeting in Flemington. According to him, the aged educator sat down beside him and asked, "Richard, are you the man I talked to in the cemetery?"

To which Hauptmann responded, "I never saw you until that day in the Bronx courthouse."

(He referred to a meeting which took place in the Bronx County Courthouse shortly before his extradition to New Jersey. No words passed between them at this encounter, I have been given to understand.)

Then, not content with this denial, Jafsie kept repeating the question—Hauptmann did not know how many times—receiving the same answer each time:

"I do not know you. I saw you only once before, and that was in the Bronx."

At this point I should like to make clear my own connection with the case.

I didn't know Hauptmann and his wife before the trial—indeed, I hadn't heard of either of them until the man's arrest in September, 1934. Solely because I thought Hauptmann needed the aid of a minister, I traveled from my home in New York to Flemington, one day at the beginning of the hearing, to see Mrs. Hauptmann. I brought her some religious literature in German.

You see, I came from the same section of Germany as Mrs. Hauptmann—the Province of Württemberg—and perhaps that created a common bond of sympathy. I am a native of Germany naturalized in this country, and I have spent twenty-eight years of my life in the ministry.

WHEN I called on her, I had an open mind on the subject of her husband's guilt. But after we had talked together for two hours, I came away with the feeling that he was wrongly accused. She talked so openly, so earnestly and sincerely. "Certainly my husband would be glad," she said, "if you could see him too."

She was right. Hauptmann heard about me from her and was eager to have me see him. But it was not until after he was transferred to Trenton that I was allowed to visit him.

During the trial I was present at several sessions. From my place among the spectators, I saw a confused bewildered man—a defendant so innocent that he couldn't even understand the testimony against himself!

Later, when he was convicted and sent to the death house, I was permitted to converse with him freely. He sent word by Colonel Kimberling that he wished me for his spiritual adviser.

I have devoted a great deal of my time to Hauptmann during the past fourteen months. Sometimes I saw the prisoner once a week, sometimes oftener. For a time a Trenton minister took my place, for he was nearer to the prison and more conveniently situated; but I was there as often as I could be.

At the very beginning, Hauptmann informed me that he was indeed confused at the trial. He was handicapped by his ignorance of the English language.

"I tried so hard to make out what they were saying," he told me. "Those lawyers, they talked so fast, and they used words I had never heard before—legal words I didn't know. Maybe I made mistakes in answering when I was on the stand. I guess many times I got mixed up."

He went on to say, touchingly, "Do you know, pastor, that I thanked God when the trial started? I could hardly wait for it to start. I thought, when my chance came, I would defend myself and every one would know then that I was an innocent man."

Few people seem to realize that Hauptmann is deeply religious. His calm demeanor, which many attribute to the brazen stolidity of guilt, actually is due to a strong faith in God—a belief that the truth will indeed, somehow, set him free.

ALTHOUGH he has seen several condemned men march past the door of his cell to meet their deaths in the chair, the spectacle has failed to shake his iron composure.

"I am sorry for them," he said to me during one of our talks. "But if they were guilty, it could not be helped. I am in a different position. I will never go through that door!"

He has been reading the Bible incessantly. I recall that he was tremendously impressed by the story of the earthquake which opened prison doors to Paul and Silas, as told in Acts 16, verses 19 to 40. He still clings to the hope that a "miracle" will occur to save him. When Governor Hoffman granted him an eleventh-hour reprieve, he was jubilant. This, he said, was a triumph of his faith in the Maker. He gave his wife four portions of the Bible to read. We were each to read these verses—the prisoner, Mrs. Hauptmann, and I—at the exact hour when he would have been executed if the Governor hadn't intervened. They dealt with miracles wrought by faith, prophecies of Christ concerning his second coming to this earth, and the stirring Psalm, Number 121, which begins:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Except for certain replies he made to questioning right after his arrest, Hauptmann has told the same story straight through. I am willing to admit that when he was arrested he did make some conflicting statements which he later changed. I attribute this to the excitement of the moment. I think he was not deliberately lying—he was confused.

What did he confide to me, his spiritual adviser, about the testimony against him? Substantially, just what he has said about it all along. He assured me not once but many times that he knew nothing of the kidnaping, the ransom notes, or the ransom money; that he received the bills from his friend and partner, the late Isidor Fisch, and kept them without knowing what they were until he opened that now famous shoe box; that he didn't start to spend any of the bills until August, 1934.

"If I knew that was Lindbergh ransom money," he said, "do you think I would spend any of it to buy for my wife a pair of shoes in a store on Fordham Road, where the bill could so easily be traced to me?"

After he discovered this unexpected fortune, he said, he decided to hold it, awaiting the arrival of Isidor's brother Pinkus, who, he expected, would come to this country to settle Isidor's financial affairs.

"I thought Pinkus would come and I would say to him, 'Your brother owed me so much; I have this much of his money here. I did spend some, but he owed me several thousand dollars and I have taken only a few hundred.' We would have an accounting of this later.

"I did know the bills were gold notes! I could see that. Why didn't I turn them in? Because the newspapers said people weren't supposed to have gold notes and I was afraid I would be arrested."

He reminded me that on the night of April 2, 1932, when Dr. Condon passed the ransom bills over a hedge in St. Raymond's Cemetery, he himself was at home in his apartment, enjoying music with his friend Hans Kloppenburg—according to Kloppenburg's own testimony.

"Kloppenburg is an honest man," he assured me. "Even for me, his friend, he would not lie."

Incidentally, I learned Hauptmann's own explanation of his dramatic outburst in the courtroom at Flemington, when he shouted, "Stop it, mister—you are lying!"

The outcry came when Thomas H. Sisk, the Department of Justice agent, was testifying. Sisk had just stated that when Richard was being questioned in his second-floor apartment, he kept glancing out of the window. Following the direction of his glances, Sisk said, the detectives were led to the garage where some $15,000 of the ransom money was unearthed.

"I couldn't keep quiet any longer," Hauptmann told me. "He was saying I looked out of the window to the garage. How could I do that? The window was on one side of the house, and the garage was on the other. *I could not see the garage from where I sat!*"

AS for the ransom letters, he claimed he had not written them or seen them up to the time they were produced in court. "There is some similarity in the handwriting," he admitted, frowning. "It does look like the way I write. Nights when I lie awake here, I try to figure that out."

Finally he offered a possible explanation. Could an expert forger somehow have had access to his handwriting and copied it? He recalled hazily that samples of his writing had been stolen in Mount Vernon, New York, and at Hunter's Island, some time before his arrest.

I have definite reasons for believing the story Hauptmann tells. Though I am personally very fond of him, if he were guilty I wouldn't hesitate to say so. I wouldn't disguise the truth, or gloss it over. It was a terrible crime. The man, or men, who committed the crime should certainly be suitably punished.

Hauptmann himself doesn't know whether to believe he is the victim of a diabolical and deliberate plot or of circumstances. He has told me, however, that he does hope the guilty man, or men, will come forward to confess—before it is too late.

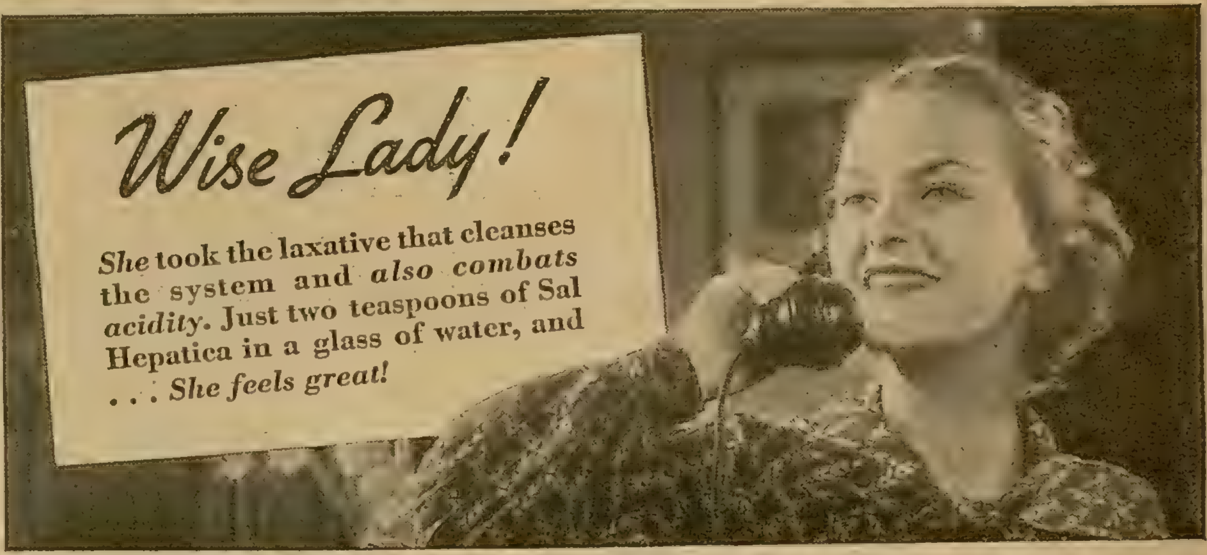
There has been much talk of the possibility of a "confession" from him.

I am positive Hauptmann will never confess!

THE END

Poor Girl!

She took an ordinary laxative. It cleansed her system, but did nothing to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation. *She still feels headache-y, sickish.*



Wise Lady!

She took the laxative that cleanses the system and *also combats acidity*. Just two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water, and . . . *She feels great!*

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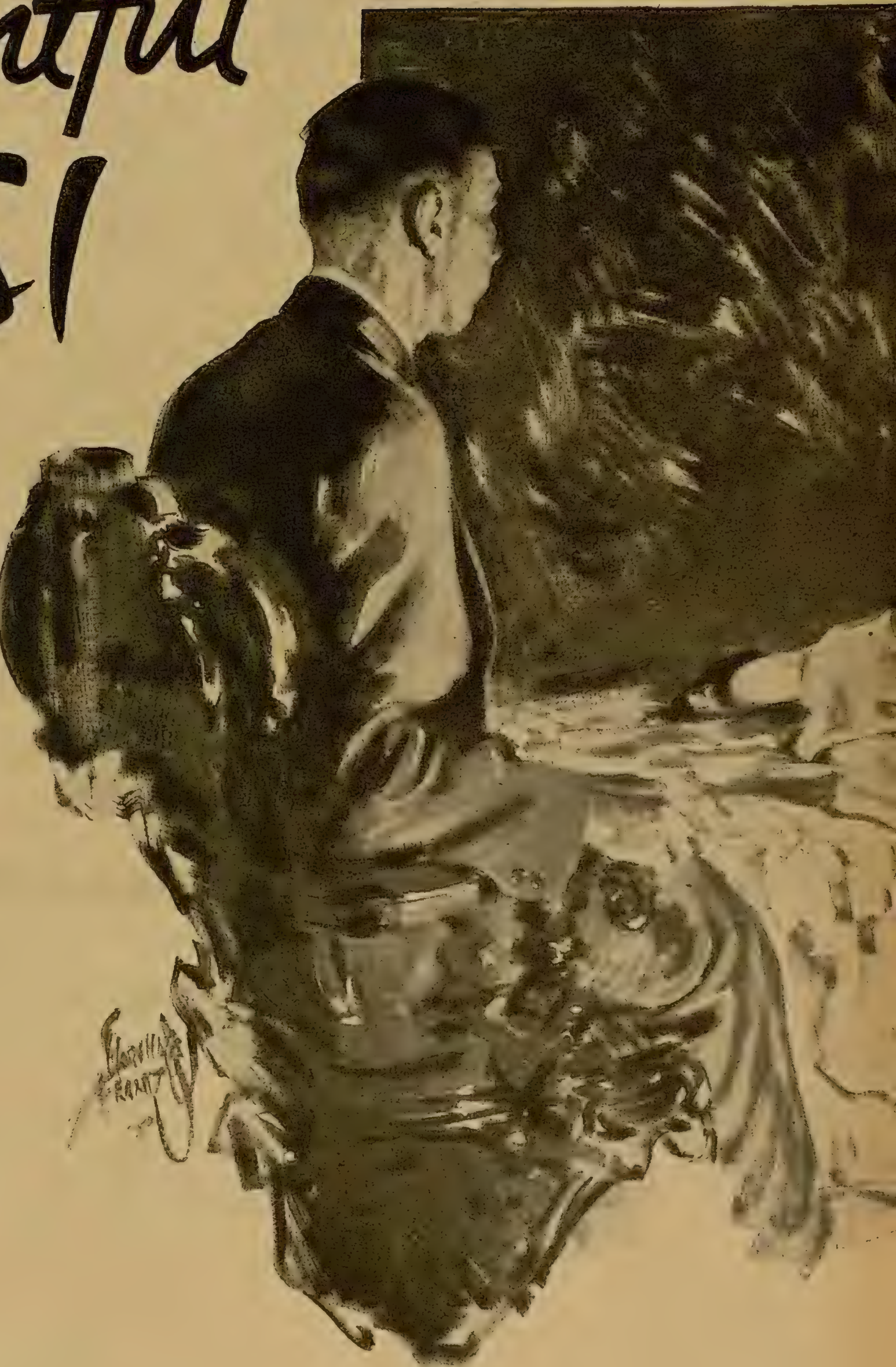
ILLUSTRATION

Delightful Si-Si



READING TIME
21 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

A FAINT smile curled Li Ping's lips as he sat there by the open window, looking down upon Pell Street where it jutted out from the Bowery, listening to its tawdry chorus—the gliding singsong of Cantonese coolies; the hearty baritone of Greeks and Calabrians arguing melodramatically about the price of olive oil and artichokes; a Jewish peddler's nasal ineffectual whine; the hiss and spit of a popcorn-man's cart; the roar of a sight-seeing bus filled with tourists gloating self-righteously over the alien's base infinitudes; the blare of a Salvation Army band, so strenuously wanton; the sardonic counterpoint of the Elevated around the corner. . . .

The noises grew as, with night, grew and heaved the dark smoldering passions of Chinatown.

A pocket flask dropped and smashed against the pavement. An electric player piano brought ill tidings of hectic make-believe gaiety. A foul curse was topped by throaty malignant laughter. Came the tail end of a gutter song; a shouted obscene jest, old already when the world was young; a sailor's sodden maudlin mouthings; a woman's gurgling contralto:

"Aw—go chase yerself, yer big stiff!"

An everlasting hosanna of excitement and lust and strife. But peace, exquisite and perfect, in the soul of Li Ping, the silk merchant, the presiding elder of the Seven Family Tong.

He turned to Quong Ma, his nephew and junior partner, who stood by the door.

"The killing," he said, "was proper."

"Indeed."

"Which of my enemies will be suspected by the police of the red-haired barbarians, do you think?"

"Perhaps the people of the Azure Dragon Tong."

"The Buddha grant it!"

"The Buddha, at times, needs help." Quong Ma coughed delicately. "I shall go now to—ah—help the Buddha."

He crossed the threshold; and the other called after him:

"Ask delightful Si-Si to join me."

"Oh?" Quong Ma was a little startled.

"Tell her to come"—Li Ping's smile broadened—"fearing naught."

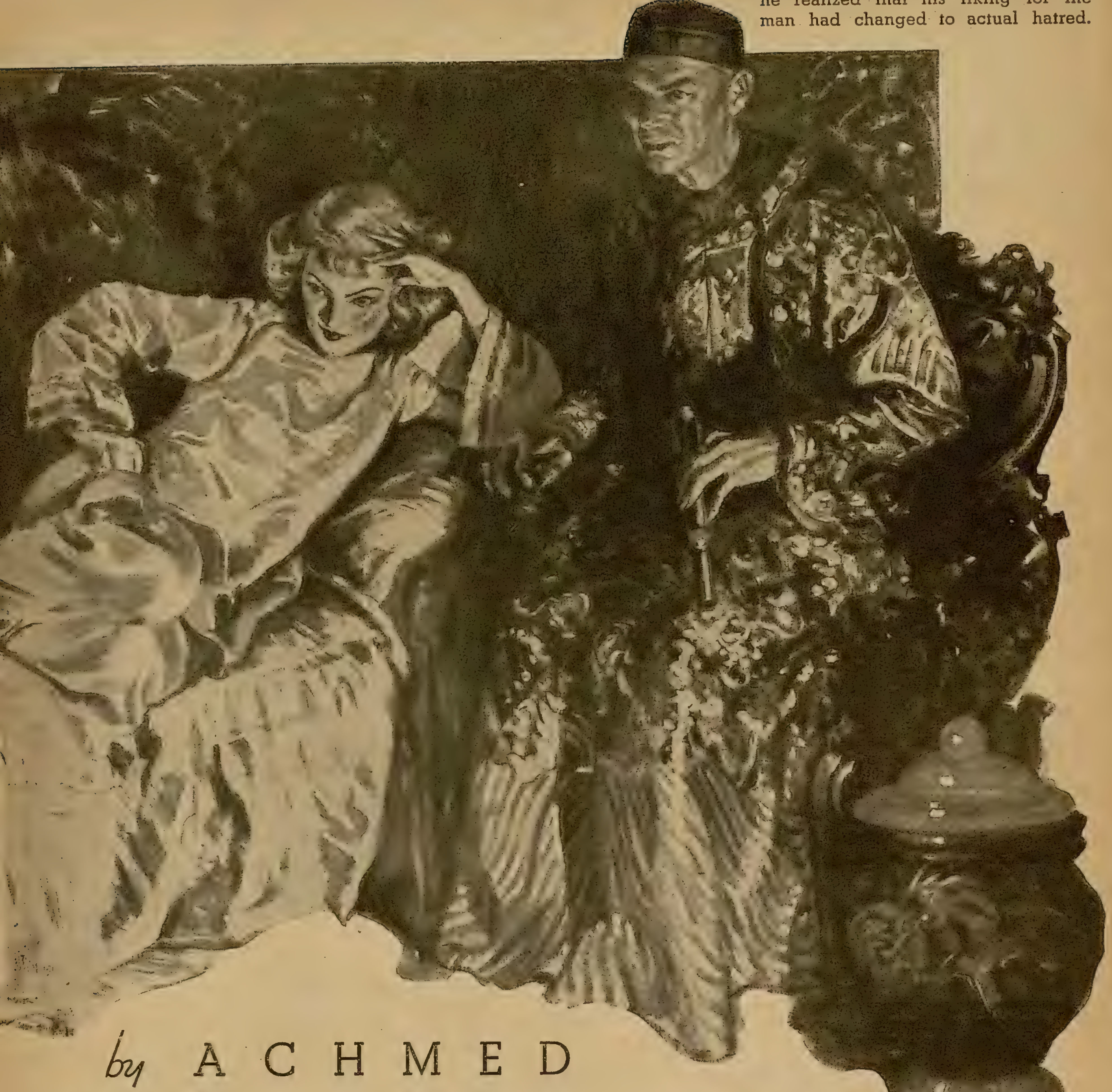
The younger man bowed and left, while Li Ping settled more comfortably in his chair. He lit a cigarette. He thought of delightful Si-Si.

He recalled how he had seen her first—almost five years ago—sweet with a lissome, unformed sweetness,

OLD CREEDS, YOUNG HEARTS, BUDDHA IN NEW YORK!—A

BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

One evening, as he dined with them, he realized that his liking for the man had changed to actual hatred.



by ACHMED ABDULLAH

tiny and soft and charming, with the golden hair of a Danish mother and the creamy waxen skin and sloe-black eyes of a Mongol father. Both her parents were dead; and across the poetry of her youth had lain the stony drag and smother, the subtle violence, the perfumed dirt of the bastard Pell Street world. She had been like a rainbow bubble floating on the stinking puddles of Chinatown vice. But his love for her had burned away the caked black cinders, the dross and dregs.

There were scholarly traditions in his clan; one of his ancestors had been a poet of no mean repute in the days of the *Ta Tsing Kwoh*, the " Great Pure Kingdom." And so he had compared his love to a dewdrop on a willow spray, a flaunting of fairy banners, the sound of a silver bell in the green mists of twilight—smiling with gentle self-irony at the last simile, since he had been forty-eight and she sixteen when they had married.

On the day after the wedding, in the clubrooms of the Seven Family Tong, comment had been unflattering.

" For respectable age to mate with flighty youth," had said Nag Hong Fah, the obese restaurant proprietor, " is like letting off fireworks in the rain."

COLORFUL, SURPRISING TALE OF LOVE AND A DARK REVENGE

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"The ass went seeking for horns," Yung Long, the grocer, had darkly suggested, "and lost his ears."

"This particular ass," had been Li Ping's rejoinder, "does not mind losing his ears—for the sake of love."

"Love!" Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss temple, had picked up the word like a battle gage. "Love of the body! Unclean love! '*Ju lai-che, chi-chu-har-ru-i*—The Buddha alone is love and law!' Remember what the book says!"

"The book?" Li Ping had been amused. "O priest, what you cannot find in the written book, the brook will whisper to you—the brook in the heart of the loved one."

"*Hai-yai!*" the priest had cried, trembling with rage. "When I see the sun and the moon delivered up by the eclipse to the hands of the demons—when I perceive the frail bonds that fasten an elephant—when I behold a wise man surrendering to the impure abominations of the flesh—the thought forces itself upon me: How mighty is the power of evil!"

"What about the power of good?" Li Ping had demanded.

"Evil is often stronger than good."

"Not in the brain of a just man—who weighs and balances, who thinks left and thinks right. I," Li Ping had added with a certain hard pride, "am such a man."

He had repeated the conversation to Si-Si, who had said:

"Aw—you should worry! Them old Chinks is just plain jealous—'cause I'm nuts about yer—see?"

"Are you really, butterfly?"

"I'll tell the woild! Why, ye're the swellest guy on Pell Street. C'me on. Let's have a bit o' lovin'."

He had taken her in his arms.

"Happy?" she had whispered after a while.

"So happy . . ."

Happy indeed; and, sitting by the window, he reflected that he was still happy, in spite of everything that had happened. For—he told himself with that same hard pride—he was a just man. Oh, yes—a just man who thought left and thought right.

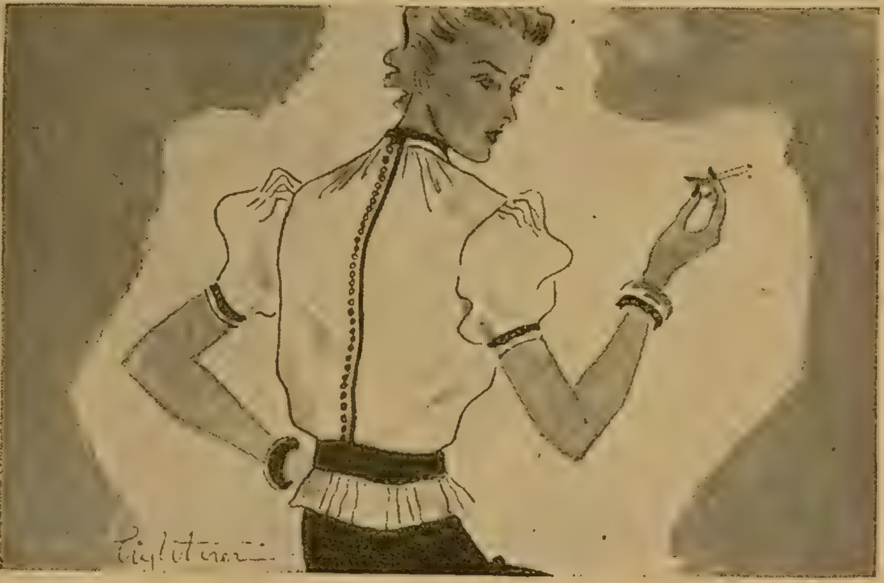
Even the foreign barbarians admitted it. Even Miss Edith Rutter, the social-service investigator who for more than a decade pertinaciously, pathetically, and unsuccessfully had endeavored to convert him to Christianity, and who, for all her religious prejudice, sang the praises of his stanch rectitude in and out of season. For instance, that time—which is going back to several years after Si-Si had become Mrs. Li Ping—when she ran across the silk merchant and, on the spur of the moment, pleaded to him the cause of young Sung Lu.

The latter, orphaned since early

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Boy friends had better get busy practicing five-finger exercises to limber up their digits, because high-necked lingerie blouses, fastened up the back with lots of tricky little buttons, are coming back into fashion; and who else is going to button 'em up? Almost everything chic, from coats to dresses, does up in back nowadays, and high-buttoned boots are in the offing, with one bootier showing them in satin for afternoon wear. And what with Schiaparelli sponsoring old-fashioned bicycle shoes laced up above the ankles to be worn with town suits, it looks as if the good old days when Bowery belles held up several lingerie petticoats to show a risqué bit of stocking above their boot-tops would soon be here again!

—DORAMILLER.



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childhood, had been brought up by a charity organization. Showing great ability, he had been sent to college and medical school with the financial assistance of one of Miss Rutter's wealthy cousins. But the cousin had lost his money; a few thousand dollars was needed to complete Sung Lu's education; and so—would dear Mr. Li Ping . . . . ?

He would—and did.

It was natural that Sung Lu should call on the silk merchant to express his thanks. Natural that he should meet Si-Si. Perhaps natural, too, that in the course of the months, becoming a frequent visitor at their house, he should fall in love with her.

For quite a while he did not know that he had fallen in love. When he discovered it, he did so, curiously, less through his desire for her than through his antagonism for her husband—an antagonism that was as sudden as it was unexpected.

But one evening, as he dined with them, he saw, as if for the first time, Li Ping's lined, elderly, patient face, the thin, slightly drooping lips, the prominent Adam's apple in the scrawny throat, the gnarled hands; and at that very moment he realized that, for all his profound gratitude, his liking for the man had changed to dislike, to—yes—to hatred—actual physical hatred that swept through him like a wind-sucked flame.

Nor did he try to beguile his conscience by psychological subterfuge. He knew that Li Ping was the same as he had always been, kindly and decent and generous and just; that there was no personal fault of the other's for this abrupt and deadly enmity. It was only because Si-Si was Li Ping's wife—ah, his benefactor's wife. And shame came upon him; it reached out and touched his soul, his secret self.

THAT night, in his little room at the uptown hospital where he was now an intern, he knelt by his bedside and prayed fervently to the Lord Jesus, to whose faith they had converted him at charity school.

"Help me!" he prayed. "For I need help—so badly!"

Then, since deep down in him he was of Mongol race and tradition and could never be aught else, he took from a trunk his ancestral tablets wrapped in frayed yellow silk and kowtowed before them and whispered in stilted Chinese:

"A flaw in a mace of white jade may be ground away by skillful hands. But not even the Buddha can mend the deed done wrong. It is a strong man's duty not to do this deed."

He rose. He stood up straight.

He said to himself, "I shall not do this deed."

He would avoid temptation. He would not go back to Li Ping's house; would not see Si-Si again; would find some sort of excuse to explain his absence to the silk merchant. And he saw her again the next day—and the next—and the next. And it was on an evening in early summer that,

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No Bite!
Still no Bite!
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HALF AND HALF

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opening the door to his ring, she told him rather excitedly that her husband had left town on a sudden business trip to San Francisco.

Sung Lu was disappointed.

"Want me to go, I guess?"

"Ye've sed it, boy. Want yer to go—places. With me—see?"

"Eh?"

"I gotta yen for Coney. Y' know," smiling, "Li never steps out much. He ain't so young. And so—wot about you and me?"

"Swell idea!"

"Got any dough?"

"Let's see." He fished in his pocket; announced ruefully, "Nothing doing. All I have is a couple of bucks. Let's make it some other time."

"I wanta go tonight."

"But—"

"Half a jiff." She ran into her bedroom; came back triumphantly waving a ten-dollar bill. "Here we are. Household money. We'll shoot the woiks. My blow."

He shook his head.

"Out of the question."

"Out of the question, my eye! Don't be a crummy old stick-in-the-mud!"

She put a hand on his arm and he gave in.

"O. K. Get your hat and—"

"Wait. Mustn't go together."

"But you said—"

"Y' know how them Chinks gossip. I don't want Li to—wot's he call it in Chinkie talk?—oh, yes—don't want him to lose face. Gotta be careful. He's a proud old gink. Run along, kid, and I'll meet yer on the El platform in half an hour."

They went to Coney Island. They enjoyed themselves with all the zest and ardor of their young eager years; and oh!—he thought—how her merry cocked hat, her merry bright-painted lips, her merry swinging arms gave charm and life and youth to Luna Park's blaring meretricious gaiety! And it was sitting on a bench deep in the shadows that all at once he told her he loved her.

"I LOVE you," he said; and the trite words seemed to hold the essence of all the world's truth and beauty. "I worship you. I adore you. I—" He interrupted himself; went on a little diffidently: "You—you don't mind?"

"Mind?" She laughed; threw her arms about him. "I been waitin' for yer to say it. Wot about a kiss, baby—to sorta seal the bargain?"

So he kissed her.

After a while he said:

"I'll tell Li Ping as soon as he gets back."

"Wot ya givin' me? Tell him wot?"

"That you and I—"

"Wot," sharply, "about you and me?"

"—are going to get married."

"I'm married already, yer poor simp."

"There's such a thing as divorce."

"Oh, yeah? How would yer like to go to hell dressed in cellophane? Me divorce the swellest guy on Pell Street?"

"But—don't you love me?"

"Sure."

"Then—how can you—"

"Listen, sweetie-pie." She talked with a sort of annoyed impatience as if pointing out obvious truths to a stubborn child. "Sure I'm *this* way about *you*. But—if yer get wot I mean—I'm *that* way about *Li*."

She grew angry when he began to plead and argue.

"Cut it out," she warned him finally, "or I'll leave yer flat and make a swan dive for Chinatown and the hay. The hay"—significantly—"without yer. See?"

OFTEN, during the next few days, he tried to reason with her. Not only because he loved her. Too, because his conscience was troubling him. For there was Li Ping, his benefactor, the just and kindly man. Why, it would be more decent to confess, to tell him straight out:

"Si-Si and I love each other. Let her divorce you."

But she would not hear of it.

"I'm *this* way about *you*," she would repeat, "and *that* way about *Li*."

She had no other method of explaining how she felt. Perhaps it was as good and truthful as any. At all events, Sung Lu was unable to budge her. And it made him nervous, unhappy. Oh, he thought, if he could get away from New York for a while! Not to forget her. No, no! How could he ever forget her? But wasn't there an old adage about absence increasing affection?

Cost money to get away. He was poor.

Might ask Li Ping.

He blushed at the idea. Almost anything he would do for the sake of his love. But not that.

Then his chance came.

For at the hospital a famous surgeon fainted across the white-enameled table at the crucial moment of a hypogastric operation when the fraction of a second meant the difference between life and death. Sung Lu took the scalpel from the other's limp fingers and continued the operation, in the same breath as it were, to a brilliant successful finish. Naturally it was talked about in medical circles; with the result that he received a flattering invitation from the Chicago Polyclinic to do postgraduate work.

He accepted.

He had made up his mind not to write to Si-Si. But he did write, often, at length; and she replied—dear little scrawled illiterate notes saying, "I love yuh" and "I shall alwes love yuh" and "kom back soon will yuh," that he cherished and carried about with him and put at night under his pillow.

Then, presently, her notes were fewer. Too, they were less friendly; became curiously impersonal and constrained. At last they stopped altogether, in spite of his frantic appeals to write—to write—please, please! Just a single line, darling—just a single line to tell me you love me as I love you! Oh—please, please—just a single line to tell me you think of me!

No answer. Not a word.

Had anything happened to her? Was she ill? Or perhaps—dear Lord—dead? No, no, no! He would have heard. Li Ping would have let him know.

Therefore what *was* the matter?

Was she angry at him?

He wrote and asked her:

"Are you angry at me, my precious sweet?"

Still no reply. He could not bear it.

He cut short his studies at the Chicago Polyclinic. He returned to New York, home to Chinatown: that Chinatown which stabs between the Bowery and Mulberry Bend like a thin wedge of Asia, enigmatic and chilly—and enigmatic and chilly his welcome, on the evening of his arrival, in the house of Li Ping.

Not on the part of the latter.

Indeed the silk merchant greeted him heartily. He called him a credit to the medical profession, a credit to Pell Street, to all the black-haired race.

But the way Si-Si treated him when she came in a few moments later!

Couldn't very well expect her to rush up to him; to raise her lips to his. Not with her husband there.

But—her casual "Hullo!"

Her glance at him.

Her casual handshake.

As if she didn't give a damn. As if—yes—as if they were strangers.

He wasn't going to stand for it.

LI PING'S words cut into his thoughts:

"You will stay to supper?"

"I—oh—thanks."

They sat down. Over pungent duck-and-water-chestnut stew and excellent Cloudy Mountain tea the silk merchant spoke of Chinatown, the current news and gossip. Nag Hong Fah, it appeared, was going to marry Fanny Mei Hi. Young Lon had gone to Boston to visit his brother. Tsing Yat was now a grandfather. Also—Li Ping regretted to relate—the ancient feud between the Seven Family Tong, of which he was presiding elder, and the Azure Dragon Tong was threatening to break out anew.

Sung Lu listened with half an ear, giving automatic replies. He stared at Si-Si, trying to catch her eye. Beneath the table his foot reached out and touched hers. She scowled at him; suddenly rose and announced:

"Excuse me, boys. Saturday night and gettin' late. I gotta step round to the wop's and buy some oranges."

She left. Sung Lu followed shortly afterward. He saw her half a block ahead. He was about to run after her to demand:

"Look here! What's up?"

But more sober counsel prevailed. Wouldn't do to make a scene here, on Pell Street. So he turned on his heel

In a Malayan jungle I made my Strangest "Find"

by **Frank Buck,** *Author of "Bring 'em back alive"*

TRAPPING and handling ferocious animals is no joke, but I'd rather face a wild beast than shave with a shoddy blade.

That's why it was almost tragic when I ran out of Gillette blades a few months ago up in the jungle of Negri Sembilan. But I found them in a little kedai, or native trading post, located on a bullock-cart trail leading into a dense Malayan jungle.

I didn't know then why the Gillette blade stands head and shoulders above all others for quality—why it gives me clean, easy shaves under all conditions. That was before I visited the Gillette factory in Boston, and got the surprise of my life!

I never dreamed it took so much care and effort to produce the Gillette blade. I saw ribbons of finest Swedish steel put through one elaborate and precise process after another. I saw them perforated, hardened, tempered, ground, honed, stropped and cut into individual blades by machines that are almost unbelievably accurate. I met skilled technicians who supervise the ingenious scientific devices that constantly check and double-check for quality. I couldn't imagine such rigid inspection.

Yes, these blades—in department after department—seem to be examined as closely as a bacteriologist searches for microbes on a slide. And after the final inspection the blades are sprayed with a special antiseptic solution and placed in their sanitary waxed paper wrappers.

Now I know why I can shave every day, in the jungle or out, and actually enjoy it! And that goes whether I buy my Gillette blades in New York, London or Paris—Calcutta, Singapore or Shanghai. They're the same, the world over, equally sharp and smooth-shaving. No wonder wild animals can't keep me from shaving with Gillette blades.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

and went to his room in a lodginghouse across the street from Li Ping's place.

Early the next morning, at an hour when he knew her husband to be downstairs in his shop, he telephoned to her.

"When am I going to see you?" he asked.

"Saw me last night—didn't yer?"

"Oh—you know—I want to see you alone."

"Well, mebbe next week."

"But—"

The receiver clicked in his ear; clicked with a harsh exclamation mark.

He called up again in the afternoon.

"Listen, darling—"

"Say"—her voice sounded shrill, angry—"leave me alone, will yer? I got household woik to do."

Once more the receiver clicked.

He stared at the telephone.

He said to himself:

"That's that. She's through with me."

He was conscious of a great turmoil that gripped him almost physically. The four walls of the room seemed to contract, to squeeze his head, his eyes, his soul.

Through with him?

Through with him—after the golden hours of love they had spent together?

No, no! It was not possible.

Perhaps she was only playing with him, cruelly, as women will.

Why, he loved her! And she—she must love him.

"She must love me!" he said out loud. "She must! I'll make her!"

He hurried out. He had to talk to her at once. It seemed absolutely essential. There was a great longing in his heart. It was not the bright gaiety of passion. It was deeper than mere passion, sharper. There was no high ecstasy in it. Only a hard, bitter need.

But when he crossed the street he saw Li Ping on the threshold of the shop downstairs. What excuse could he give for calling on the man's wife?

So he walked past without stopping. He turned toward the Bowery at random; at random mounted the El steps; at random took a train uptown; at random entered a Lexington Avenue saloon that he knew from his intern days.

He sat there, brooding, unhappy. He took drink after drink. He went home. The alcohol fumes coiled in his brain. His temples throbbed. He stood by the window and stared at the house across the street—at Si-Si's house.

And night came, racing to the west; and the moon stabbed out with a silvery gesture, spreading a fairy pattern over Chinatown's scabbed, drab maze; and gradually the streets emptied of people, and the voices of barter and trade and hectic gaiety faded into a memory of sound, and there was now nobody left except Tim O'Connor, the corner cop, tramping his beat.

He dropped into a chair. Despair was in his soul and, too, a certain cold curiosity as he asked himself:

"Why has she stopped loving me?"

His head sank drowsily on his breast. Then he gave a start as, through the clogged stillness of the night, he heard a noise—a stealthy noise as of a door being warily pushed open; and he looked—and he saw it was the door of the house across the street; saw a slim figure slip out; saw the glint of moon rays on golden hair; saw, the next moment, Tim O'Connor coming round the corner, hurrying up to Si-Si, drawing her into a dark postern.

AND at that moment love died in the heart of Sung Lu. Hate was born.

The thought of murder was in his brain. He mastered it.

He went to bed.

He got up early on the following morning but remained in his room. A quart of whisky was in his suitcase. He drank steadily until he had finished the bottle.

He fell asleep.

Toward evening he awakened.

He thought of Si-Si.

Yes. His love was dead. There was now only hate; an unflinching resolve of hate; a desperate tenacity to squeeze his hate to the very last drop.

He left his room. It was late. But Li Ping was still in his small private office.

Li Ping, working over his ledger, looked up at Sung Lu's entry.

"You seem ill," he observed. "A cup of tea?"

"No, no."

"Or, perhaps, a whiff of soothing poppy smoke?"

Sung Lu declined with a gesture.

He said:

"I came here to do—my duty."

"Duty?"

"Yes—because you are my benefactor."

Li Ping was caressing his cheek with his right hand. The light glittered on his polished fingernails.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Your—your wife."

"Oh, yes. Delightful Si-Si. Has the butterfly been getting into mischief?"

"I—oh!" A strange fear came to Sung Lu. Again he overcame it with an effort. "I"—his words came in a rush, tripping over each other—"I saw her—late last night—I saw her with—"

"You mean," the other cut in, "she deceives me?"

"That's it." Sung Lu was conscious of a feeling of relief; a feeling, too, of bitter triumph. His hate—ah, he had squeezed it to the last drop!

Li Ping smiled.

"You are telling me no news," he replied calmly.

"Eh?" Sung Lu's voice peaked shrilly.

"YOU see"—Li Ping's accents were level and passionless, with just the faintest little mournful cadence—"I am old, and she is young. She has given me happiness, is still giving me happiness, with her youth, her charm, her blessed gaiety. Thus I am grateful to her—shall always be grateful, in spite of—everything. For," with hard pride, "I am a just man. So when, occasionally, she deceives me, I remember the words of Confucius." He quoted them slowly: "'He who cannot fulfill his charge must resign it.'"

A pause.

"Tell me," he continued, tapping the other's knee with a bony finger, "are you, perhaps, jealous? Have you been her lover too?"

"No, no!" Icy perspiration burst forth upon Sung Lu's skin. "No, no, no!"

He turned to go. But the older man stopped him.

"Wait!" he said. "There is a problem we have to solve—you and I."

"A—problem?"

"You see, I know—about Si-Si. My family knows, and so, I am sure, judging from their unkindly comments, so do the members of my tong. But—what right have you to know—you, an outsider, belonging neither to my family nor to my tong? The fact that you do know is causing me to lose a great deal of face. What can I do—ah—to regain it?"

"Anything!" exclaimed Sung Lu. "Anything at all!"

"I am glad you agree. Because—why, there is only one way!"

And a second later a dagger leaped to Li Ping's hand and descended with a soft swish-swish. . . .

So now Li Ping sat by the open window and looked out upon Pell Street. The matter of the killing would be shrewdly arranged with the help of his junior partner and the members of the Seven Family Tong. The body of the dead man would be disposed of presently in such a way that— blessed be the Buddha!—suspicion would fall on the Azure Dragon Tong.

That was as it should be.

But there was still one disagreeable task awaiting him. He must talk to Si-Si severely; must order her to be more circumspect in the future. For there was his dignity to be considered; his loss of face.

Yes. He must chide her. And he did not like to chide her. He was so fond of her.

A moment later the door opened. She entered.

"Listen to me, delightful Si-Si," he began. . . .

THE END

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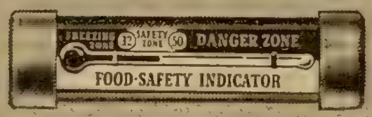

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WILL HOLLYWOOD SPOIL

A Close-Up of a Rising Young Star Who
When He Grows Up

by RING W.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

DURING the personal-appearance tour which followed upon his tremendous success as the young David Copperfield, some one sprang on Freddie Bartholomew the old gag about what he was going to be when he grew up.

"I *hope* to be an actor," he replied, and that modest answer is typical of the kid. The most pernicious menace in Hollywood is the child actor. They seem to lurk everywhere, ready to make bright remarks upon any or no provocation. They are as spoiled as recorked champagne and just as much of a disappointment. They are towed around by overdressed relatives who look as if they had spent their early life stored away in closets without moth balls.

Freddie Bartholomew has been in Hollywood a year and a half without any deleterious effects. The reasons for this phenomenal immunity seem to lie in his own nature and in the common sense of his aunt, guardian, and dramatic coach, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew.

Working with Selznick International Pictures, I saw Freddie daily for six weeks during the filming of Little Lord Fauntleroy. During that time he was completely the center of attention. That was inevitable because every one realized that the success of the picture depended more on him than on any one other individual. Freddie probably appreciated the point as well as any one, but there was nothing in his manner to indicate it. Before the camera he was a serious artist, devoting all his concentration to the job of portraying Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy. In his leisure moments he was merely a small boy, studying, talking, playing, without undue conspicuousness.

Young Bartholomew might still be the fine actor he is if he were not also possessed of an intelligence far beyond his years, but it is the quality of his mind that constitutes his principal charm. His brain is ever seeking new fuel, though he will accept nothing that is not satisfactorily explained, and a mere statement in a book is not conclusive evidence to him.

While studying early English history he expressed disapproval of the standards of chivalry of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. Miss Murphy, his tutor, asked him why.

"Because they always assisted each other against the under dogs, but they never helped the common people," Freddie replied. Class consciousness is not usually so evident at eleven.

Freddie's rise to fame in Hollywood has been phenomenal. From the moment he won the part of the young David Copperfield he has climbed steadily. Perhaps it has been too easy for him.

Copperfield was a tremendous hit, and Freddie came in for a considerable share of the praise. When the picture was released he went East for a personal-appearance tour which added to his sudden fame.

Then David Selznick, who produced Copperfield, chose him for the role of Greta Garbo's son in Anna Karenina. It was something of a letdown. In Karenina his was definitely a minor part and in several scenes he was little more than a prop for Garbo to fondle. But he handled himself as well as he could and it added to his reputation.

Then followed a real opportunity in Professional Soldier with Victor McLaglen and Constance Collier. As the boy king of an imaginary country Freddie had an ideal part, to which he did full justice. He and the extraordinary Mr. McLaglen made a happy team. Much of the comedy was of a strictly phony nature, but they got through it beautifully. It is hard to believe that even the most unsophisticated of audiences would respond to the archaic and unreal trick of an educated child rendering slang expressions in stilted English, but Freddie was so natural and so engaging that such scenes as the baseball sequence in which he had lines like "Place the pellet in the old groove," and "Now, may I have a try with the bludgeon?" went over very well.

At this writing Freddie's latest picture, Little Lord Fauntleroy, bids fair to be hailed as the best thing he has done so far. It is a sentimental performance with little comedy relief, and in less able hands it would be a little dangerous. But the whole setup of Fauntleroy was auspicious from the start.

When David Selznick selected it for his first picture as an independent producer, he fully realized how important it was for him to make good on it. He engaged Hugh Walpole, who did Copperfield, to write the script, and John Cromwell, famous for such pictures as Of Human Bondage and The Fountain, and, more pertinently, for Tom Sawyer, to direct it.

To co-star with Freddie as Dearest, his mother, he brought the lovely Dolores Costello Barrymore back from retirement, and then threw in a supporting cast which includes C. Aubrey Smith, Henry Stephenson, Mickey Rooney, Guy Kibbee, Jackie Searl, Constance Collier, Una O'Connor, E. E. Clive, Jessie Ralph, and Helen Flint.

The finished picture is, to my mind, excellent, and Freddie is its principal virtue. He is on the screen almost constantly, and his performance is a valid characterization, which is almost unique in a child actor, and, indeed, in three fourths of adult motion-picture stars. The character of Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy, in the story and in the picture, is quite different from that of Freddie Bartholomew, in spite of some superficial similarities, and he has interpreted the part with a surprising sensitivity.

Freddie Bartholomew was born in London on March 28, 1924, the son of a government employee. Although his parents are still living, most of his life was passed in Warminster, with his grandparents and his aunt, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, who has been constituted his legal guardian by the State of California.

He made his stage debut at the age of three, reciting a poem at an entertainment, and he was a knockout. He hasn't had a flop since. He has never appeared in a legitimate play, his appearances in England having been confined to benefits, concert parties, and to three motion pictures entitled Toyland, Fascination, and Let's Go Naked.

It was his aunt who first appreciated Freddie's talent and who is responsible for his career. Without any knowledge of the theater, she undertook the training of him, devoting herself especially to his diction, with the result that his enunciation is a marvel to all who hear him. To a certain extent this attribute has worked against him, for there are many people who consider his speech too precise, too meticulous. But the number of those he antagonizes must be small, to judge from the box-office receipts.

Miss Bartholomew, whom Freddie calls "Cissie," deserves a great deal of credit for her part in his career. Not only as a dramatic coach but also as a level-headed and restraining influence, especially amid the insanity of Hollywood, she has been an invaluable aid to Freddie. She is on the set constantly while he is working, rehearses his lines with him at night, and criticizes his performances with considerable candor. The affection between them appears to be very strong. Miss Bartholo-

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW?

Keeps a Level Head and "Hopes" "to Be an Actor"!

LARDNER, Jr.

Freddie Bartholomew and his Aunt Myllicent, the architect of his career.

M-G-M photo

mew has borne herself well in an atmosphere of careless extravagance. As Freddie's guardian and representative, she receives a salary of one hundred dollars a week; of his salary, now one thousand dollars a week, approximately three quarters is put away in a trust fund for him.

In 1934 Freddie and his aunt came to America, ostensibly on a vacation, although there were rumors that a boy was being sought for David Copperfield. In any case, they came to Hollywood, and David Selznick, who had been despairing of ever securing the type of boy he wanted, fell for Freddie instantly, and he was given a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

The Bartholomews settled in Hollywood, it being obvious from the start that there would be no worries for some time to come about Freddie's options being taken up. At present they have a house in Beverly Hills.

Making friends has been the least of Freddie's troubles in Hollywood. Among the people with whom he has worked in pictures, his three favorites are Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen, and Constance Collier. During David Copperfield, Freddie was so immersed in his part that he always looked on Rathbone as the vicious character he was supposed to represent in the picture, and it was not until he saw him in New York in Romeo and Juliet that he got over his subconscious conception of him as Mr. Murdstone. Later, during Anna Karenina, they became close friends.

THE amazing Victor McLaglen conceived a great affection for Freddie during the filming of Professional Soldier. He presented the boy with a horse and made him an officer in Victor McLaglen's Light Horse Cavalry, an honor which is not to be cast aside lightly unless you have a handy wastebasket.

Constance Collier was equally fascinated with Freddie's wit and personality. She worked with him in Professional Soldier and much too briefly in Fauntleroy, and has given him a dog which he calls Concol. Miss Collier has described Freddie as the most likable child she has ever known.

These are actual friendships and not merely studied publicity material. That adults should seek the company and conversation of a boy of twelve is credible only if you know Freddie.

And yet there is nothing of the prodigy about him. His mind is quick and inquisitive but his tastes are not inordinately precocious. A fair physical specimen for his age, he is athletically inclined. Riding is his favorite form of exercise and he indulges in it as often as he can. He likes to play tennis and to swim; cricket is his favorite sport, but he has had little opportunity to play it since he left England.

His taste in literature runs to the usual romances, Scott, Stevenson, Kipling, and the like. He knows by heart a number of speeches from Shakespeare. Poetry he likes to memorize and recite; his ability to commit to memory is unusual, and the quality of his recitation even more so.

Freddie's future is a little vague in his own mind. The only two roles he thinks he would like to play are The Prince and the Pauper, and Peter Pan; the latter would be a very interesting venture if it were produced with any artistry. By the time Fauntleroy is released he will be at work on Captains Courageous. He will probably call a halt in his career within the next few years in order to round out his education. But I think he will be back at it; his talent is not the sort that will limit his success to his childhood. If he manages to continue to escape the contamination of fame, he should turn into a brilliant actor.

All the evidence points to his escaping it. During the last few months he has heard himself highly praised by such distinguished critics as Charlie Chaplin, Alexander Woollcott, and H. G. Wells. He has enjoyed their tributes, but there has been no visible increase in his sense of his own importance. He bears his laurels with a dignity which even Hollywood seems unable to affect. I can only say that I hope it won't, because right now I think he is a lovely guy.

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family!

So many of you have enclosed with your contributions expressions of gratitude to Liberty Magazine for the chance to show your embryo talent that you have made me proud to be editor of a page arousing such spirited good will.

Thank you.

Before I go on I want to explain that Liberty readers are eligible to vote on their favorite items appearing on these pages. Directions are cited below.

This week's contributions are fine, with the literary folk in the foreground.

And now for some friendly advice to all contestants: Keep your entries short—the shorter the better. Many of your long poems are delightful, but there isn't space enough to print them.

Try to hold your storiettes well under the 500-word maximum.

Let me congratulate those of you who have been submitting items each week. I find that your second and third efforts are much better than the first.

Just keep trying. You might be among the lucky winners next time.

On page 29 are the rules governing contestants, prizes, and special awards. Read them carefully, and then get busy.

Major Edward Bowes

Myrtle E. Gilbert of Egg Harbor City, New Jersey, submits the following short short story. A splendid narrative with an unusual ending.

THE WEAKLING

There were those who didn't mind. Charity was nothing to the majority of individuals who jammed the tiny Relief office.

But Allen minded. He lingered at the outside of the crowd, trying to make it appear that he was merely pausing there, expecting to pass on any minute.

But he didn't pass on until he had stood in his turn before the desk, had had Mrs. Moore raise unseeing eyes to his face and say, "Well?" in a cold, contemptuous voice.

That meant she wanted to know his name.

"Richards," Allen would answer. "My father couldn't come. I'm Allen," he would explain.

Of course his father couldn't come. Wouldn't, you mean! He had come once, and that was enough for him. Allen was just a kid. Nothing mattered to a kid. He was too young for it to leave its mark on him. . . .

Allen turned from the desk. Now to go to the store and stand in line once again, to buy just so much of the things you were permitted to buy —never just what you wanted and never as much as you wanted.

A little girl near Allen who looked somehow like his sister Mary—only this little girl's cheeks were rosy, and she wore little white shoes and little white mittens—was coaxing her mother to buy her some animal cookies.

Allen thought of Mary, tiny pale-cheeked Mary, whose shoes were always heavy thick-soled brown ones, and who had never owned a pair of white mittens.

The mother handed the child a box of the cookies and she turned away, munching them greedily. How Mary loved them! She would line them up on the window sill and Allen would make her a cardboard cage and hitch it to two of the biggest, fastest, *stripedest* zebras, and Mary would laugh and clap her hands and march up and down the room at the head of her circus parade.

"There's just ten cents left. Anything ya want for that?"

The voice of the redheaded clerk brought Allen out of the there and then and back into the here and now.

That last ten cents always went for tobacco for his father. He'd kill him if there was no tobacco.

"O-o-o-o, look, mummy! What's this? It looks like a horse but it isn't."

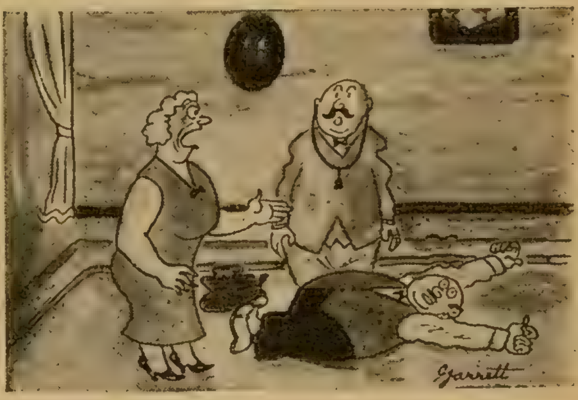
It was the little rosy-cheeked child again and she held out one of the cakes in her chubby hand.

"That's a zebra, dear," the mother said. "It is like a horse but it has stripes."

The clerk was waiting. Allen raised his eyes, straightened his shoulders.

"Give me ten cents' worth of those animal cookies," he said.

A humorous drawing by John K. Garrett, Jeffersonville, Indiana.



"Dead! Doctor, he can't be — I only shot him three times."

Mrs. A. F. Worcester of Tulsa, Oklahoma, writes: "My husband relished Edgar Guest's poem A Woman's Gift from Heaven, but came down from his jubilant heights when I mailed him these enclosed verses." The title is:

MY GIFT

Yes, my precious "gift" from heaven
could improve in many ways;
Yet he hangs up his pajamas—when
he feels my burning gaze;
And he cannot grumble often at the
coffee, morn or night,
For it's usually his own making, and
he thinks he makes it right.

This "gift" of mine is not the worst,
and not, perhaps, the best—
But I'll bet if I could put him up in
any smoking test
He could scatter ashes farther and
more "terbaccer" drop
Than any user of the weed—yet he's
a right good Pop.

So, if he came from the good place,
or if he came from—well,
I've made for him a happy home
where he at will may dwell.
Each time he leaves the narrow way
I'll put him back on the track.
He's mine for keeps, for I don't know
just where to send him back.

Paul J. Daley of Brighton, Massachusetts, submits his story, The Wishing Tree, and wants to know if he shows any sign of writing ability. He wouldn't let his friends read it, but tried it out on me. Well, Paul, I liked it, so now the whole world will see it. It is brief, well written, and has a real idea behind it. See what the readers think about it.

THE WISHING TREE

They say it happened here, lady, right on this spot, under this very tree you're looking at, about fifteen years ago. She stopped at the tree on her way to church and then walked on. She's never been seen since.

It's a shame, too. She was so pretty, they tell me, the prettiest girl in the county. That's something, because we sure have swell-looking girls in these parts. She was always play-actin', though, posing, and always saying she was going to be the greatest actress on the American stage.

But her father—he was the town banker and had plenty of money—was dead set against her going to New York to study. He was bitter against the stage because his wife deserted him about two years after the girl was born and went back to being a chorus girl. I guess he was right smart crazy about her. Anyway, she died, so they tell me, about four years after she left him.

And then his gal went and disappeared. I guess that killed the old man.

Young girls hereabouts swear by the tree, though, and call it the wishing tree. The girl always came here to recite poetry. She said the tree was her audience; and she even prayed to it—asked it to make her famous, a star in great plays. Since then, the girls in town got to coming here when they wanted anything real bad, like a new dress, or some doodad, or maybe a new fella.

They all come here now, and it's funny—they usually get their wishes, so maybe there is something to it. If you'll pardon my saying so, lady, you look like you've had a lot of bad breaks for a long time. Why don't you make a wish?

Aw, lady, don't cry. I guess I understand. Ain't it nice all them girls think so much of you for starting their wishing tree? . . . Naw, don't worry. I won't say nothing to no one and spoil the tree.

The Worst Weekly—a clever amateur column sent in by Miss Carmen Troy of Los Angeles, California. Out of her many items I have chosen one which carries promise of a witty mind.

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"George asked me to a dance. I did not have a thing to wear except that old pink organdy. I washed it with soap and water, and that night, George said, 'You look lovely,' and asked me to marry him. Now we are married and I still have to wear that old pink organdy!"

Husbands will relish this joke, submitted by Mrs. Hunter Norwood of Clinton, Louisiana:

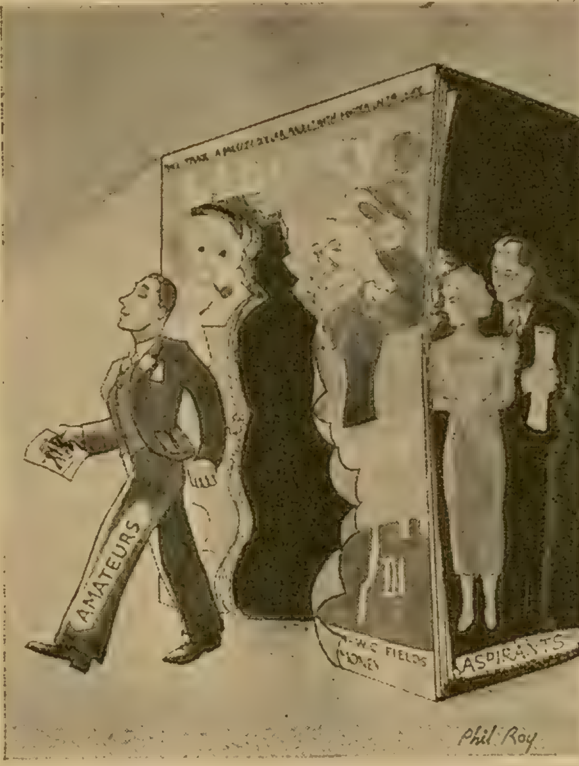
MRS. FRESHWED: Oh, darling, the baby can walk!

MR. FRESHWED: Good! Now he can walk the floor at night by himself!

Major Edward Bowes.

"My name is Phil Roy. I live in Akron, the rubber city. French-Canadian, born in Montreal, Canada, November 3, 1907. Married to a Kansas girl. Our son is three years old."

And Mr. Phil Roy goes on to say that his ambition is to study to become an illustrator and portrait painter. He is now a window trimmer. His sketch is a very nice bit of drawing, and worthy of recognition. I hope that he will continue his studies, as he has plenty of possibilities.



Crashing the front page.

Drama, good writing, suspense—Mrs. A. E. Santini of Detroit, Michigan, incorporates these in her pleasing short short story:

RENDEZVOUS

She was slight and fair, and an air of expectant excitement clothed her like a garment as she waited on the fringe of the crowd that used the busy corner as a meeting place.

Minutes passed, but she was not impatient like the others about her. *She* need have no anxiety—her rendezvous was secure. The warm glow of happiness suffused her whole being.

Once she opened her bag and extracted a sheet of note paper. She held it as though it were a precious jewel as she reread the words already imprinted in her heart: "Three o'clock, my darling . . . at our old meeting place. We'll go on together."

How many times she had met him here, even in schoolbook days, for a joyous afternoon! From here they usually went on their jaunts of simple pleasures: long bus rides to the suburbs; exciting walks along the crowded business streets; and, later, tours of window shopping for their dream cottage; brief hours in their favorite eating places, where they feasted mostly on love.

And then their dream became a reality, and he was her husband; but always, when they met for an interlude of pleasure snatched from a busy day, it was here, "under the clock."

One day the unbelievable had happened and the meetings under the clock again became a dream; until, today, heaven had smiled. He wanted her!

The boom of the great timepiece brought her back to the present. It was striking three! He would come now. Her eyes scanned the crowd. Yes, there he was. Across the way she caught a glimpse of that dear familiar face. She ran to meet him.

Brakes shrieked in protest. Some one screamed. . . .

Then it was light again, warm and golden, and he was holding her. She was at home, in his arms, hearing his voice, looking into his adoring eyes, softly echoing his "Together."

The young doctor's voice was husky as he gave efficient directions. Then he stood alone, holding the faded paper taken from the lifeless hand.

"Together." It was dated twenty years ago.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

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Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
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Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

FRED PERRY—
Champ or Chump?

What Would You Have Done?—The Story of a $100,000 Decision and the Greatest Amateur in Tennis

by MILTON HOLMES

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

TO the spectators of the 1935 Wimbledon Men's final in which Frederick J. Perry of England defeated Baron Gottfried von Cramm of Germany for the championship of the world, it appeared that a singles match was being staged. Von Cramm was playing singles; but Perry was playing *doubles.* The German was playing against one opponent; but Perry was facing two opponents across the net; von Cramm wielding a racket, and a specter dangling $100,000 before his eyes—one hundred thousand dollars, the largest stake ever played for in an amateur contest. A formidable and terrifying adversary.

Here is the story:

In 1934, just after Perry had won Wimbledon, the Davis Cup for England, and the United States Nationals in succession, a group of the boys were gathered in the locker room of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Harpo, the silent one of the Four Marx Brothers, was doing the talking.

He said to Perry: "You can't buy groceries with glory. Why don't you turn professional now and cash in?" Pointing out of the window at Ellsworth Vines, who was giving a lesson, he added, "And there's your opponent. You and Vines could clean up. It's your greatest chance. Why not grab it?"

Perry puffed his pipe and answered simply: "I can't. I gave my word that I would tour Australia this winter."

Five months later, when Perry returned to Los Angeles after an arduous trip through Australia, he was mentally ill. "I'm fed up," he said. "If I could get a regular job I'd never play lawn tennis again." And he meant it.

Then the RKO studios approached him with an offer to make a picture: $20,000 for six weeks. Word went round that it was a tennis picture, which would have automatically made Perry a professional. Immediately the largest manufacturer of rackets and balls in the world submitted a three-year contract for his signature netting Perry at least $18,000 the first year. A leading American gut company offered him $10,000 for the use of his name. Bill O'Brien, manager and promoter of the Tilden Tours, including Vines, Tilden, Nusslein, and all the other leading professionals, burned up the telephone and telegraph wires with an offer which guaranteed Perry $30,000 within three months for a series of matches. Personal appearances booked with his picture, radio broadcasts, royalties on ping-pong equipment (Perry was World's Men's Singles table tennis champion in 1929), clothing and other miscellaneous items added up to a grand total of slightly over $100,000. These are not mythical numbers, mind you, but actual figures from actual contracts.

On the very morning of the day he was to sign his movie contract, a cable arrived from England advising Perry to expect a phone call late that night and to make no decisions in the meantime. The phone call was from Herbert Roper Barrett, captain of the English Davis Cup team. Exactly what was said and who else spoke to Perry no one will ever know, but the following day Perry canceled all negotiations with the studio and apologized to every one concerned.

At the club that afternoon over tea his friends cornered him, bombarding him with queries and challenges:

"How can you possibly turn down that amount of money to go back tennis-bumming?"

"Don't be a fool! Supposing you lose. You might sprain a wrist or turn an ankle. Then what? Why take that chance?"

"Every kind of champion is forgotten after he leaves the rankings. In five years they will only respect your bank account, not you."

Perry sipped his tea nervously and said, "You don't understand. I've got to go back."

"What do you mean you've got to go back?" they retorted. "Don't you realize that your entire future depends on this decision? It's your chance to make something of yourself!"

"I've got to go back," Perry answered. "I can't let England down."

He was talking about the same England that has no love for Perry—the same England that makes up the English galleries at Wimbledon that pull against him whenever he plays against any other subject of the British Empire. Not a generally known fact, but a true one. Why? Well, he just doesn't belong! So to speak, he was born on the other side of the tracks—went to the wrong schools and all that sort of thing, you know. Yet he has retrieved for old England what no other Englishman has been able to accomplish for over twenty years, the Wimbledon title and the Davis Cup.

Did Perry actually realize all that he was giving up? Quoting from a letter posted on the Berengaria on his way back to England, Perry wrote: ". . . and so, no doubt, I've already thrown away a great chance that might never return. Still, I do at least think, in my own strange way, that I have done the right thing. At least you can rest assured that I shan't squeal."

And so, to those fifteen thousand Britishers who jammed the Centre Court at Wimbledon and watched him trounce von Cramm in three straight sets, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4, for the Gentlemen's Singles of the World, Perry was a great champion in victory. But to his small group of friends in Los Angeles who heard him utter, "I can't let England down," he would have been greater in defeat.

Don't get the idea, from all that has been stated above, that Perry is a softy, a sentimental sap, easily swayed by the old Hearts and Flowers. On the contrary, at times he can be cruel and ruthless, as was shown once in a match against an objectionable youngster. A newcomer in higher tennis circles, this chap had won an important match the day previous with the aid of his shabby and unscrupulous court manners.

International photo

Fred Perry, who believes that tennis is a gentleman's game, and gambled a fortune to prove it!

When they met on the court, Perry fed him nothing but short shots and drop shots, dragging him up to the net. Then Perry proceeded to paste him with the balls, stinging his husky target with sizzling drives and smashes, as he easily won the match. In the locker room afterward the boy displayed black-and-blue marks on his body from the smack of the ball. Perry went up to him and said: "I didn't like your conduct on the court yesterday. I hope those welts will be a lesson to you. Tennis is a gentleman's game."

ON the field of action Perry is a court jester with mischievous antics. Off the court Perry is a wag possessing a tongue-in-cheek sense of humor. He uses a pure-white racket with natural-colored stringing. Unlike most players, who hold the racket at the throat with their left hand between shots, Perry overlaps the grip of his right hand at the butt of the handle with his left hand. An inquisitive coach asked him why he did this. Perry went into a technical dissertation as to the advantages of gripping his racket in this manner. The coach listened attentively, thanked him, and left with a puzzled look on his face.

With a wry smile, Perry said to this writer: "Do you want to know, really, why I hold the racket that way? To keep the white handle of the racket clean."

During a major tournament one of Perry's colleagues came to him for advice. He said: "I meet Frank Shields tomorrow. You've beaten him many times. How do you play him?"

Perry answered: "He's a cinch. Hit the ball back three times and he'll knock it out."

The next day Shields trounced Perry's teammate thoroughly.

The Englishman ran across Perry as he was leaving the court. "I tried to use your advice, Fred," he said. "But how do you get the ball back three times?"

Perry smiled and answered, "I guess you're no tennis player either."

Every champion must of necessity possess confidence in himself. Perry fairly exudes it.

To the avid tennis fans who packed the Forest Hills stadium last year to witness the final rounds of the United States Nationals, this prime asset—with its two extremes—was never better portrayed. They saw a confident Perry drub Vernon G. Kirby of South Africa into submission in the semifinal round; then they watched an overconfident Perry bow to cool-headed yet daring Wilmer Allison in the finals. True, Perry's injury, suffered in his fall on the court during the final round, is held by many as the cause of his defeat. But the consensus of opinion is that Allison won on merit and Perry lost on carelessness. Was it the end of the road for Perry? Had he lost his one golden opportunity? Hardly. For late reports tell us that he is now completely recovered from his injury and is training for a comeback. To try again for that golden goal? Not at all! "I want to play one more year for England," Mr. Perry says quietly.

THE END

COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

Hell's Broth Boils Over in the Khyber Pass, and the Mad Fakir Penetrates Peshawar—A Thrilling Chronicle of the Hunted Men's Militia in India

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

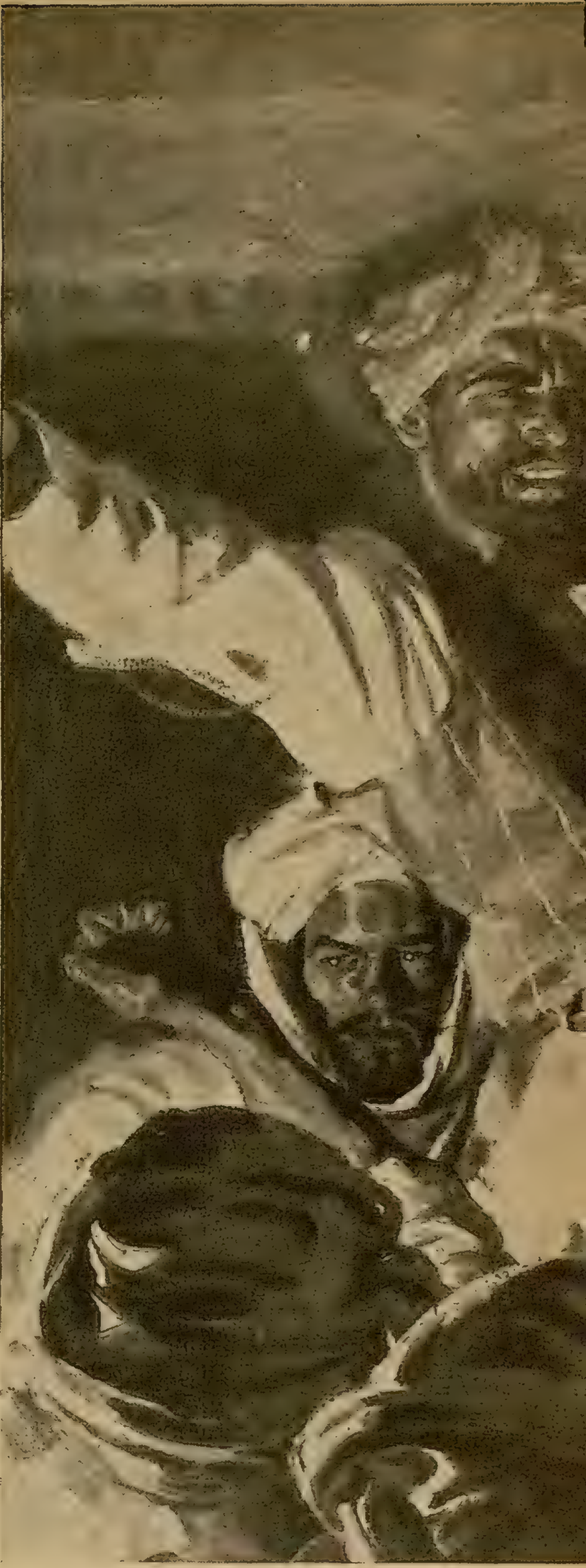
"HUNTED Men's Militia," Captain Blackledge explains, is the Kurram Militia, an all but lawless company of native irregulars who keep order just outside the Khyber Pass, northwest gateway to India. Digger Craven, who tells this story, was second in command of the Militia when it was the one British force between Lenhai, the Mad Fakir, and the Pass. Lenhai was rousing the fanatical Hillmen to descend upon India and set up a new Moslem empire.

Digger fell into Lenhai's hands. In a Pathan village hidden by the mountains he was being tortured on an anthill when a mysterious woman appeared and spoke to Lenhai, who was looking on gleefully. Digger was then spared further torment and thrown into a cell, where the woman, Mahrila by name, offered him release in exchange for military information. She was native in costume only, speaking English with a European accent that he could not place. When he refused, she uttered threats and left him. That night he escaped, killing two who barred his way and himself sustaining a wound. He was in extremity some days later when he fell in with the caravan of Barney Binns, an adventurous Irish-American garbed as a Hillman. Binns took him in to Peshawar, where he recuperated in hospital.

Under his guidance the Militia, with Colonel Strong in command, began searching the Hills for Lenhai. Binns accompanied them. During a brush with sniping bandits a sepoy found evidence that an aviator had lately come to grief in this region. The bandits were brought to bay in a blockhouse. The Militia attacked it from all four sides. As they neared its walls, a white flag was raised, and two bandits lifted into view the aviator himself—their prisoner, with his hands tied behind him.

PART TWO—BARNEY BINNS GOES NATIVE

THE aviator was hoisted on to the wall. The two natives dropped him clumsily to the ground outside the fort. His legs were free. He could walk, but only a couple of yards or so, for there was a stout rope attached to his waist, the other end being secured to the wall.



A veiled woman knelt by Binns' side, stared up into his face.

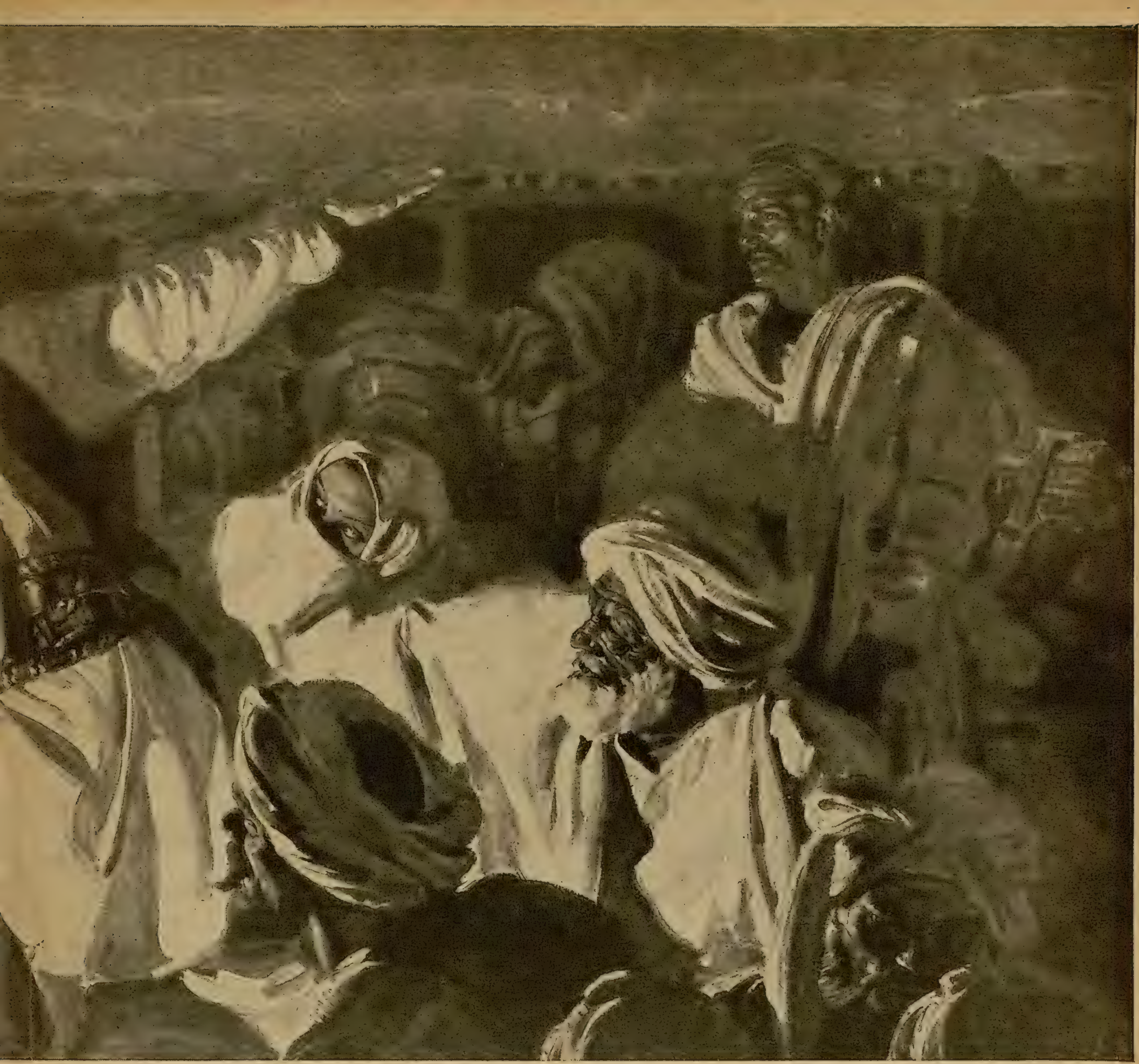
ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

There he stood, trussed up like a mummy, staring in our direction in a dazed and stupid sort of fashion. Then some thirty or forty Hillmen crowded on to the wall immediately behind the bound figure. They were probably four or five feet above the man's head. They were cackling and gesticulating and guffawing among themselves. Apparently the situation tickled them immensely. And every one of them had his rifle at the ready.

"Migosh! Are they going to pot him?" gasped Binns.

I felt suddenly cold in that broiling heat. I stared in fascinated horror as a great hulking brute stepped forward and raised his powerful arm for a throw. A stone was flung down the slope. It came to rest within a few feet of the spot where the sepoy, Eater of Women, was crouching. He threw it toward me. The message attached to it was in Pushtu and rather over my head. But Colonel Strong knew the language. I watched his face as he read it—steel in his blue eyes and his gray mustache positively bristling.

"These swine are ordering me to clear out of their country and stay out. If we go, they will set the flying man free."



by Captain W. J. BLACKLEDGE

"What happens if we refuse, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"They will open fire on us, Mr. Craven."

I gasped, stared at the colonel. "That means—"

"Too true, it does, Digger!" quoth Binns. "It means they'll fire at us and we shan't be able to answer back—not with that aviator stuck up there."

"Good heavens! What about Number Four platoon—waiting behind the fort?"

"No good, Mr. Craven. They'd slaughter the poor fellow before turning round to tackle that platoon."

"I'll say they would!" said Binns. "So what?"

"We could retire—and advance again later?"

"Retire from a handful of bandits, Mr. Craven? And, depend upon it, they expect us to, and have some trap set. I know these swine too well."

We stared round helplessly, thinking fast. A figure was crawling toward us. It was Lieutenant Hardcastle, one of our platoon commanders. He suggested that we yell at the aviator to drop to the ground as soon as we raced forward.

"Hardly, Mr. Hardcastle. It would be just as easy for them to pot at him if he lay on the ground."

"There must be some way out, sir," I said. "Supposing Lieutenant Hardcastle and I went forward with a truce flag. As we came away we could cut the rope that holds him, and shove him down the slope."

"No, Mr. Craven. That would be sacrificing the lives of all three of you."

"Sure! They'd fill you as full of holes as a colander before you'd done a couple of yards. As for me, I'm one of 'em, to all appearances. I guess I could take 'em by surprise if I went forward alone. Scribble a chit in Pushtu, chief, and I'll take it to 'em."

"'Fraid I don't follow you, Mr. Binns," he demurred.

"My idea is to shove myself right in amongst them. They couldn't fire at me then, and as soon as I'd got in, you could swarm up and land on 'em, huh?"

"If you were in among them they couldn't use their rifles," I agreed. "But they'd use their knives and cut you to pieces before we could reach you."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Strong grimly. "And, in any case, Mr. Binns, we couldn't think of using a good American citizen in that way. No; I have the solution. If some one went forward with a flag and a message, he could cut the rope—but instead of running back toward us he would run into the shelter of the wall. Those fellows could not reach him with their rifles then—not without leaning over the wall, and they'd realize that if they did that we could pot 'em."

"But what about the aviator, sir?" asked Hardcastle. "Would he run toward the wall?"

"His natural instinct would be to run away from the wall, Mr. Hardcastle. But we can call out to him in English and French—one or the other must register—and tell him how to move as soon as the rope is cut."

"I guess that's foolproof, chief. Who—"

"We'll draw lots, Mr. Binns."

We did. The job fell to me—and just then a startled exclamation drew our attention to the fort wall.

"Look! Migosh! Who's that guy?"

WE stared. One of our boys had crawled to within a foot or two of the wall. He was almost naked—the better to crawl unseen. It was Eater of Women! He had worked so silently, so craftily, that we had not heard him leave us.

He reached the lee of the wall and crept forward. He had a knife in his teeth.

The colonel took in the situation at once. He yelled hoarsely to the trussed flying man standing there:

"Aviator! Aviator! The rope will be cut! Don't run toward us. Run back to the wall and stay there!"

The message was repeated in French. Then, at the precise second that Eater of Women leaped, knife in hand, for the rope, the colonel's whistle blew. We fired from snap as we raced forward. The Hillmen's rifles spat. I saw the rope give way, saw the aviator turn to dive toward the wall. But he collapsed before he could get there. The next minute we were covering him, firing at the group of bandits.

They leaped in among us. And that was their undoing. There followed a regular bloodthirsty hand-to-hand scrap. We were jabbing and thrusting with the bayonet. Their knives of Mecca were slashing right and left. Groans and yelps mingled with their sickening raucous cries. Choking gasps of pain. Bayoneted grunts. Maniacal laughter. Grinning bearded jowls, blackened teeth. Blood splashes. A blurred memory—ended for me by a blow on the head that put me out for the count.

I came to in the fort itself, sitting with my back to a wall of one of the houses. I recall saying, "Some idiot hit me with the boot of his gun!"

There was a familiar laugh. The gray eyes of Barney Binns twinkled at mine.

"Right, buddy! It was that Eater of Women guy. One of these bandits was poised for a jab at your midriff when Eater swung his rifle and you and the wallah with the knife went down in a row. Gosh! It was the nearest thing I've seen this side of Gehenna!"

"Where is Eater of Women? Is he all right?"

"Not a scratch, Digger."

"And that airman?"

"That native doctor of yours is taking a couple out of his thigh. They say he'll be O. K."

"Did the bandits get away?"

"They're flat—every damned one of 'em."

In due course, returning, we entered the Khyber Pass on an "open" day. Twice a week the Pass is thrown open for the two gigantic streams of traffic heading east and west, and then it looks as if all the camels and asses and ponies and bullock wagons of Asia were on the move, and the *khasadars*, the native caravan police, always have their work cut out to maintain anything like order.

The Khyber has more than one highway. There is the military road, a wide well built affair of concrete. Another road runs more or less parallel, along which the *cafilas*, camel caravans, wend their way. At some stages the two roads merge into one.

Our company had reached such a stage. A halt was called and we were resting by the wayside at the fork of the two highways before taking the plunge into the milling throng. No other highway on earth could present such a spectacle. The conglomeration of vociferous folk and swaying beasts stretched as far as the eye could reach, filling the air with clouds of dust. The heat was as if the air had been afire.

AND now, with the Mad Fakir working upon the feelings of these religious, superstitious, and emotional Hill folk, it happened that the storm burst suddenly and unexpectedly in the jealously guarded Khyber Pass itself! Its center was a party of border tribesmen, whose green turbans and the curved knives of Mecca stuck in their cummerbunds proclaimed them *hadjis* returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy City.

They rode sleek Kabuli ponies and at their head a young boy of not more than nine years sat a white pony with the bearing and hauteur of a prince.

The throng recognized the pilgrims and a hoarse cheering broke out. The mob around them thickened. The boy in his green silk turban and white satin robes drew the faithful like a magnet. Dirty paws stretched out to touch his glistening robes. Men cried the blessings of Allah upon him. In a few moments the Pass was completely blocked by the vociferous and gesticulating mass. The traffic came to a standstill.

A number of *khasadars* came hurriedly on to the scene, headed by their captain. It was obvious that the native police officer had realized the delicacy of the situation. His men refrained from using their staffs. But their orders to break up and let the traffic proceed were ignored. They were received with jeers. Men spat insulting remarks about those who accepted the bribes of the British Raj. For moments it was touch-and-go. We

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jumped to our feet and ran to the edge of the road to look down upon the swaying, pushing crowd.

"I wouldn't be surprised if there were trouble down there," opined the colonel. "Better stand by."

There was a piercing blast. Hunted Men's Militia fell in—all except the section in charge of our wounded, who included the young aviator, his fate still very much in the balance.

Bloody revolutions, "holy wars," have been started with less cause than this, I thought, as I stared down at a sea of waving arms, turbaned heads, stamping frightened beasts. The dust rose in dense clouds. The clamor grew more and more heated.

"Well, those green turbans started something, huh?"

"Unfortunately, the blame will be put upon the *khasadars*," remarked the colonel.

He issued his orders. Two platoons moved down the road, leaving the remainder to care for the wounded. We would have preferred to get on with them to Peshawar, but this was something that could not be ignored.

We turned the bend at the foot of the road where it forked into the traffic highway, opened ranks, and marched straight into the seething, milling throng. We must force a way out for that party of pilgrims at all costs. Angry snarls, menacing cries, truculent curses met us as we thrust our way through. The treacherous slitting knife that cannot be seen, nor the perpetrator detected; the sudden blow from one of a hundred upraised arms, with weapon concealed in a tribesman's wide-sleeved blouse—these and other crafty devices added to our number of wounded long before we reached the pilgrims.

Native policemen's heads were cracked and bleeding. Some had gone down and were trampled underfoot. Yet no *khasadar* had used his staff. The captain was still standing as we forged ahead. One could hear his raucous voice above the swelling roar.

WHEN I saw a knife raised toward the silvery head of our commander I went cold. A surging mass several feet thick separated us. I yelled—even louder than the venomous devils around me. A sepoy leaped—slashed. A brown hand, cut off at the wrist, sped through the air with the knife still clutched in its grip.

I saw the wiry figure of the colonel swing around. He was so close that the gory stump, hurriedly withdrawn, brushed his white hair.

The incident was immediately buried in the jam of jostling bodies. Women continued to scream. Men of warring tribal factions were taking the chance to vent their spleen. It became a free-for-all, with much crafty knife play.

At one moment it looked as if the riot might develop into a massacre. That historic mountain gorge, the battleground of many a blood-lusting horde, once again echoed with the cries of maddened men. The Pathan does not make war on women. But the women whose mounts could not stampede quickly enough were thrown and trampled.

It seemed an age that we fought our way toward the green-turbaned pilgrims whose prancing steeds lifted them above the mob. Knives flashed and were sent hurtling through the air. So far there had been no gunfire. Sticks and staffs and stones, the ever-ready knife and the curved dagger of Mecca—these played havoc enough in all conscience.

Gradually we drew near, closed in around the pilgrims, then started to force a way forward. Colonel Strong was using his revolver butt on all who impeded his progress, while roaring his commands in Pushtu.

Then above all other sounds came the shattering snap of rifles. A cloud of dust resolved itself into a detachment of troops coming up at the double. Their volley, fired in the air, had a most sobering effect. Men who a moment before had been struggling and fighting in a blind rage now dropped their arms, turned from each other with sullen eyes, and began to collect their baggage, their families, and their beasts.

The slashed and the slain were dumped down at the roadside. Gradually order was restored. The two streams of traffic started to move once more. The *hadjis*,

At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way.
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . collected . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, to . . .

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with the boy in white at their head—miraculously untouched—passed disdainfully on in the care of a detachment of British troops.

But for us this was by no means the end. We knew there was much more to the incident than met the eye. There was far too much of Allah in the air. Unrest was patent. We reached Peshawar with our wounded. The young aviator died there, without being able to tell us anything of what happened to him while in the hands of the fanatics of the Hills, or why he had gone there or what had become of his machine.

But we knew of a way of gaining information about that mysterious boy. On the outer confines of Peshawar there is a famous caravansary used by the travelers of all High Asia. It is a large walled enclosure that will accommodate hundreds of caravans, and is as much a gathering place of the faithful as Mecca itself.

There we returned after seeing to our wounded at the Peshawar garrison—four of us, Colonel Strong, Hardcastle, Binns, and myself. We went disguised as lousy *provindahs.* Once within the gates, we separated. I wandered around the throng in the crowded serai, stopped at one of the booths that lined the walls and ate *shaslik*—bits of lamb roasted on a skewer over a charcoal fire. I sat down within earshot of a group of Afridis squatting around a fire of camel dung.

Scraps of conversation floated my way. I had been there several minutes when I had the sudden feeling that one of those voices was vaguely familiar. True, its owner spoke Pushtu like a native. But—

I turned slightly, chanced an eye, saw the green turban. It had not been there when I sat down. Barney Binns was taking a devil of a risk. One false move, and he would be cut into little pieces!

We had remonstrated with him about wearing that green turban in the first place. But he had claimed that he knew Mecca and could answer any questions about the pilgrimage. Well, the green turban was doing what one might have expected in such a gathering. It is worn only by those who have made the journey to the Holy City. Naturally it drew many questions about Mecca from this group of Afridis. Every Moslem who has yet to make the pilgrimage will listen for hours to those who have!

I did not learn until afterward that Binns actually had been to Mecca, disguised as a good Moslem of Syria. He had performed the various ceremonies. He had then returned to his beloved United States and written a book about his experience!

BUT just then, squatting there and listening to his throaty descriptions, my hand was never far from the knife hilt. To put it mildly, I perspired. His voice was calm, untroubled, answering each curious Afridi with swaggering assurance.

I gathered that he was trying hard to work the talk around to the incident of the day before in the Pass. But it seemed that his audience, which had gradually increased, was too interested in his descriptions of the Holy City. He warmed to his subject, went on and on, until I could have screamed at him for a fool—though I had to marvel at his ingenuity.

Once his wandering eyes caught mine. I fancied I detected a mischievous gleam, or was it the flicker of the firelight? His chatter became more wild. Soon he was mouthing seditious claptrap like a pukkah fanatic—telling his audience that the faithful of Arabia were ready to strike the blow for Allah! What were the Moslems of Afghanistan and India doing? Nothing! He taunted them. He sneered at their impotence. Obviously, the fellow was having the time of his life!

More people joined the party. A veiled woman knelt by his side, stared up into his animated face. He was aware of her presence, but he did not pause. There were other veiled women in the throng now gathered about him, but I could have sworn that this one was admiring him. There was that indefinable something in the way she lifted her head toward him, in the movements of her soft hands.

Never in my life have I met such a crazy daredevil as Barney Binns. He told that group that the Moslem world was ready, that the faithful throughout the world looked now to the people of Hindustan, to the Afghan, the Afridi, the Mahsuds, the Waziris, and all the tribal branches of the Pathan. Were they ready?

"Aye!" came the throaty rumble from a score or two of wild-eyed natives.

And what did they do to prepare? Just talk! They talked and talked, like children!

Suddenly another voice rose above the rumbling growl: "Thou shalt see, O brother! We do more than talk. We prepare! Hast not thou heard of the meeting?"

A dead silence followed. It endured for several agonizing seconds. The voice that had put the query was the voice of Colonel Strong! I knew it. Barney Binns knew it. His pause was the most critical phase of the whole episode. In that sudden and terrifying silence I held my breath. Binns realized, as I did, that the colonel, dressed also as one of the faithful, had merely made a knock at a venture. We knew nothing about any projected meeting. I am sure the colonel did not. But his daring was not to be outdone by any Irish-American's!

Had he hit the target? That weird silence! It seemed to stretch out endlessly. It was Strong who broke it:

"O brother from over the seas, even now we kindle the flame in the Hills that is to spread and spread until it burns down into the plains!"

THE throng took up the cry: "Aye! We kindle the flame!"

Then up spoke a mullah. His head was shaved. His eyes burned like live coals. He was the most fanatical of all these fanatics, and he gave the whole show away. In his wrath and his rage he told the brother from over the seas that the Moslems of High Asia were indeed preparing. There was indeed to be a meeting. The brother must attend. He would learn that the Pathan was just as ready for the Day as his Arabian brothers.

The colonel's shot in the dark had gone home. We learned there and then of the secret meeting of the faithful that was to take place in Peshawar. No man could enter this meeting who was not in possession of the password. It was whispered into the ear of the brother from overseas—Barney Binns. That, as Binns said a little while later, was all we wanted to know!

Nabi! Whatever Nabi might mean was for us to find out. At all events, it was the password. Binns now began complaining of his weariness. He hinted that he would be pleased to retire. His brethren would hear from him again. I didn't doubt that! Then he gave them the peace of Allah and shuffled away into the gloom.

The four of us met beyond the serai gates. As we were congratulating ourselves, Hardcastle discovered that we were being followed by a veiled woman.

"Mebbe it's that dame who was snuggling up to me."

"Perhaps she's fallen for you, Binns," I laughed.

"Well, I guess the wench has taste."

"It wouldn't be a trifle of spying, what?" queried Hardcastle.

We stepped along in silence for a space. Obviously we could not go to a certain shop owned by a friendly babu and change into military rig, with this mysterious creature tailing us.

"Why, bless me," said the colonel, "she isn't more than a hundred yards behind us! She's either a fool or a spy. Very well. Keep marching till we reach the babu's door. We'll all go in except you, Mr. Binns. You engage her in conversation, grab her, drag her inside. We must take care of her until this meeting is over."

And it was so. We continued our pace, with never a pause, up one dirty alleyway and down another, until we drew level with the darkened doorway of the babu's shop. It all went according to plan. Three of us disappeared inside, leaving Binns to—as he remarked—"hold the baby." Before long he thrust himself in with a struggling woman in his arms. He had effectively silenced her by twisting her cloak about her head.

"Anybody see you?"

"Not a chance, chief."

He tore away the cloak and the woman's veil.

"Mahrila!" I ejaculated.

She stood and faced us, sneering, while four men admired the devil in her smoldering eyes.

"Hm! The Mad Fakir's lady, Mr. Craven? Interestin'."

"Yes, sir. Very."

"She must have spotted my accent," lamented Binns.

"When you gentlemen have finished fooling," she said coldly, "perhaps you will allow me to go on my way."

"Speaks good English, too! I'm afraid we can't, my dear. We shall have to detain you."

"You wouldn't dare!"

The colonel's eyebrows rose. "Indeed? Now, listen. It seems you associate with the more troublesome native agitators. Why? Over the border we have no jurisdiction. But you are now in Peshawar, which is in the North-West Province of India. You will be detained."

Mahrila made as if to dash out of the room, but Binns was too quick for her. He held her while she struggled, bit, and kicked. Strong clapped his hands and the babu appeared. For a fat man that babu had considerable strength. He took the struggling woman from Binns and carried her out. After which we changed our garb and returned to quarters.

The meeting took place three days later. Binns had received the fullest details as to rendezvous and time. He went alone but we stalked him, again dressed as natives. He found no difficulty in getting inside. Nor did we. We had the password—*Nabi!*

We heard little else but *Nabi* that night. The password was on every one's tongue. We found ourselves in a large underground warren, a sinister sort of dive about which, apparently, the authorities of Peshawar knew nothing. There was an immense circular room with a raised dais in the center. None of the seething throng took any notice of us—which was just as well; we were four against four hundred.

WE inched our way toward Binns, who was squatting on the floor, holding forth in as seditious a manner as he knew how. We dropped on our haunches near by. I looked round at the crowd, all men, all on fire with the idea of the coming Moslem Empire. The dogs of infidels were soon to be driven back across the seas!

And then the real talker came. In his flowing white robe he looked a veritable giant. When he ascended the dais he positively towered. Gradually the murmur of voices died down. The man with the commanding presence waited. His entrance had been theatrical. But something about him commanded respect, reverence even, from his audience.

It was Be-akle Lenhai, the Mad Fakir. How had he got into Peshawar? And we could do nothing about it! We dared not leave now—and even if one of us could get away to report the fellow's presence, to attempt his arrest here, now, would mean a massacre, perhaps a revolution. I glanced at the colonel. He knew who it was, for the magic name had been whispered awesomely.

There was something of fear mingling with the crowd's reverence for Lenhai. A score of villages had been laid waste at his command. Men, women, and children had been brutally butchered. Under the powerful flares his eyes glistened with piercing intensity. They silenced the throng at his feet.

At length his voice crashed out. Nabi had returned. That was what he said, and the madmen around him burst into a roar of acclamation. Nabi had returned from Mecca. Nabi had made his pilgrimage to the Holy City and was now ready to lead the army of the faithful against the infidels. Nabi was to be the emperor of the Moslem Empire.

The more Lenhai talked about Nabi the wilder the audience grew. The very name was magic to them. They cried it to high heaven, with waving arms and turbans flung into the air; and of course there were four men of the West who rose and did the same, bawling, "Nabi! Nabi! Nabi!" as if demented.

The Mad Fakir told them then of the vast army that waited in the Hills for the call. Vast quantities of arms and ammunition were coming over the Hills from a country of which they all knew, a country that was helping them because of the belief that all peoples should be free. The gigantic Islamic revolution for freedom was to have its beginning in the Hills. It would be led by Nabi, the emperor who would eventually be acclaimed by the two hundred million Moslems throughout the world!

And now suddenly we were made aware of the identity of this Nabi, for the Mad Fakir was angrily berating those who had so foolishly shown their enthusiasm for Nabi when he had passed through the Khyber with his escort. Nabi, then, was the handsome boy who had, all unwittingly, caused the riot in the Pass. That nine-year-old child was to be the ruler of the coming Moslem Empire!

At all events, Lenhai's new move was serious—so serious that something in the nature of a communiqué was issued next day in the garrisons and military posts.

But meanwhile, that night at the earliest possible moment, we turned our attention to Mahrila. She had escaped. The babu was dead, strangled. It must all have happened while we were at the meeting!

Was Mahrila the murderess? Where was she now?—back in the Hills with the Mad Fakir? The Militia set forth to find out, and came upon a loyal village laid waste by fire—the Mad Fakir's own work! The upshot was a surprise night attack of hundreds of his cutthroats upon sixty Hunted Men shut up in a stone house with Digger Craven in command and Barney Binns his aide. A terrific episode! Captain Blackledge will tell of it next week.

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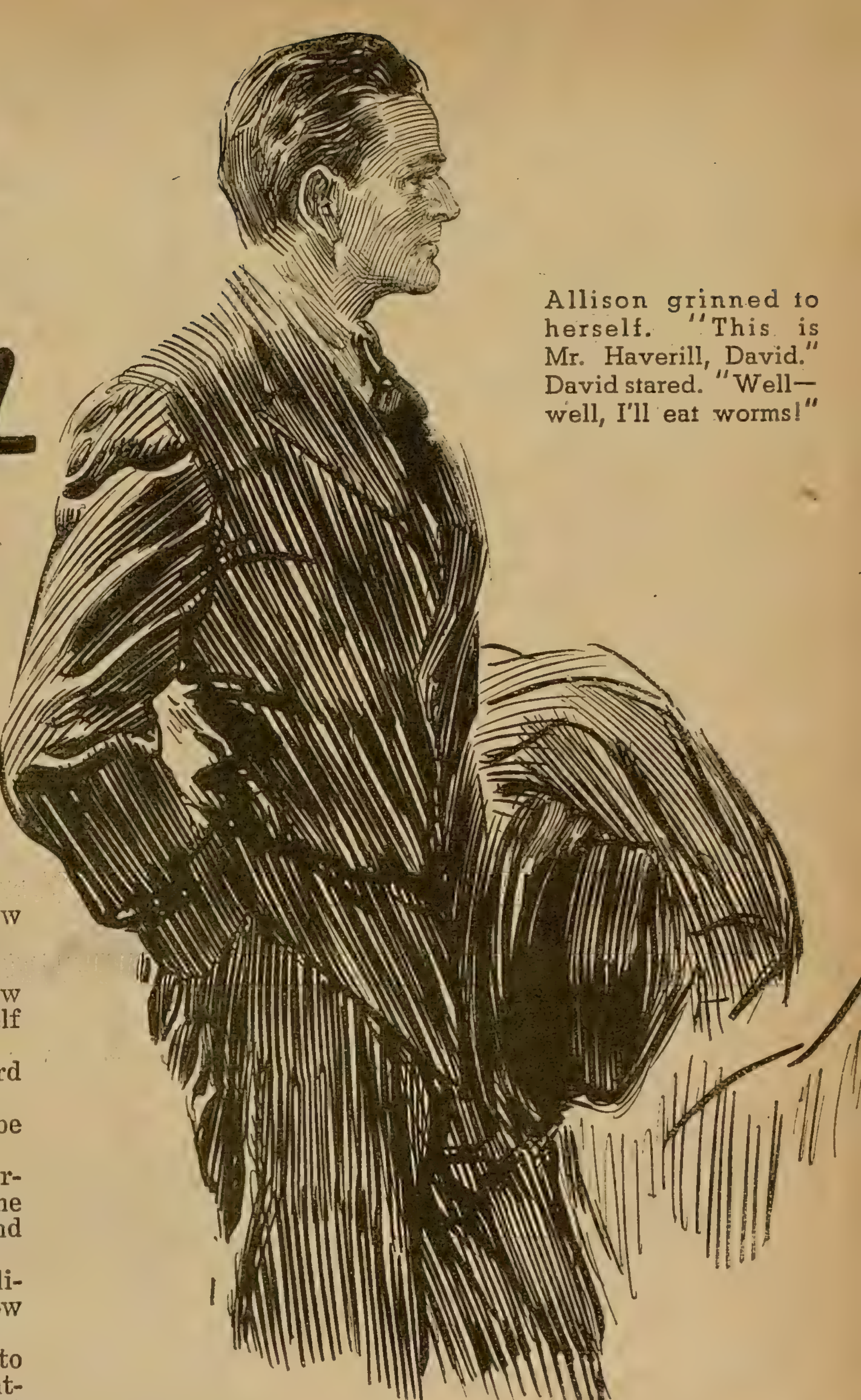


Allison grinned to herself. "This is Mr. Haverill, David." David stared. "Well—well, I'll eat worms!"

by PETER

"ARE you happy these days, Allison?"

She dropped her eyes from his thin hawk's face and answered firmly, "Guy is the dearest, kindest husband that ever lived!"

He laughed quietly. "Of course. But are you happy?"

Allison returned his gaze. "Yes," she lied, but her eyes wavered and fell.

"Really?" His voice was mocking. "Aren't you sorry you jilted me seven years ago?"

"No."

"Don't you ever lie awake at night and remember how much you loved me and how much I loved you?"

"No."

"I do. Every night. All over the world. When I flew over the North Pole, I remembered you. Imagined myself kissing you. Like this!"

He stood up and pulled her around the tea table toward him.

"Gregory," she commanded, "let me go. Guy will be home any moment!"

He laughed and wrapped her more closely in his enormous, supple strength. She tried to remember why she had jilted him—the fierce unreasoning terrible rages and passions that had frightened her away from him.

With his mouth against her hair, he whispered, "Allison, don't you know why I came back? Don't you know I'm not going to let you go again?"

With his mouth on hers, she fought desperately to remember Guy and her marriage to him, and how frightened she had been and still was of Gregory Haverill. But all she succeeded in remembering was that Guy was a tired professor of forty, and that for seven years the memory of Gregory Haverill had haunted her with unceasing nostalgic intensity.

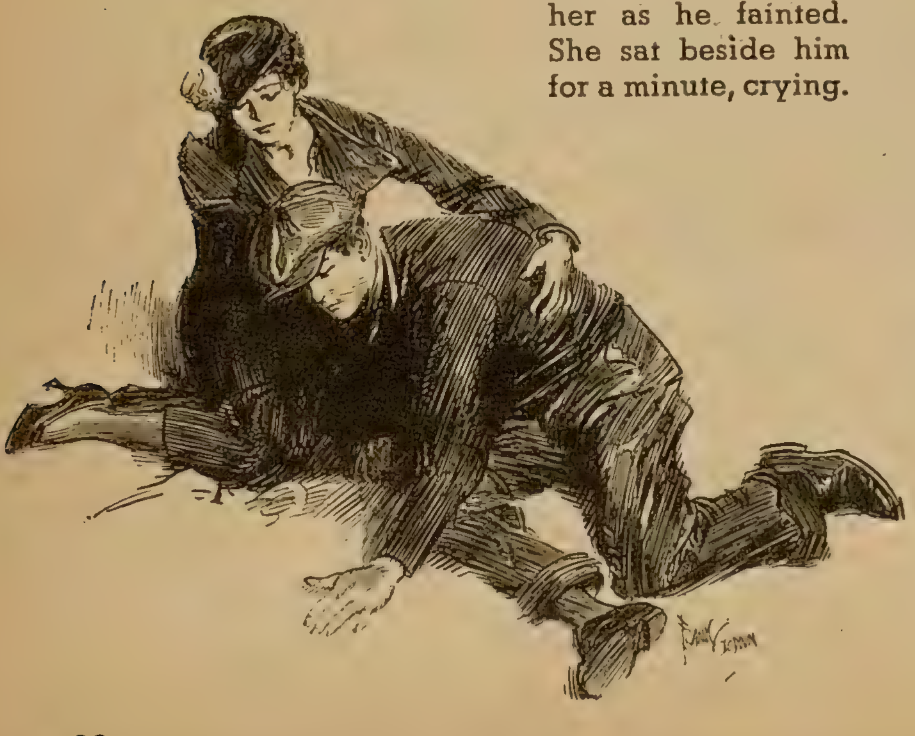
The front door banged and she slipped out of his arms and back behind the silver-laden table. It wasn't Guy; it was Guy's son—her stepson. Seven years ago he had been the principal reason for her marriage to Guy—a rather lost little boy of nine, thoroughly scrubbed and yet vaguely untidy after the manner of widowers' children. He was sixteen now, and when he came into the sitting room his corduroy slacks were torn and muddy and he limped.

"Oh, David!" Allison cried. "What's happened? Your leg! Had I better look at it? Shall I call Dr. Seely?"

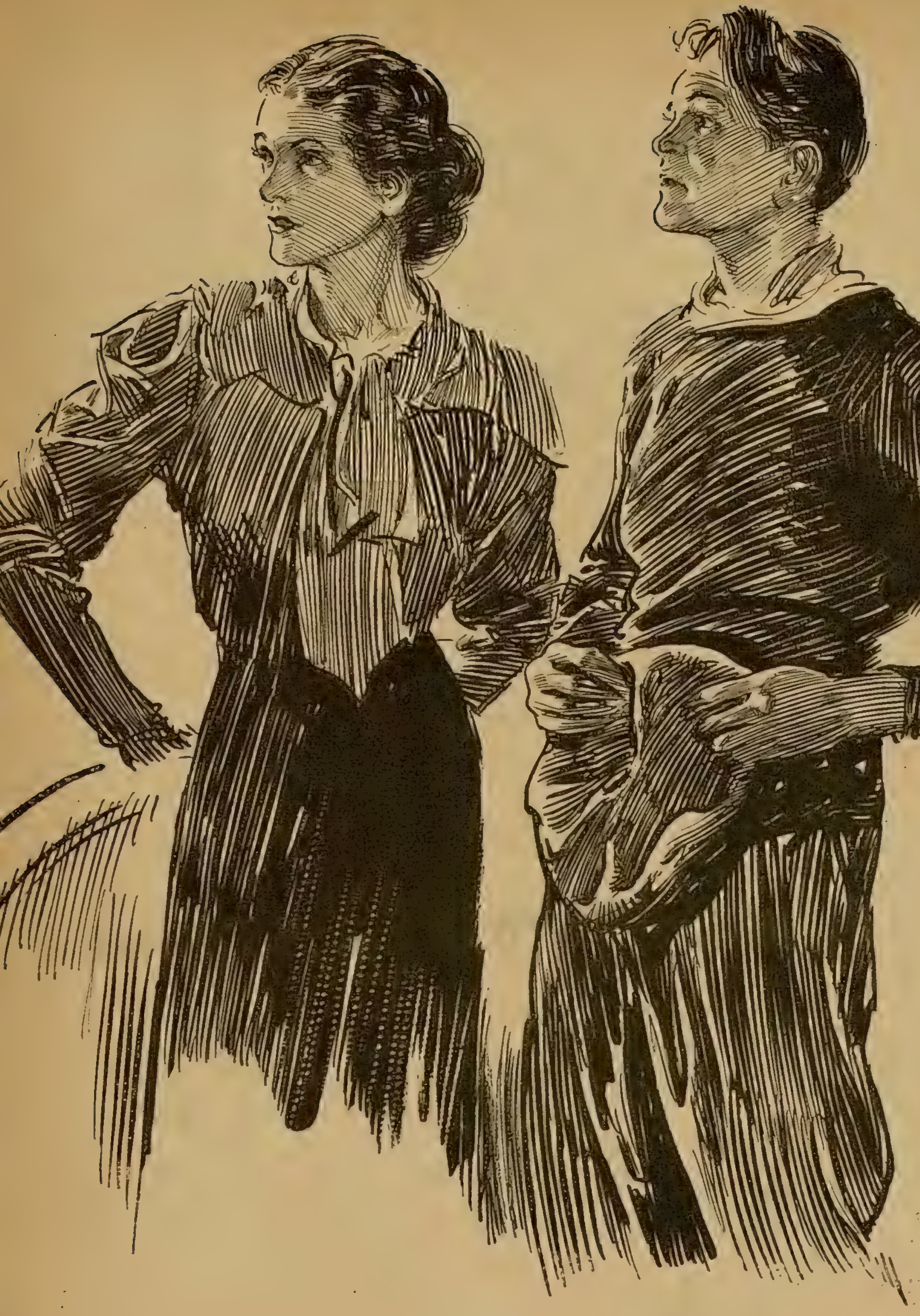
David grinned hugely at her. "Don't fuss, honey! It's nothing. But dad won't think so."

"David, you've done it again!" she mourned. "He'll be so upset!"

"Gosh, don't I know!" he said ruefully. "But look, Allison, it was an accident. I was being careful as anything, really. I was coming down Willoughby Hill—"



He tried to grin at her as he fainted. She sat beside him for a minute, crying.



Years of Discretion? Here's a Story Wherein It's YOUTH That's Wise—of a Mad Adventure, a Boy's Reckless Courage, and a Woman Who Learned About Love

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

PAUL O'MARA

"Willoughby Hill!" The hill was almost a cliff, with nothing but a mud track for a footpath. A mule might have made it. A motorcycle, never.

"Yeah. Well, everything went fine until the front tire got cut on a piece of flint and I went down without the bike. It's in awful shape—the bike. About two weeks' work and a month's allowance this time, I guess!"

Allison tried to look severe. "Lucky it's not a month in the hospital besides! Really, David!"

David grinned again. "Trouble with you is, you wish you'd been along!"

For the first time, he caught a glimpse of the visitor standing in the shadows by the bookcase smiling at this domestic interchange. "Oh, Allison, 'scuse me! Didn't know you had a guest. Beg pardon, sir!"

He started to back out, embarrassed. But Gregory Haverill went toward him with outstretched hand. "You're David. Guy's boy. Glad to know you."

Allison grinned to herself. "This is Mr. Haverill, David. Mr. Gregory Haverill."

David gasped and stared openmouthed. "Yeah," he admitted slowly. "Yeah, it looks like him. I guess—I guess you're right, Allison!"

"David's one of your public, Gregory," Allison explained.

"Gregory Haverill!" David breathed. "Well—well, I'll eat worms! Gosh! They knew you all the time, Mr. Haverill? Guy and Allison, I mean?"

Gregory smiled. "I've known Allison since she was born. I introduced Allison and Guy."

"And they never let on! All that time I was looking for your autograph and never got it, I bet they had it all over the place!"

Allison flushed under Gregory's mocking glance. "Allison should have lots of them—unless she's burned her past!"

"I always destroy letters when I've answered them," she said—and thought of the neat little pile of eight letters that rested in the bottom drawer of her desk, all bearing Gregory's bold distinguished signature.

"'Sometimes,'" Gregory quoted sardonically, "'I don't do as I always do!' Well, Allison, it's been nice, but I've got to go now. A speech this evening. I'll come again, if I may."

"Can't you wait for Guy?" Allison invited.

"Sorry, but I'm late already. I'll see him again, though. Give him my best. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Now, sir," began David hesitatingly, "about that autograph! I wonder—"

"Oh, sure! Got anything handy?" They searched around for a suitable piece of paper in vain, and then Gregory seized one of the neatly ironed linen tea napkins from the table. "This'll do. Mind, Allison?"

Allison did mind—it was one of her nicest set—but she shook her head smilingly, thinking meanwhile how like him was this magnificent carelessness of other people's possessions—of other people's lives and personalities.

When Gregory left, David sprawled in his father's big chair gazing with awe at his glorified napkin.

"Better go upstairs and change before your father comes home, David," she said. "But have a cup of tea first."

"Yeah. Thanks." He took the cup, shooting her a glance of sudden shyness. "He in love with you, Allison? Mr. Haverill?"

Allison was startled. "What makes you think so?"

"Saw him looking at you a couple of times—as though he thought a good big bite of Allison would be better than mother's mince pie."

Allison smiled. "Gregory Haverill is a romantic. He should have lived in the Renaissance. He gets ideas."

"Yeah. Well, I'm glad Guy got them first!"

She flushed and smiled. "You're a nice child, David!"

"Cut out the child business, will you, Allison? I'm in my seventeenth year!"

"Yes!" she mocked. "Sixteen years and two months—and three days. Go change your pants. And put iodine on yourself. I wish they sold iodine in quart bottles!"

When Guy came in, he was very weary-looking and silent. He smiled at her when he kissed her and accepted his tea gratefully.

"Anything the matter, dear?" she asked.

"Nothing much. That Edgerton boy. He won't work. I don't know what's come over him."

"He's in love. He told me all about it yesterday when he came to tea. She treats him very badly, I believe."

Professor Grey was dismayed. "Oh, dear! Well, I wish he'd drop it. Unless he does a lot of work soon, I'm going to flunk him. I wish—"

Allison was suddenly sick of the Edgerton boy—of all the Edgerton boys who came to the university and stayed four years and got themselves into trouble and finally, somehow, graduated.

"Gregory Haverill was here," she interrupted brusquely.

Guy's face went a little pale, but he was game. "I heard he was in town," he said quietly. "I was hoping to see him. Why didn't he wait?"

"Engagements. He'll be around again. He talked as though he were going to be here for a while."

"Yes. A month, I think. He's giving a series of lectures for the Anthropology Department. Same old Gregory, I imagine?"

Allison knew he was asking for reassurance, but she felt too desperate to be kind. "More so. David met him. He feels all dewy-eyed about it."

Guy smiled. "I'm glad for David. I never felt kind about that autograph." He stopped and looked almost shyly at his wife. "Allison?"

"Yes, Guy?" Her voice was cool.

"I love you."

She kissed him lightly on the top of the head as she passed upstairs. But there was no reassurance for either of them in the caress.

During the next few weeks Allison found herself thinking often how odd it was that one glamorous personality could change the whole nature of a place. The students, the faculty, the always slightly unreal villagers seemed charged with a new excitement. The streets themselves became highways of adventure. Always, around any corner, might come Gregory Haverill carrying with him an aura of great adventure.

Allison herself became a figure, at his insistence, in all the social events that centered around him. When Guy was too tired or too busy to go, Gregory escorted her, and that happened more and more often as the month went by. He made impossible demands on her time and energy. And other demands also—demands she struggled to resist.

Resistance grew less easy as he pressed her more constantly and openly. At the Faculty Club dinner in his honor, she was seated on his right. When President Wilkins got up to make his speech, Gregory leaned toward her, smiling easily.

"Allison," he whispered, "let's get out of this!"

"Shut up," she whispered back.

"Allison, I've had an offer of an expedition into South America. I'm going. You're coming with me."

Involuntarily Allison's hand went to her heart.

"Allison, I've gone as far as I can go without you. I'm not going any farther. I've got to have you now!"

President Wilkins was saying something about him and Gregory smiled mechanically and bowed.

"Let's get out of here, Allison. Now. This minute."

"I can't, Gregory!" She hadn't meant to answer him. "Guy—"

"To hell with Guy!"

"Gregory, I—"

"To hell with Guy!" he repeated firmly. "You love me. I love you. I need you, Allison. Nobody ever needed any one the way I need you. You deserted me once, Allison. Don't now. You can't now!"

ODDLY enough, she believed him. He needed her. When he looked at her, his need of her was naked in his eyes. And Guy didn't any more. David was grown up now. And Guy's life was set in a pattern that nothing would ever alter, that would carry on and on whether she was there or a thousand miles away.

"No," she admitted despairingly. "No, Gregory; I can't."

His long brown hands clenched around his napkin. His eyes flamed with triumph that he did not try to hide. "Oh, Allison!"

She turned to look down the table at Guy, who was watching her. He smiled quietly and nodded.

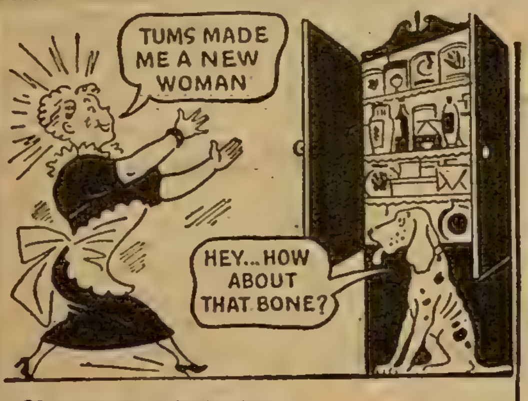
"Not now, Gregory," she said between stiff lips. "We mustn't hurt Guy more than is necessary."

"Guy took you from me once," Gregory said savagely. "Now let him find out how it feels!"

But it must be done quietly. She couldn't do it otherwise. When Gregory left, she would tell Guy and then follow Gregory to New York.

However, that plan became less satisfactory as the date of Gregory's departure grew closer. She realized that without the added strength of Gregory's near presence she would not be able to face Guy. And yet, she could not bear to tell him while Gregory was still in the village. She had to leave with Gregory or not at all.

The day of their leaving was high



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Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 24-B The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri. (Be sure to enclose wrapper from a 10c roll of Tums).

and clear and cold with a blue autumn sky. Guy had an early lecture and one in the afternoon. He would not be back again until after teatime. Allison, forcing herself to remain calm until he had left the house, was almost panic-stricken when he stopped at the door to turn around and kiss her.

"Allison," he said. She told herself she was imagining the pleading note in his voice.

"Yes, dear?" she encouraged lightly.

"Don't ever forget that I love you, Allison?" he asked her quietly. "No matter what happens?"

"Why, what could happen?" she said, startled.

He flushed. "Nothing, of course. I just—I was thinking that I don't tell you often enough. Good-by!"

SHE closed the door after him and leaned against it for a moment, wondering if he could have guessed anything. Then quickly she shrugged the thought away. She had a great many things to do. And David. How was she to get rid of David?

That was easier than she had feared. David was going off on his motorcycle somewhere, to be gone for the day. She wanted desperately to tell him good-by, to tell him not to judge her too harshly after she had gone; but she didn't. As he was going out of the door, tall and nice-looking and awkward with the graceful gangling awkwardness of boyhood, her heart almost failed her.

David had the place in her heart that might have belonged to the children the doctors told her she could never have herself.

"David," she said, trying to seem bantering, "you'd better kiss me good-by. I'm never sure I'm going to see you alive again when you go out on that horrible machine of yours!"

He grinned and gave her a bear hug. "Don't you get to fussing, grandma!" Holding her away from him, he stared at her closely for a minute. "Anything the matter, Allison? You've been—funny for the past week."

"You're imagining things, pup!" she told him, laughing. "Now get going!"

There was packing to be done and letters to be written. She wasn't taking much luggage—only an overnight bag. She could buy clothes in New York. And she wasn't writing many letters—a note to Guy and one to David. Hard notes to write—impossible notes to write!

She had only just finished blotting the signature on David's letter when she heard the car enter the driveway. She left the note for Guy on her dressing table, picked up her coat and bag, and ran, stopping for a moment to leave the other envelope on David's pillow. At the door, Gregory took the bag out of her hand and put it in the car before he folded her in his arms.

She was surprised to find that she was cold and trembling.

"Darling!" he said comfortingly.

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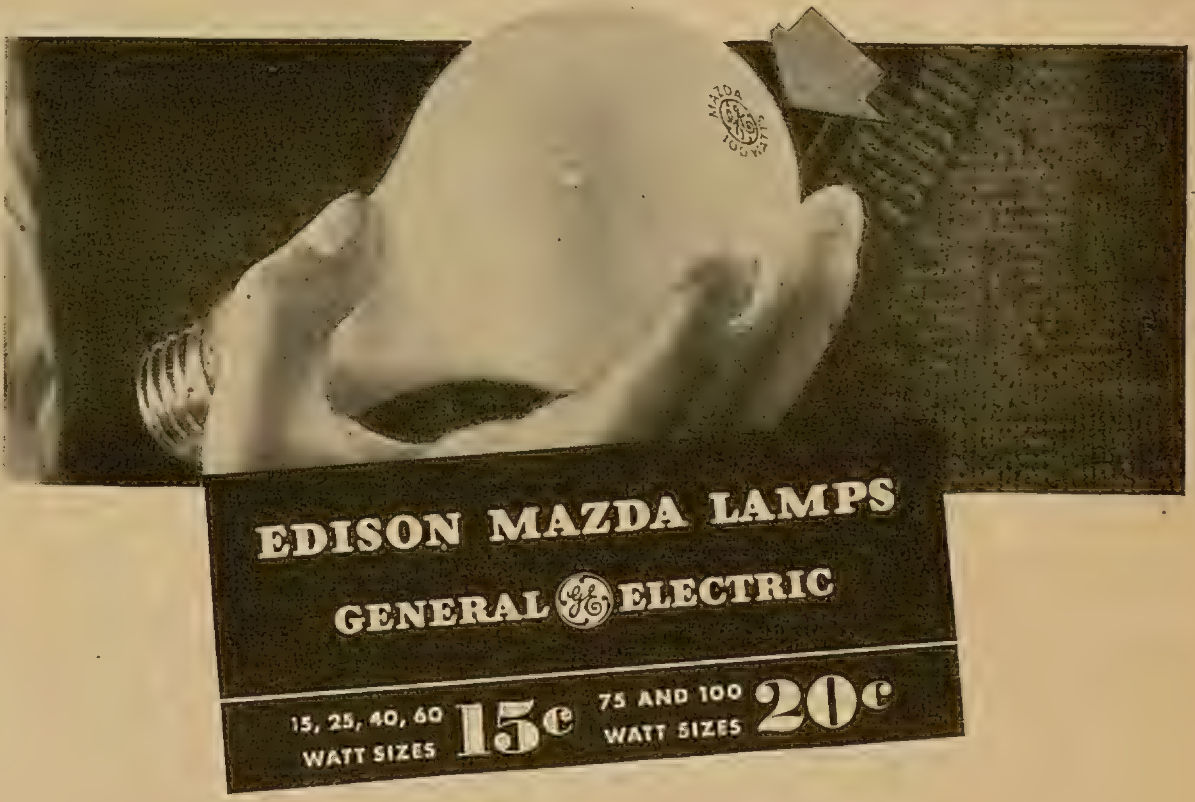

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BIBLE CONTEST WINNERS

(Continued from April 4 issue)

Mrs. A. E. Lampert, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Fred J. Lange, Evanston, Ill.; George E. Lang, Carleton, Mich.; Roscoe C. Leavitt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacob E. Lemmons, Wakeeney, Kan.; Hazel Lepper, Lima, Ohio; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; N. Pearl Lewis, Billings, Mont.; Joseph L. Lilly, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Lutie D. Lipps, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mabel Locke, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Harold C. Longheed, Montesano, Wash.; R. Lovell, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. E. C. Magee, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. Caroline Maratena, Bayonne, N. J.; Mrs. L. H. McKee, Palmyra, Pa.; John T. McNamara, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Houston W. Mead, Hawthorne, N. J.; Mollie A. Medcraft, Lander, Wyo.; Lucy Ann Meighen, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. H. Messenger, Glendale, Calif.; Mrs. C. W. Moore, Clermont, Ind.; Blanche Muth, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. W. A. Neal, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. S. K. Ness, Watertown, S. D.; Pearl L. Neufeld, Pasadena, Calif.; Margaret Norris, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. H. O'Brien, Newburgh, N. Y.; Ida M. Ogden, Philadelphia, Pa.; Floyd J. Olds, Liverpool, N. Y.; Frances C. Olson, New York Mills, Minn.; Mrs. J. C. Overall, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Mrs. Minnie M. Owen, New York, N. Y.; Roy A. Palmquist, Omaha, Neb.; Russell Park, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Parker, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Ted Paulsen, Wisner, Neb.; Jane Marie Pearson, Red Wing, Minn.; Kelly Petillo, Huntington Park, Calif.; Dr. John W. Phelps, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Jephtha Pullin, McDonough, Ga.; Mildred Reed, Somerville, Mass.; Lola M. Rethwisch, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Rice, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Otto Rinner, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dorothy L. Roberts, Cleveland Hgts., Ohio; Iva V. Robinson, Binghamton, N. Y.; A. Roney, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. F. E. Rugh, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. J. M. Scrafford, Albany, N. Y.; E. Marion Shadel, Steelton, Pa.; Mrs. Laurence W. Sherman, Long Hill, Conn.; Margaret A. Shoop, Lucknow, Pa.; George L. Simms, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. C. Y. Sinnitt, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Ethel Smith, Dallas, Tex.; Talitha Smith, Milligan College, Tenn.; Mrs. O. T. Sodergren, Rockford, Ill.

(Continued on page 46)

"Sweet Allison! We'll be out of it in ten minutes. Did I keep you waiting? There was a crowd of people. I couldn't dodge them any sooner. Dear Allison—don't be frightened!"

"I'm not!" she said, shivering. "Only—let's hurry!"

At last they were out of town, on the state highway. When she felt Gregory step on the gas, she straightened a bit in her seat and turned around to take one last look at the town which had been her home for seven years. She had been happy enough there, and at peace. She would have been happier and more at peace if it hadn't been for the memory of the man beside her, haunting her.

And then the town was gone and they were whirling north through the hills toward New York.

Gregory took one hand from the steering wheel to touch her cheek with the back of his fingers. "We're going to have such a life, you and I, Allison!" he told her. "We'll do a million things—glorious things, lovely things, things nobody ever did before. We'll stop in Washington tonight and I'll see my lawyer. He'll get in touch with Guy. Guy will give you a divorce. He would."

"Wouldn't you, under the circumstances?"

He looked at her incredulously. "What do you think? In the first place, I should never be under the circumstance. And, in the second, I'd not divorce you if I were. I should kill you, instead. And the man."

She shivered and moved closer against him. "Don't talk like that, Gregory. Don't even talk like that!"

He put his arm about her, steering with the other hand. For a while they shot along in absolute quiet, and then Gregory's arm stiffened about her shoulder and was withdrawn to the wheel.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I think there's a cop moving up on us."

She turned quickly to peer through the back window. "Where? I don't see him."

"Couple of bends back. I've got good ears. Sit tight, because we're beginning to move. Fast!"

THEY moved so fast that Allison clung to the door of the car in terror. Every curve in the road seemed to spin like a top for a moment. And yet, in five minutes Allison heard the steady *put-put* of the following engine.

"Persistent louse!" Gregory muttered savagely. "But he's not going to catch us!"

They entered a stretch of straight road, and Allison turned again to look through the rear window. Just before they reached the next bend she saw the motorcycle spin on to the road behind them, and she gave a gasp of terror. A red-and-yellow motorcycle gleaming with chromium.

"Gregory!" She grasped his arm. "It's David. We've got to stop! He'll be killed."

Gregory's face set. "No. We'll lose him in a minute."

"No, Greg! Stop. He's going faster than we are around these curves. He'll spill. He'll be killed. Stop, I tell you! Stop, Gregory!"

Instead, he urged the car faster, straining it to another five miles an hour. Sickeningly she knew that he had no intention of stopping, no matter what it cost him to go on. One life, three lives—nothing on earth could stop him. His eyes, beneath heavy lowered lids, were gleaming with fanatical determination.

"I'm going to lose that damn kid," he told her, "if it's the last thing I do!"

"I don't care about you!" she cried wildly. "I don't care if it is the last thing you do. I'm thinking of David."

He glanced at her without slowing up. "You didn't mean that!" he told her quietly.

"I don't know what I meant. I'm afraid. For David. Stop the car! I'm not going with you. I'm going back with David!"

"You didn't mean that!" he told her again. His voice was frighteningly quiet. And all the time the car roared beneath them, faster and more unmanageable every minute.

SHE screamed at him. "I do mean it! I'd forgotten this part of you. I'm going back with David. Stop!"

"This time," he said, "you're coming with me. You're not going back with anybody this time."

Suddenly she became quiet and cold herself. "You might as well stop now, Gregory. I'm not going on. If you don't, I'm going to jump!"

She was unlatching the door.

"You wouldn't!" he said unbelievingly. "You'd never dare!"

"That's not the kind of coward I am, Gregory!"

He glanced at her. All the light had gone out of his eyes.

"All right," he said. "All right, Allison. I'll stop."

But he did not seem to be slowing down. If anything, he was going faster than ever. Suddenly the flame leaped back into his eyes and into his voice.

"But you're never going back, Allison! Where we go now, we go together!"

He took his two hands from the wheel and turned toward her, his foot pressing on the gas pedal.

"Good-by, Allison! I love you! Good-by, darling!"

He leaned toward her, and she moved away from him. Her foot reached for something solid and found nothing. The door had swung open. The car lurched. She saw Gregory, sudden fear in his eyes, catch the wheel again and twist it wildly in an effort to regain control over it. Then she went spinning backward out of the car.

Before she hit the ground she heard the rending crash of steel on concrete, saw the car leap into the air, and saw the flames that burst from it as it somersaulted away from her.

Then, after a while, she saw David bending over her, crying.

More Winners in Liberty's $3,000 Jinky Sweepstakes Contest

(Continued from February 22 issue)

Edith Dawson, Johnstown, Pa.; Harrington Dawson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alfred L. Day, McKeesport, Pa.; Esther Day, Pacific Palisades, Calif.; Grant Day, Livermore, Calif.; R. E. Deadwyler, Norfolk, Va.; Helen De Baer, Baltimore, Md.; Albert De Blasis, Bellaire, Ohio; Hilde DeBorr, Marcus, Iowa; Mrs. H. S. Dekle, Chipley, Fla.; Dora L. Dentzer, San Diego, Calif.; Walter Devore, Peoria, Ill.; Lawrence Deye, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jeanne Dick, Franklin, Pa.; Gracie Dieke, Kansas City, Mo.; L. F. Dienst, Cleveland, Ohio; Juaneta Dill, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. C. J. Dillon, Council Grove, Kan.; Mrs. H. H. Dixon, Lawrenceburg, Ind.; S. J. Dixon, State Sanatorium, Md.; R. G. Dobbins, Des Moines, Iowa; Mary Doetzer, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. J. Dollar, Deadwood, S. D.; Ruth Dotter, Dorchester, Mass.; Nancy Douglas, College Station, Tex.; C. W. Drake, Whitney, S. C.; Mrs. Jeppie B. Drake, Little Rock, Ark.; Anne Driscoll, Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. R. E. Dunaway, Montgomery, Ala.; Golden O. 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(Continued on Page 52)

"You're all right, Allison!" he sobbed with relief. "You're all right. Stay here a minute. I've got to see about him."

He went away from her. In a minute, she heard him make a strangled noise of horror!

She sat up stiffly and looked. She had landed in the middle of a sturdy little juniper bush. The car was blazing furiously about twenty feet from her. Between her and the fire, David was bending over something sprawled on the grass. Dully she realized what it must be that he was looking at. The juniper had broken her fall so well that she was able to stand up.

Gregory was stretched upon the grass. The steering wheel had crushed his chest and the shattering glass had made a deep wound in his throat, from which the blood dripped lazily. David, in a gesture familiar to her, was searching his pockets for a handkerchief he did not have. Finally he pulled out his wallet and extracted from it a neatly folded square of linen wrapped in tissue paper. As he unfolded it and held it against the cruelly torn throat, she recognized it as the napkin Gregory had autographed for him a month before.

DAVID stood up, the tears running down his thin boy's face. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, he's dead."

"He tried to frighten me, David. And then he wanted to get back on the road again, and it was too late. I said I was going home with you. And now he's dead!"

The boy put his arms around her and held her in a tight comforting embrace. "Never mind, honey! We'll go home now. We'll go home, and nobody'll ever know!"

He noticed that he was still holding the blood-soaked napkin, and, shuddering with disgust, started to throw it away. Then, realizing that, if it were found, it would lead right back to him, he thrust it into his pocket. He suddenly remembered something else.

"Luggage! Did you have any bags, Allison?"

"My little week-end bag."

He gazed at the twisted white-hot metal. "Well, I don't guess anybody'll be able to recognize it, even if there's anything left of it after that. Come along now, honey!"

He led her down the hill to where he had left his motorcycle lying at the side of the road. When she realized what he was going to do, she halted.

"We can't leave him alone, David," she protested.

"We're going to. He's dead—he won't mind. We're alive. So's Guy. We're going to get out of here before we're seen."

"Guy will know anyway, David. I left him a note. Like yours."

"I know. I took it. I—I knew you'd come back if I asked you. Let's go, Allison, before somebody comes. We don't want Guy to get hurt!"

Obediently she sat on the pillory and they roared away from the twisted

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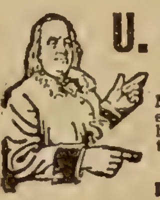

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figure on the grass and the flaming wreck. When they drew near town, David turned off the main road on to the little narrow one that led to Willoughby Hill. Curiosity stirred sluggishly in her numbed brain, but she continued to hold grimly and uncomplainingly to her painfully jolting seat.

He drew up at the side of the path that led up the hill. They dismounted.

"Look, Allison," David explained. "You've been in a wreck. You look it, too. You've got a cut on your forehead. And your leg's bleeding."

She looked down at her lacerated leg and felt the dried blood on her forehead. She had noticed neither of them before. She waited for him to continue.

"Well, it can't be that wreck. There's got to be another."

"What—"

"You wait here a moment. And don't worry. Everything will be all right. I ought to know how to manage one of these things by now. I've had enough experience!"

Vacantly, without realizing what he was going to do, she stood aside to allow him to remount. It wasn't until he was already speeding up the impossible track that the numbness cracked from around her senses and her mind, and she knew what he was going to do.

"David!" she shrieked.

He paid no attention to her. The motorcycle bucked and swayed over the uneven rocks and mud. Then suddenly it lunged to the left; its front wheel twisted and rose high into the air, tearing the handle bar out of David's grasp. He was thrown backward to the ground under the overturning machine. It twisted upon him for a second and then slithered back down the hill.

Allison dashed up to the prostrate boy. When she reached him he was already sitting up, white-faced but grinning wryly.

"You fool!" she stormed. "You—you fool! How dared you? You might have been killed!"

"Yeah. Had to make it look authentic. People'll be suspicious anyway. Coincidence. This ought to hold them, though. I've broke my ankle. Yeah. Look."

IT was broken, all right. Her fingers, unaccustomed as they were, discovered that immediately.

"Oh, David, you idiot!" she wept. "Why couldn't you have just let the bike go? Why did you have to be on it?"

"Wouldn't have looked right. Never does. Read the insurance cases in the papers. Besides, this is all right. Looks fine. Nobody'll dare talk now. 'Scuse me, Allison. Don't say anything to anybody about the other thing. 'Scuse me!"

He tried to grin at her as he fainted. She sat beside him for a minute, crying, and then stood up and ran a half mile to Norman Jefferson's farm to get help. . . .

Despite her bandaged head and leg, she had dinner downstairs with Guy that night, though he protested vigorously. They didn't talk much at first, until he put a question she had been dreading.

"Why did you allow David to attempt that crazy thing when you were riding with him?" he asked gently.

Inside her there was an aching desire to tell him the whole story—but a sudden remembrance of the boy upstairs stopped her. It wouldn't be fair to David to tell now. It would set all he had done at naught.

"I— Oh, Guy, please don't blame David! He wanted me to get off and watch him. And I said he was afraid to try it with me on behind him. I dared him. I did so want to try it. You know, sometimes I'm such a fool!" she reminded him, thinking of the odd reckless moments that he must remember of her—those times of quiet desperation when she did wild unthinking things that usually endangered life and limb.

APPARENTLY he accepted that as an explanation, because he nodded understandingly. "Allison," he said then, "I've got rather terrible news. I—I hate to tell you this now."

"Tell me!"

"Gregory had an accident. They found his body about thirty miles down the state road. He'd been killed instantly. The car was burned to a cinder. He was thrown clear."

"Instantly?" she asked. Her throat was dry. This was the important, the terrible question. "Killed instantly?"

"The steering wheel broke everything in his chest. There couldn't have been much pain. It happened too quickly."

"Not much pain," she repeated mechanically. "No. Not much pain."

Then suddenly she bowed her head and began to weep dreadfully. Guy stood up and went around the table to her. With his arms about her he whispered:

"Never mind, Allison! Never mind, my darling! I know! It'll be all right, Allison dear! Never mind. I know all about it. It'll be all right!"

She didn't ask him what he knew, and he didn't tell her. She continued to weep, silently now and less bitterly, her face pressed smartingly against his tweed coat.

Upstairs in his room, David was crying too, but without any tears. He had hobbled, with the aid of a stick and the furniture, from his bed to the fireplace, and had just thrown a little square of linen on to the crackling logs. The return trip across the room seemed more painful even than the first, and when he was back between the cool sheets he could not take his eyes off the smoldering cloth. As the blood dried, the black masterful scrawl showed clearly: "Gregory Haverill."

Finally it was nothing but charred ashes on the top log and an acrid smell in the air.

David went to sleep.

THE END

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★ ★ ★ ★ THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

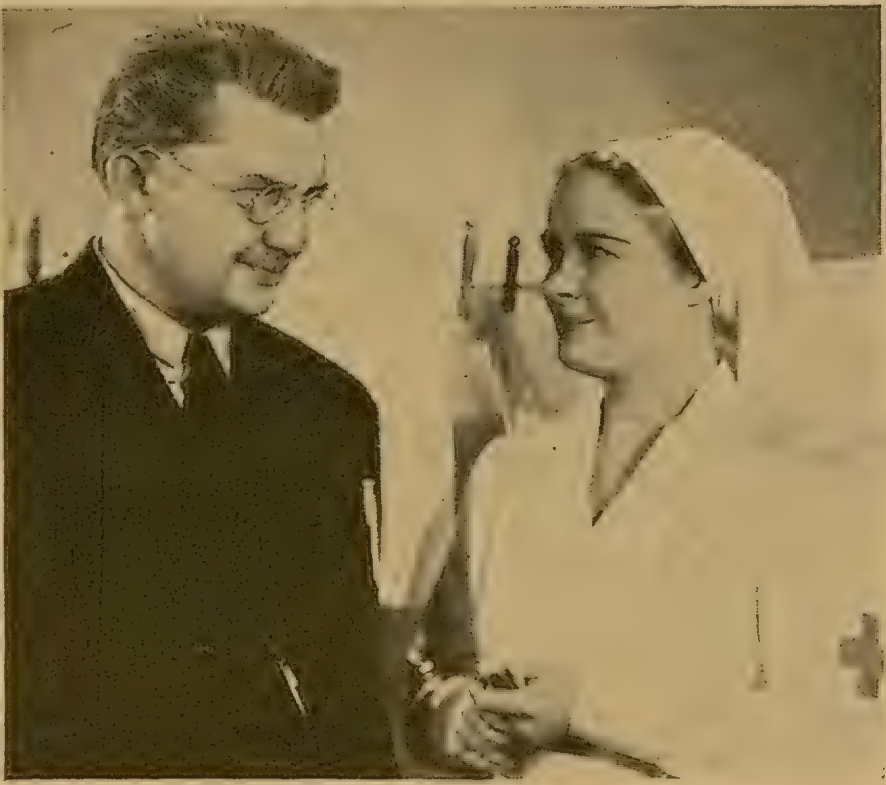
THE PLAYERS: The Dionne Quintuplets, Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, June Lang, Slim Summerville, Michael Whalen, Robert Barrat, Jane Darwell, John Qualen, Frank Reicher, Montagu Love, David Torrence. Directed by Henry King. Story by Charles E. Blake.

DESTINED to be one of the greatest commercial successes of all time, The Country Doctor tells of the lifelong struggle of a rural medico to acquire a hospital for his Northern post. Incorporating the high lights of Dr. Dafoe's career, the story by Charles E. Blake follows the modest little doctor as he goes his rounds mending broken lumberjacks and taking care of the children during a diphtheria epidemic. The unpretentious heroism of this public benefactor, working with inadequate facilities and faced with a shortage of serum, puts him among the most praiseworthy characters ever brought to the screen.

Sonya Levien's superb adaptation hits two climaxes: the first, where the serum is flown to the stricken isolated town; and the second, of course, the birth of the quintuplets. Seldom has any sequence brought more unrestrained laughter than that one wherein John Qualen, as the fecund father, and Slim Summerville, the local constable, wait in the next room during the births.

As for the quintuplets themselves, they cavort with the unstudied appeal of a litter of puppies. They roll on the floor, mischievously knock over chairs, tweak actor Jean Hersholt's nose, and make eyes at actress Dorothy Peterson. And they do it all with a baby charm that will set audiences to ahing and ohing as they have never ahed and ohed before.

Though the quins, who don't appear until the film is half over, more or less take the picture in their ten hands from then on, The Country Doctor finds the always capable Jean Hersholt giving the finest performance of his career. Dorothy Peterson, as his hard-working assistant, is a delight; while John Qualen and Slim Summerville make full use of their many comic opportunities. June Lang and Michael Whalen supply the love interest. The Dionne kids are just themselves—and that's plenty.



Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson in a scene from The Country Doctor.

VITAL STATISTICS: Scoop to Darryl (Headlines) Zanuck for signing the quins at $85,000 after they'd turned down Paramount and Lasky. Zanuck got bug to screen the quins when newshound Charles E. Blake—who flew Chicago American's incubator at Dr. Dafoe's request to supplant hot bricks with newer equipment—presented quin story. Blake was one of first on scene after the infants terrific came into this world; submitted his story indirectly through a chum on an L. A. paper. . . . Hundreds besieged Zanuck for doctor role, wishing to cash in on quinly publicity; but it fell to Jean Hersholt of M-G-M to nab it and do for himself what Vic McLaglen did with The Informer—get a second trip up the butterslide of stardom, plus a big $ increase. . . . Only Hersholt, Mlle. Peterson, megger King, camera-and-soundman did junket to Callander, Ontario. Quins were allowed to work but forty-five minutes a day. Work consisted of their usual playhour antics *sans* direction. Cameraman with script setups prepared in Hollywood scenario factory went screwy trying to follow script until Director King had to toss it aside and photograph whatever he could get—which proved cuter, being more natural. Actors had to do plenty of ad-libbing. At that, quins got acting-conscious, especially Annette, who will go far. . . . When not rehearsing at their hotel rooms with five pillows, company played bridge, worked their forty-five minutes, praising the life of the actor. All came home raving about the quins, especially La Peterson, formerly one whom children made nervous. . . . Quins gained total of two pounds and a half ounce during seven days of shooting. Cecile, who undoubtedly will be the fat comic relief when the quins become the Canadian government's first quin-sister act, picked up ten and a half ounces, Marie but one ounce. Those are dolls, not the realies, you see being carried in at birth, to Slim Summerville's droop-mouthed amazement. . . . Hollywood refers to the quins as quintruplets, quinplets, quinnupets, quintupilets—agreeing they're cute no matter how you spell them. . . . John Qualen, playing M. Dionne back in Hollywood's version of Callander, though a father of three gals, found it hard to simulate Dionne fatherhood. Seems he was never home when his were born. . . . The Peterson, cynically witty offscreen, was reared a Volivist in Zion, Illinois, thought the world flat, dull but profitable (she gets a good salary) because she had to play mother roles after Mothers Cry made her. . . . Michael Whalen's really Joseph Kenneth Shovlin, ex-stock boy in dad's Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, dime store, which role he resigned to become an Eva Le Gallienneite; then Hollywood laborer; then Zanuck discovery in a Little Theater, with but twenty-seven cents between himself and starvation. . . . June Lang Vlasek is pinching herself these days to make sure it's not all a dream and she's awake—it's all been that sudden and wonderful after much that wasn't. . . . Hersholt sent Dafoe a box of books, a sixteen-millimeter camera for his own record of the quins; Zanuck sent a print of the Country Doctor.

★ ★ ½ BOULDER DAM

THE PLAYERS: Ross Alexander, Patricia Ellis, Lyle Talbot, Eddie Acuff, Henry O'Neill, Egon Brecher, Eleanor Wesselhoeft, Joseph Crehan, Olin Howland, William Pawley, Ronnie Cosbey, George Breakston. Directed by Frank McDonald. Story by Dan M. Templin.

FOR all its gusto, Boulder Dam is weakened somewhat by the story, which is a strictly formula affair. In fact Warners have used this plot outline so often before that you can almost see Cagney in the picture. The film opens with Ross Alexander, a tough garage worker, taking a poke at his boss. Fired, the young belligerent leaves

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BIBLE CONTEST WINNERS

(Continued from page 42)

Mrs. M. E. Soth, Portland, Oreg.; Jessie Spearing, Cambridge, Mass.; James A. Spellman, Marblehead, Mass.; Bealy M. Spence, Raleigh, N. C.; Gladys Spiegel, New Richmond, Ohio; Mrs. Ruth Starks, Cleveland, Ohio; Ruth E. Steeby, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. J. P. Steffens, Atlantic, Iowa; Mrs. Hilda R. Stice, Urbana, Ill.; Mrs. F. J. Sullivan, Trimble, Tenn.; Mrs. Lena Suttman, Miamisburg, Ohio; Paul B. Swanson, Savanna, Ill.; Mrs. Hazel Tallman, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. E. T. Tanguis, New Orleans, La.; John E. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Lewis R. Thompson, Wyckoff, N. J.; William Uhrich, Gaylord, Minn.; Mary de Waal, New York, N. Y.; Maud Waddell, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. C. G. Ward, Louisville, Ky.; Edith V. Weeks, Ogden, Utah; Mrs. J. C. Weidmiller, Rochester, N. Y.; Oran J. Wenrick, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dorothy E. West, Mukwonago, Wis.; Helen C. White, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. R. G. White, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. E. Williams, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Evan Williams, Marcus Hook, Pa.; Mrs. John Winton, Camden, N. J.; Stella Wolge, Forrest City, Ark.; Emily Woodman, Aberdeen, S. D.; Mrs. Crosby R. Young, Norwood, Mass

Detroit for the West, where he runs into Patricia Ellis, daughter of the dam's construction foreman.

From there on the picture has the likable Mr. Alexander risking his neck day and night in order to impress Miss Ellis. All this makes for robust entertainment. Because scenarists Cy Bartlett and Ralph Block have given it fine dialogue and much gripping incident, the oft-used story moves with engaging verve. Nicely directed by Frank McDonald, Boulder Dam is sturdy stuff throughout. And since Ross Alexander and Patricia Ellis perform so ably, the film should thoroughly please action lovers. Ronnie Cosbey, William Pawley, and Joseph Crehan are somewhat more than acceptable in minor roles and Lyle Talbot is a convincing villain. However, it is the dam itself that gives the film most of its interest and color, and the photography of its construction makes this a good risk.

VITAL STATISTICS: The real Boulder Dam at Black Canyon near Las Vegas, Arizona, sounds like an M-G-M quickie. Started September 17, 1930, it took till February 1, '35, to get the water in, at a cost of $48,890,995—the power plant still to come. Contracting company is two and a half years ahead of time allotted by Congress for completion. . . . Picture originally called Backfire. . . . Ross Alexander insists it's Lady Luck that's been getting behind him and shoving. He's never had to ask for work. He doesn't believe in Opportunity knocking at his door; he knocks at Opportunity's and asks it if it wants work. . . . Patricia Ellis was a sickly child until she ditched kiddy diseases for acting, the will to mime proving her salvation, probably saving her life. Her worry today is excess weight, and she is followed about by a diet guard who dashes chocolates out of her hand and inserts spinach. Ellis is quite the younger Hollywood set gadabout, having fun most of the time. . . . Lyle Talbot gets choosier about gals as his bachelorhood increases. All he wants in his dream girl is humor, intelligence, charm, beauty, fifty-fiftyism. . . . Eleanor Wesselhoeft played the same Italian wench in Street Scene eight hundred times. . . . Kay (Red) Russell, ex-Boulder Dam scaler and lifesaver, infected the cast with dam slanguage, including such novelties as catskinners (they push boulders off ledges with caterpillar trucks); powdermonkeys (dynamiters); whistle punks (they blow a whistle to warn of fire-in-a-hole, or dynamiting); narrowbacks (electricians); jackhammermen (scalers); rib-mechanics (first-aiders); and meatwagon (ambulance).

★ ★ GIVE US THIS NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Jan Kiepura, Gladys Swarthout, Philip Merivale, Benny Baker, Michelette Burani, William Collier, Sr., Sidney Toler, Charles Judels, Maurice Cass, Alan Mowbray. Directed by Alexander Hall. Story by Jacques Bachrach.

IN Give Us This Night, her second starring picture, the lovely Gladys Swarthout still lacks material to match her abundant talents. Here she is given a beautifully mounted but lifeless account of love front and back stage in the Continental opera houses. The picture is practically all music, though the story does occasionally manage to sneak in between the songs. Perhaps Give Us This Night would be more entertaining if the story were eliminated completely.

When the tenor (Alan Mowbray) of an opera company walks out on the show, a fisherman (Jan Kiepura) is discovered to take the vacant spot. Then Kiepura, who acts as if he were being continuously chased by the Keystone Cops, falls in love with Miss Swarthout. To complicate matters further, the suave Philip Merivale, the composer of the show, is also in love with Miss Swarthout. When the flying fisherman learns this he walks out on the company, and things look

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dark indeed with the opening night coming up and no tenor anywhere. However, everything works out all right for every one but Paramount, which produced the opus.

Cherubic Benny Baker and Alan Mowbray spice the film with many spots of brightly silly humor. And much of the music has distinction and charm. Neither the brilliant Philip Merivale nor Miss Swarthout have quite enough to do, for Give Us This Night is intent on making Kiepura a star in this country as he already is in Europe. The full-throated foreigner sings agreeably; but if he is an actor, then we are Emelie, the cutest of the Dionne quintuplets.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jan Kiepura is a gifted temperamental egotist, born in Poland. Chucked the law and his father's grocery-realtor business to opera-star, beginning at $2.50 a performance with the Moscow-howlers, graduating in time to the $1,000-a-night basis. Now owns a string of own-designed hotels in Europe. Jan is an enigma, his screwy deeds legion. He calls trembling prop boys into his dressing room, locks the door, then says, "Now you will hear the real Kiepura!" bursting thereupon into song. Gives off $1,000 concerts just walking up and down on set. Always he is accompanied by Adamo Didur, his Fides Achates and retired basso of the Met. Didur is musical aide-de-camp, critic, and mentor. Business manager Count René de Catellaz is always near too, carrying a photograph album of Jan's hotels. Kiepura snubs luxury; lunches on dried bread, apples, doughnuts, sandwiches, herring, onions on set—no two-hour lunch for him—always vocalizing. Wears old clothes. Cuts wood à la Kaiser for exercise. Skips as he walks. When working, is followed about by a gargle-spray wagon filled with more sprays and tonsil oilers than a Pittsburgh nose-and-throaterie. . . . Gladys Swarthout is entirely normal. She has undoubtedly the best figure of all singers of all time. Her teeth are lovely, white, and very valuable for tooth-paste ads. She was Christmas-day born in Deepwater, Missouri. She's married to Frank Chapman, baritone, and they sing before breakfast, after each attending the other's big-time opera debuts. Gladys movie-debutted in The Rose of the Rancho; hates parlor games and pajamas; wears blue because it vitalizes her capabilities; has never sung anywhere but in America; has dark skin, is brunette; eats at 4 P. M. on days she's performing, to avoid heft. Old-time operatics never ate till after performances, when they gorged, fell right asleep, groaned and gained during the night.

COMMENT

Because, even in the worst times, the average picture is a certain money-maker, Hollywood does not welcome production changes. Hollywood never wanted to make talking pictures. But Warner Brothers, then near bankruptcy and willing to experiment, forced the other studios to follow suit. Now the studios are undergoing another great change: toward color.

Becky Sharp was too self-consciously artful for popular appeal, and at that time it looked as though color films would be only an occasional novelty in the standard studio output. But since the release and public approval of The Trail of the Lonesome Pine practically every studio has announced that at least part of its program would be photographed in full color. Many, indeed, are shooting right now.

Since color requires the developing of three separate negatives which are matched in the laboratory, they are much more expensive than black-and-white prints. Even so, even with all this added cost, the chances are that black-and-white pictures may soon be fighting for their lives. For the producers feel that you want color, and in the next year you're going to get a lot of it.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE PAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 12

1—Rudy Vallee.

2—A bird. The missel, a large European thrush, feeds upon the berries of the mistletoe.

3—Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849-1924).

4—"There is a tide in the affairs of men"—William Shakespeare.

5—No; the sixty dollars paid on discharge cancels the first sixty days of service so far as the present bonus is concerned.

6—Twenty years old.

7—Ginger Rogers, picture star.

8—The vampire bat (certain species).

9—Approximately 125 billion pounds.

10—Song of Solomon 2: 5—"Stay ye me with raisins, refresh me with apples, for I am sick from love."

11—On February 25, 1919, when Oregon started the ball rolling with a one-per-cent tax.

12—Emanuel.

13—Robert Wadlow of Alton, Illinois; he was 8 feet 4 inches tall on his birthday, February 22, and weighed 390 pounds.

14—About $21,000,000 in extra expenditures.

15—Harold Lloyd; he married the first.

16—Only $205,355.

17—Unconsciousness induced by gas asphyxiation, by electric shock, by drowning.

18—Simon Bolivar (1783-1830), "the Washington of South America."

19—Yes; the knave of hearts is usually a one-eyed jack.

20—Josephus Daniels

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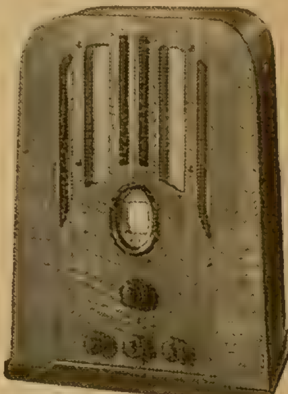

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YANKEE BOODLE DANDY

BERLIN, N. J.—

Father and I in Washington,
  Along with Captain Boodle,
Are there to get things off our chest
  That we have in our noodle.

Yankee Boodle, keep it up!
  Yankee Boodle, dandy!
We can have inflation then—
  The dollars will be handy.

And all the folks that are to come
  Will have plenty to remember;
So why not use our bean a bit
  In the coming next November?

Yankee Boodle, keep it up!
  All this boola, boola!
Why not get some shredded wheat
  And dance the hula-hula?

And Yankee Boodle—so it goes—
  Gives billions to the needy;
The question is, what shall we do
  When the budget gets more seedy?

Yankee Boodle, keep it up!
  Yankee Boodle's hazy.
We'll have taxes then enough
  To set the people crazy!

—*Berliner.*

SEX-APPEAL SCRIBBLING

BURLINGTON, VT.—Sometimes Liberty gets me so mad that I go out, buy a copy, and leave it in a hotel foyer to be read but not bought.

This sex-appeal scribbling by Faith Baldwin (February 29 Liberty) would cause any man to grow whiskers.

She boils down sex appeal—men, listen to this—as an influence " recognized by the *exertee* [!] or not." Now, did any " male," as she calls the silly species, ever hear such trash before?

Liberty gets me disgusted, too, announcing beneath her sex-appealing picture: " She wrote The Deserted Wife when she was only six years old! "—*Robert Corin.*

THE CHOW AND THE WOLF

PONTIAC, MICH.—As secretary of the Pontiac Kennel Club I would like to question your source of information regarding No. 3 of January 4 Twenty Questions: " What one-man dog is related to the wolf and is sometimes eaten by natives of the country of its origin " ? Answer: The chow.

I have been a chow fancier for a number of years and in any information I have been able to obtain can find no trace of wolf blood in their ancestry.

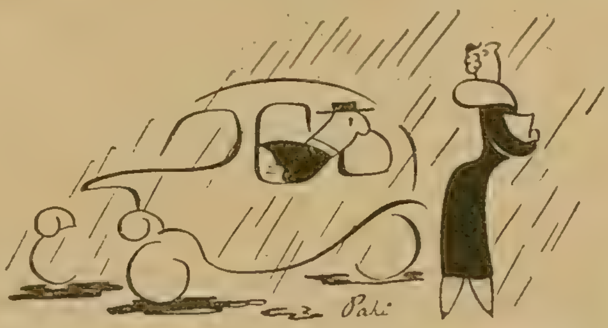
Due to the fact that this feature is conducted with an educational viewpoint, I feel that the information should be correct.—*Ray J. Claypool.*

[On page 33 of The Care and Handling of Dogs, by John Lynn Leonard, D. V. M., the author, who is a veterinarian of the New York City Department of Health, says of the chow:

" A true native of northern China with unknown years of ancestry. Undoubtedly he is closely related to the wolf, or the Siberian dog, of his region. He is used as a beast of burden for sledge work and is also used as a food animal by many of the natives."—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

NOT EVEN FROM AN ELDER!

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I have, I am not proud to state, an uncle by marriage who has frequently declared — and meant—that he would instantly divorce his wife of many years if she should ever, no matter what the weather or circumstances, accept an automobile lift from even an elder of the church—if it be only a ride of two blocks in the open daylight.



I think Mr. Novus Homo of Hapeville, Georgia (February 29 Vox Pop), must be a close relative of my uncle.

Doubtless the reason for Mr. Homo's ability to date only the hi-de-ho girls is that the decent ones can't see him.—*Average American Girl's Avenger.*

WE WISH WE COULD GET POE, BUT HE DOESN'T ANSWER MAIL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Will you tell me why you cannot publish a good mystery serial once in a while? I get so tired of this mushy love stuff that I could scream. How about giving us Sax Rohmer, Edgar Allan Poe, and some of the others for a change? Women are known to go in for that lovey-dovey hokum, but give me a good bloodcurdling murder story.—*Dot (Homicide) Hokenson.*

BUT IT ISN'T "THE GROWLER"

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Who said that the depression wasn't over? We have the beer can back with us. And the breweries furnish the can! Ain't that somethin'?—*Tom Robertson.*

ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID

SPOKANE, WASH.—

L udicrous, libidinous, lusterless,
I nane, infantile, innocuous,
B anal, boresome, barren,
E mpiric, erotic, erroneous,
R epellent, raucous, rough,
T houghtless, tedious, terrible,
Y apping, yipping, yellow.—*J. T.*

[L ively, lavish, leading,
I nformative, interesting, intense,
B right, brave, beautiful,
E xciting, enchanting, emphatic,
R obust, red-blooded, reasonable,
T imely, topical, tolerant,
Y outhful, Yankee, Yours !—VOX POP EDITOR.]

NOT ONE IN A BILLION KNOWS—

WESTERN PORT, MD.—Pulease stop that guy Conklin! Some of the stuff he writes makes me feel certain that not one in a *billion* knows.

I would like to ask him, in regard to his article on liquid air, just how cold is thrice as cold as dry ice (November 16 Liberty). Or perhaps I should ask how cold is thrice as cold as 0°?

And what connection he can possibly find between the grains of sand in a cubic mile and molecules and cubic centimeters of air (February 29 Liberty) is certainly beyond me!

I see next he is going to tell us that boiling water doesn't get any hotter. I wonder if he ever heard of superheated water? All I can say is—take him away!—*U. R. Nertz.*

WILL WE FOLLOW IL DUCE?

WAUTOMA, WIS.—Why an American Woman Fled Italy, by Alice Rohe (February 22 Liberty), was impressive. It strikes one as monstrous that such conditions as described can obtain in a modern nation.

But this question arises: Are we not approaching a regime similar to that of Il Duce right here in America? Is American Fascism likely to be more tolerable than Mussolini's merely because it rises from an idealistic but impractical bureaucracy?

By the way, James C. McCabe's suggestion of a Vox Pop magazine is a good one. Such a magazine would soon gain an unprecedented circulation and could be a mighty power for popular government of the right kind.—*Hubert E. Cotton.*

THE "PHOTOTELERADIOGRAPHIC"

FORT SCREVEN, GA.—While I have been convalescing from an illness (no doubt you will think it mental) I have conceived an idea for an invention that will spread through our universe like wildfire—even faster than The Music Goes Round and Around.

My idea for writing this letter is this: I know that more people read Vox Pop than any other pages in any magazine published, and I want some of the readers of this letter to finance my undertaking. Knowing that quite a few of our biggest money men are constant readers of Liberty and of Vox Pop, I feel quite certain of finding a partner.

Now for the invention. I have named it the phototeleradiographic machine. This machine will enable the receiver of any letter to see and hear what is going on at the place from which the letter is written. What a boon to the wife of a traveling salesman! When this little machine is placed on the market, on the tongue of every person in America (not to mention all the foreign countries) will be the simple little word "phototeleradiographic." — *Marion H. Evans.*

"JAFSIE" IS HONEST, SINCERE

San Francisco, Calif.—Jafsie Tells All, in Liberty, has, along with current developments, awakened keen hope that the truth may yet be ferreted from the rat nest of journalistic, political, and Babbittic misinformation poured forth from presses and gushed out from men's mouths since the night of the tragedy.

Might those who condemn Dr. Condon's tendency toward "self-glorification" and who launch a series of selected epithets be persuaded to grant him deserved credit for *acting* upon his altruistic urge? Surely a million men "wished" they could help the Colonel and his wife when that boy was taken. Yet how many, aside from the Colonel's good friends and those in the line of duty, did more than hotly condemn kidnapers and crime in general?

Dr. Condon did! He failed only where no human could succeed. If the boy had been alive, Dr. Condon would have found him. Because the kidnaper was also vicious, a fine man is persecuted.

Granted that Dr. Condon likes to talk. It is fresh, honest, sincere talk. And decidedly human. Too, he may have erred in some of his dealings with the criminal (or criminals)—even as skilled man hunters also err.

A warm and hearty handshake to the Doctor.—*L. Dorland Brown.*

TOOK FIVE YEARS TO FIND OUT

St. Paul, Minn.—I advise all young people to avoid college or university unless they plan to specialize in some particular field of endeavor. It is an established fact in the industrial and commercial world that high-school students are more efficient in every way than college or university graduates.

A college graduate recently told the writer that it took him five years to find out what was the matter with him.—*James N. Dyer.*

MR. MACFADDEN'S POLITICAL EDITORIALS

Hollywood, Calif.—One can't take Mr. Macfadden's political editorials seriously. For instance, in February 29 Liberty he says the government's first responsibility is to the Constitution and the laws, while I would say its first responsibility is to the people. Surely Mr. Macfadden doesn't think that if the Constitution needs an airing it isn't going to get it sooner or later.—*Porter Blanchard.*

Winchester Center, Conn.—Some of Mr. Macfadden's editorials have been the most laudable which I have read as to the things which the New Deal has been doing to this country of ours.—*Theron N. Bronson.*

Dayton, Ohio—I am a constant reader of Liberty's weekly editorial, but for the life of me I cannot understand Mr. Macfadden's economic and political philosophy. I am wondering if he is a Jeffersonian or a Hamiltonian, or what. —*Freeman H. Wilcox.*

Leavenworth, Kan.—Being a fairly bigoted Kansan, I favor the nomination of Governor Landon. But failing that, I choose Bernarr Macfadden for the place, on the strength of his sane and sensible editorials.—*Emma U. Vaughn.*

BRAVO! FOR THE CONSTITUTION

Indianapolis, Ind. — Bravo! Mr. Macfadden, for publishing the United States Constitution in February 29 Liberty. It was the most patriotic service rendered the country since the war. True Americanization work—and you didn't plunder the United States Treasury to do it! Bravo! again, Mr. Macfadden!—*Z. Junios.*

NIGHTSHIRT IN ROSE MARIE

Denver, Colo.—Far be it from me to let a little thing like a gentleman's nightshirt spoil a picture so exquisitely beautiful as Rose Marie, starring our beloved Jeanette and Nelson. But can you tell the world how the nightshirt worn by the huge Canadian hotelkeeper changed from one made of an old dark blanket with stripes running around the bottom to one with stripes running up and down—you know, the flannelette type, vintage of 1890.

All this while he was crossing the threshold from the hall to the bedroom! —*A Discriminating Gal.*

PARI-MUTUEL . . . FATHERS SUFFER

Chicago, Ill.—That was a bully article in February 15 Liberty by Dayton Stoddart exposing the pari-mutuel swindle which is now being advocated all over this country by racketeers, governors, state senators, the representatives of the people. It is the greatest graft politicians have ever had to hide behind and get theirs.

At the same time, the public is hoodwinked that these enormous revenues are beneficial to the state, whereas, as a matter of fact, after twenty-two years of pari-mutuel betting not one state that has legalized this gigantic swindle has reduced taxes on real estate or benefited the poor saps (especially women) one cent's worth.

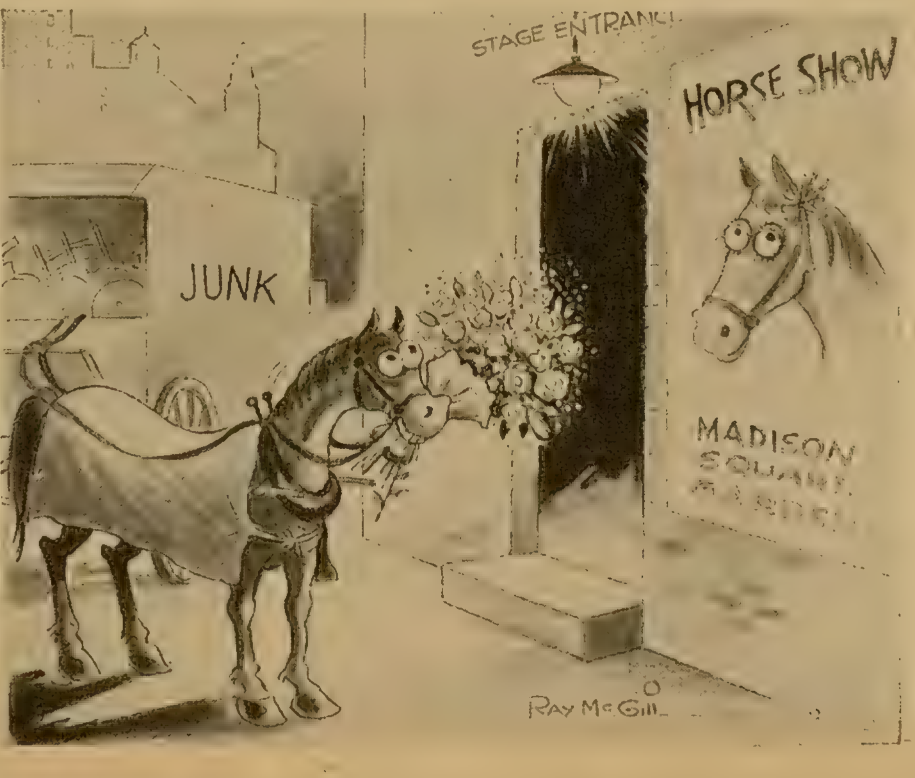
The ones who really suffer are the fathers of the children whose mothers are squandering their time and his hard-earned money fattening up a racket sponsored by racketeer politicians all over this country.—*H. J. Thomas.*

GOOD WAR WANTED

Enid, Okla.—I'll bet the skin off my patrician nose that if a census of the young men of today were taken they'd vote unanimously for a good-sized war with all the trimmings! Life holds little or no rosy promises for us of the depression era. The struggle isn't worth the reward.

Living without fighting is like eating an egg without salt. It's practically useless.

Pacifists are the plague of humanity, anyway.—*Roderick MacDonald.*



CLOSE SHAVE

Liberty's Short Short

by MAXWELL HAWKINS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

PAUSING in his course down the street, the portly well dresed stranger raised his hand, ran it speculatively over the flabby line of his jaw. His fingers grated on the stiff red stubble—two days of undisturbed growth. He settled his coat in the crook of his arm, pulled open the screen door of the Elite Barber Shop and entered.

" Hot day," the barber said.

He was a thin man with sandy-gray hair and skin the shade and texture of an English walnut. His eyes were pale and had tiny wrinkles fanning out at the corners, which gave him an air of shrewdness.

As the stranger dropped his pompous form on to the red plush of the barber chair, he grunted:

" Shave. Close."

" Stranger in town? " the barber asked.

The customer grunted, relaxed, and closed his eyes.

" I can tell—from your clothes—you're from the city," the barber said, cranking the chair.

When he had lathered the man's face, he set down the shaving mug, selected a razor, and stroked it on the strop that hung from the chair.

" I'll bet," the barber said, when he had turned the stranger's face sideways and started the keen blade along his cheek, " that this is the first time you were ever shaved by a *shiv*. I'll bet you don't even know what a *shiv* is." He chuckled. " That's what the boys in stir call the barber. A *shiv*. Stir—you know, the state prison. That's where I learned my trade."

The stout customer's eyes popped open and stared up at the man bending over him.

" How's the razor? O. K.? " the barber inquired solicitously.

An inarticulate gurgle emerged from the customer's mouth.

" Thought so," the barber nodded. " I always keep my razors in first-class shape. Had to in the big house. Now it's a habit."

For a little while there was no sound except the faint scrape of the steel against whiskered skin. Finally the barber straightened up and began to strop the razor again.

" Don't care much for the city myself," he said. " Too many crooks. You know, them racketeers. Pretty bad, the way they shake folks down."

He began on the other cheek.

" When I was in stir—in the pen—I knew a lot of them gangsters." He laughed. " But they didn't dare get funny with me. They knew that sooner or later I'd have 'em in my chair and I could just run my razor around their neck. Accidental like."

The man in the chair uncrossed his feet.

" Some folks would keep their mouths shut about having done a stretch," the barber resumed. " But that ain't like me. As soon as I got out I come right back here and opened up my shop. That was eight years ago. At first some folks didn't take to the idea of coming to a man who'd done time. But there's only one barber in town, and they had to get used to it. How's the razor? O. K.? "

The customer grunted. The gabby barber was holding a fold of his throat between thumb and forefinger and tickling the surface with the blade.

" You know," the barber said, " I spent seven years in stir. The judge give me ten, but I got good-behavior time off. Robbery with a gun."

He lifted the razor, wiped off the lather on a square of newspaper, and resumed.

" But I don't hold no grudge. Except against one man. That's the fellow who said I stuck him up. He identified me in court. But it was all a damn lie. I never saw him before. And I didn't have a chance, 'cause I didn't know a soul in the city. First time I'd ever been there."

He paused with the thin blade poised only a few inches above the customer's bulging eyes.

" I always tell myself—some day! You know what I mean. Some day I'm going to meet that fellow. That's why I'm always interested in customers with red beards who come in here. Especially strangers. That fellow had a red beard. I can see it to this day."

The barber brought his razor down again and swept it in smooth swift strokes over his customer's tonsils. His voice suddenly grew harsh, menacing.

" When I meet that fellow—so help me—I'm going to cut his throat from ear to ear! "

A moment later the barber had wiped the customer's face, dusted on some talcum, and parted his red hair. He tossed the towel into a tall china jar on the floor. Then, for no apparent reason, he picked up a razor and flipped it open. He stood off a few steps, surveyed the man in the chair narrowly.

" You know," the barber mused darkly, " you remind me of that other fellow with the red beard."

With a spasmodic jerk, the man in the chair tore himself free of the cloth which enshrouded him and jumped to the floor. He crossed the shop in two strides, grabbed his hat and coat from the wall.

" Hey! " the barber called out. " Twenty cents! "

The portly stranger shoved a trembling hand into his pants pockets, brought forth a roll of bills. He peeled one off hurriedly, tossed it in the direction of the barber, and then burst out the screen door to the street.

Half a block away, a man passed him, a man with reddish hair and a heavy growth of beard covering his cheeks. Fascinated, the stout stranger watched him as he disappeared into the Elite Barber Shop.

" My God! " he gasped. . . .

At the sound of the shop door opening, the barber removed his gaze from the bill he had picked up from the floor. His eyes crinkled shrewdly, but there was a disappointed droop to his mouth.

" One buck," he muttered. " And I thought I had him scared at least five dollars' worth! "

His new customer hung up his hat, loosened his collar, and sat down in the chair.

" Still up to your old tricks, eh, Luke? " he chuckled.

The barber grinned. " Sure. It's a good racket. I never miss any more. Only last week a fellow come in here and wouldn't wait for change of a ten-spot."

The customer laughed. " Come clean, Luke. Were you ever in the pen? "

" Who? Me? " The small barber turned and spat scornfully into the brass spittoon. " Hell, I ain't never been out of this town for more than two days in my life! "

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

A Seven-Day Record of Ups and Downs in a Crowded (Though Slightly Cloudy) Career

by NORMAN ANTHONY

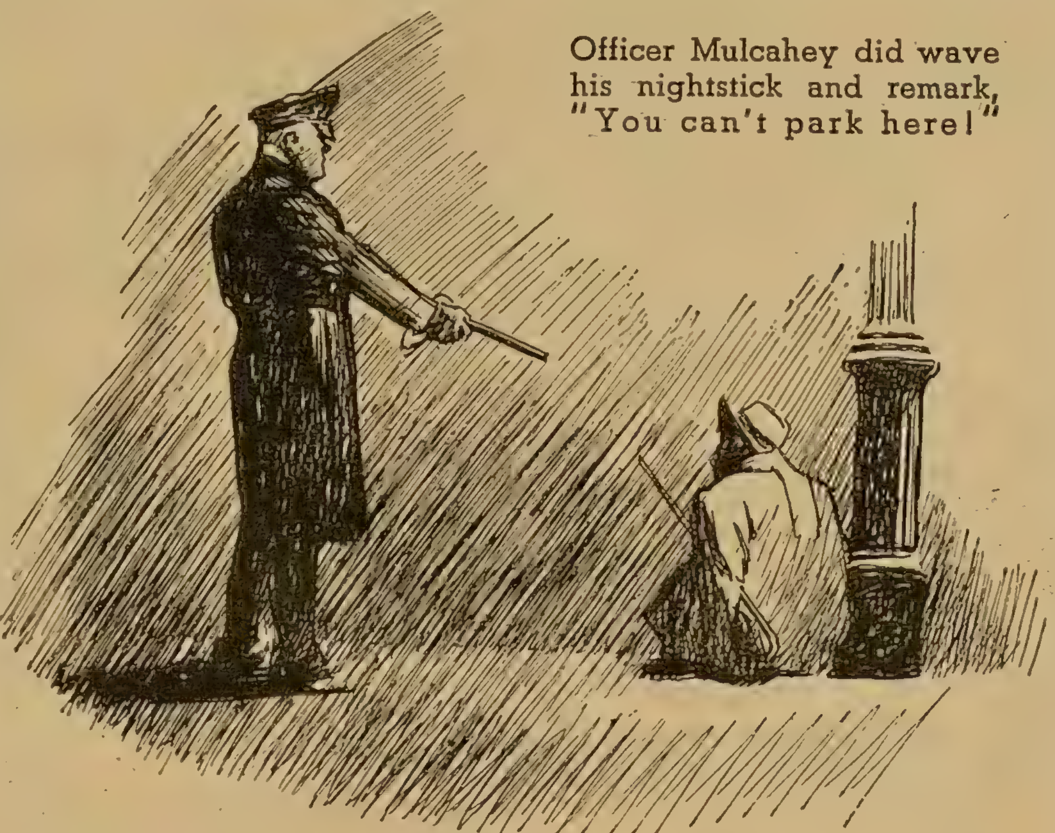
READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up and reading in the publick prints about the latest taxes, did remark to my wife that what this country needs is a good five-cent President, and she did make retort that at least he'd be three cents better than the present incumbent, and I did laugh right heartily and ask her what she had against President Roosevelt, and she replied that she considered him too damn cheerful and that if I would look back in history I would find that the most popular Chief Executives had been the sad ones like Lincoln and Coolidge. And I did think the observation most profound, as on sober reflection it occurred to me that the most popular individuals in any line of endeavor had been the cheerless ones, and as examples I cited John the Baptist, Job, Noah, Joan of Arc, the Melancholy Dane, Charlie Chaplin, and Garbo.

All of which did give me an idea and I made comment to my wife that if the Republicans wished to get back into power they should nominate a professional pallbearer and instead of a campaign like Happy Days Are Here Again use the Dead March from Saul or Melancholy Baby.

TUESDAY: Up at the sound of a doorbell ringing and my wife did remark that I had better hide as it was the exterminator, so watched the fellow at his work and did ask him what insects he had the most trouble with and he made reply that it was the ones who asked him questions, at which comment my wife laughed so long and loudly that I did take umbrage and left the apartment in a high dudgeon.

To a publick where I talked of this and that with John the barkeep and was somewhat surprised to see a minister of the Gospel enter and request a glass of milk, and I saw that John had mistaken the order, for he concocted a milk punch which the minister did down with great relish and as he finished he did raise his eyes to heaven and exclaim, " Oh, what a cow! "



Officer Mulcahey did wave his nightstick and remark, "You can't park here!"

WEDNESDAY: Up with a slight cough and it did irritate me so that I drank a small beaker of whisky and upon finding a note from my dear wife saying that she had gone to her mother's for the day did manage to down another.

So to turn on the radio and heard a cheery lady broadcasting cooking recipes and I straightway conceived the idea of surprising my wife with some tasty dish upon her return, and to prevent coughing during the recital did down another beaker of whisky.

And I did follow carefully the radio lady's instructions for making Graham Gems but found that our poor larder lacked such necessary items as one half cup of chopped dates, one cup of boiled rice, three cups of graham meal and such, and in each case I did substitute a cup of whisky.

But when I did place the concoction in a quick oven as directed there ensued an explosion and I was compelled to summon Mr. O'Toole the janitor to quench the conflagration.

So with Mr. O'Toole to a restaurant for lunch and we did find great difficulty in selecting the proper wine to go with hash and finally compromised on straight gin, and Mr. O'Toole's son Michael came to escort us home in his luggage truck, and did find to my extreme surprise a lady in my bed and I made inquiry with some degree of asperity just what the hell she was doing in my bed and the lady did reply:

" I like this bed; I like this neighborhood; I like this house and this room; and what's more I'm your wife."

THURSDAY: Up and for a ride atop an omnibus thinking the fresh air would revive me and my curiosity was aroused to no inconsiderable extent by the peculiar actions of the conductor who every once in a while did walk to the front of the car and dangle a long piece of string down in front of the driver's face and finally I did make bold to ask what he was doing and why the driver cursed so, and he did reply, " Oh, his father is to be hung tomorrow and I'm just kidding him a little about it."

So to the reading room of the publick library and did attempt to peruse a book but the utter stillness of the readers and the uncomfortable proximity of the many placards bearing the word QUIET did so unnerve me that of a sudden I did find myself crying aloud " Nuts! " and did hurry from the building.

FRIDAY: Up and reading in the publick prints what the Republicans thought about the Democrats and vice versa.

Then an idea came to me which I deemed had great money-making possibilities and I did explain to my dear wife that so many people so often felt mad enough to punch somebody in the nose that a bright young man wearing a sign and offering a punch to any one who felt so inclined could pick up quite a tidy sum of money, and my wife did agree with me and added that I was just the man for the job and that if I didn't get out of the apartment she would be my first customer.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER *to all motorists!*

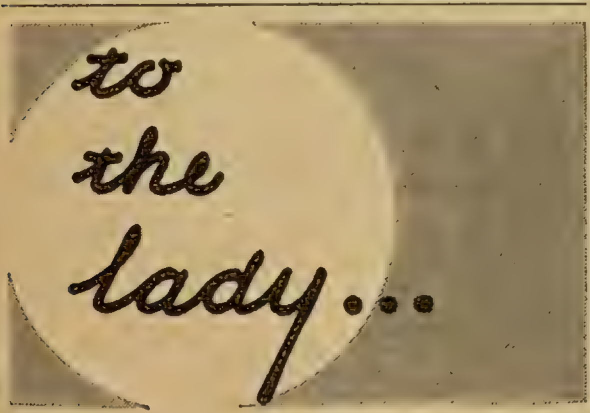
Goodrich Radiator Cleaner
Special Price 39¢

Goodrich Radiator Solder
Special Price 49¢

BOTH FOR ONLY 83¢ *if you act quickly*

YOUR Goodrich dealer wants you to know how *quickly* Goodrich Radiator Solder repairs leaks—how *completely* Goodrich Radiator Cleaner loosens rust, scale and sludge. So now, just when your radiator needs a real "build up" for spring and summer driving, he's offering each at a special low price—or both for only 83¢! This special offer expires April 30th. See your Goodrich tire and accessory dealer today.

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT



. . . who has a young, alert son: You have hopes for your boy's success. You want him to be a strong, self-reliant man, we know.

Why not start him on the right path? An easy, pleasant task, in his own neighborhood, is his for the asking. He wins fine, valuable prizes *in addition to* generous cash profits! And he learns the value of money and gets sound business training. . . .

WHY NOT HAVE YOUR BOY SEND THIS COUPON—NOW?

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L 4-11-36
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME..AGE....
ADDRESS..
CITY...............................STATE.........
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

So to a publick and talked of this and that and on the way homeward did feel a bit fatigued and so sat down upon the curb for a short rest, and Officer Mulcahey did chance by and he did wave his nightstick menacingly and remark, " You can't park here! " which stirred within me righteous indignation and I did point to the hydrant near by and exclaim, " You can't touch me, I'm over eight feet from it! " And one word led to another, including the statement that I felt I could lick any Irish cop that breathed, and I did accuse Mulcahey of being an arrant coward if he didn't take off his uniform and fight like a man, and when he did divest himself of his accouterments I quickly picked them up and ran home.

SATURDAY: Up and my dear wife did inform me that her Tuesday Ladies' Sewing Club did plan to produce a play and that her part called for her to wear tights and she did make inquiry as to what I thought people would think, and I did answer right merrily that they would indeed reason that I had married her for her money and having thus spoken did leave hurriedly to avoid a piece of flying Spode.

So out for a walk stopping at this and that publick and did find myself in Union Square in a mellow mood and surrounded by greatly excited citizens carrying aloft such banners as WE WANT SHORTER HOURS—WE WANT BETTER WAGES—WE WANT FREEDOM OF SPEECH, etc., but did note one comrade in particular whose placard bore no sign at all, and when I did question him as to its meaning he did reply that he had not as yet made up his mind.

And another bearded individual whose banner threatened DEATH TO COSSACK COPS did suddenly thrust it into my hands and he did ask that I hold it for him the while he did an errand, and at that moment Officer Mulcahey chanced by and he did clout me heartily over the head.

So home and to bed earlier than is my wont, causing my wife to remark that every clout had a silver lining.

SUNDAY: Awake to hear a German band playing directly beneath my window and I did lean out and remonstrate vigorously, informing them that I just took an aspirin, but my poor protests were lost in a crescendo of toots and umpahs, and there being nothing throwable in the apartment but the furniture and my dear wife, did unscrew all the electric-light bulbs and hurled them to the street below, whereupon Officer Mulcahey did chance by and he did shout up at me, " Didn't yez ever hear of the Antinoise Law? " and it did enrage me so that I slammed the window down on the three fingers with which I order drinks.

So to dine by candlelight.

Further intimate glimpses into Mr. Dunkle's private life will appear shortly.

More Winners in Liberty's $3,000 Jinky Sweepstakes Contest

(Continued from page 43)

trec, Mass.; Mrs. Josephine Haggerty, Providence, R. I.; A. Hakanson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Merle Haley, Oak Terrace, Minn.; James Hall, Estancia, N. M.; Ann Halpin, Massillon, Ohio; E. L. Hamill, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Hayes Hamilton, La Porte, Tex.; John Hamilton, Natick, Mass.; Mrs. S. Hamilton, Falls, Pa.; Adeline Hanna, Rochester, Minn.; Kenneth Hansen, Los Angeles, Calif.; Lila Harding, Oriskany, N. Y.; Harvey Hardman, Branchville, N. J.; Mrs. L. L. Harrell, Shreveport, La.; W. L. Harrell, New York, N. Y.; E. L. Harrington, Malden, Wash.; Carlyle L. Harris, Denver, Colo.; W. T. Harris, Atlanta, Ga.; Adah Harrison, Lacrosse, Wis.; C. Harrison, Huntington, W. Va.; Dorothy Hartell, Danbury, Conn.; B. Hartley, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. W. D. Harvey, Fort Benning, Ga.; Mrs. Lillian S. Hathaway, Los Angeles, Calif.; R. L. Haussler, New York, N. Y.; Frank Hawe, Crafton, Pa.; Robert Hawkins, Nashville, Tenn.; D. C. Hawley, Halifax, Pa.; Mary Louis Haywood, Trenton, N. C.; Robert Heath, San Francisco, Calif.; J. Heckman, Wilmington, Del.; L. B. Hecox, Ilion, N. Y.; T. A. Hecters, E. Orange, N. J.; Anne L. Hedges, Denver, Colo.; Elizabeth Heidt, Cornwell Heights, Pa.; M. W. Heimerdinger, Louisville, Ky.; M. A. Helmus, Spartanburg, S. C.; Mrs. Etta M. Helwig, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Dr. T. S. Hemingway, Kingstree, S. C.; Mrs. W. J. Henderson, E. St. Louis, Ill.; Mrs. H. E. Henniksen, Amarillo, Tex.; Mrs. A. Henry, Detroit, Mich.; Allan M. Herdman, Jr., Branchville, N. J.; Harvey Hardman, Branchville, N. J.; W. A. Herman, New York, N. Y.; Arthur D. Herren, Washington, D. C.; Marie B. Herrle, New Orleans, La.; S. L. Hershey, Collingdale, Pa.; Alberta Hesse, Nashville, Tenn.; Louis C. Heuisler, Baltimore, Md.; Renee Heuvelman, Central Park, N. Y.; Mrs. P. Hicks, Tampa, Fla.; M. A. Hill, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. John Hils, Bellevue, Ky.; Mildred Hobart, Medina, Ohio; Mrs. P. Hodgson, Stockton, Calif.; Amelia Holmes, Natchitoches, La.; Louis Holst, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Z. L. Holtzclaw, Cramerton, N. C.; W. J. Honack, Chicago, Ill.; W. A. Hornbeak, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mrs. J. T. Hosmer, Carthage, Mo.; David Houlihan, Jr., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. J. P. Houston, Floresville, Tex.; S. J. Howard, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. Bertha I. Howell, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss E. L. Hubbard, Ironwood, Mich.; Mrs. Minnie Huber, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. H. H. Huddleston, Brookhaven, Ga.; F. J. Hudson, Woodbridge, Conn.; Helen Hudson, Evansville, Ind.; Wenden Hue, Plainview, Neb.; Evalyn Huffaker, Arkansas City, Kan.; Clinton Hunt, Cedartown, Ga.; Helen Hunt, Racine, Wis.; Viola Hunt, Cincinnati, Ohio; Fred Hussey, Chicago, Ill.; Catherine Hutchinson, Decorah, Iowa; Mrs. J. A. Hutchinson, Charlotte, N. C.; Esther Iles, Logan, Ohio; Mrs. L. H. Imhof, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Maynard Iseminger, Funkstown, Md.; Mrs. J. L. Jackson, Madisonville, Ky.; Sophie Jacobs, W. Allis, Wis.; Mrs. S. Jaimes, Houston, Tex.; Lewis Jannace, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Norman C. Jedlick, W. Terre Haute, Ind.; Carol Jenkins, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. E. Jenks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sara Jennings, Washington, Pa.; Dora Jensen, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. C. E. Jeter, Bainbridge, Ga.; W. A. Johannsen, Paullina, Iowa; Mrs. August Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Belle Johnson, Monroe City, Mo.; Betty Johnson, Hamburg, N. Y.; Cally Johnson, Malakoff, Tex.; Carl Johnson, Fresno, Calif.; E. C. Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.; Ernest Johnson, Detroit, Mich.; Glen R. Johnson, Fairfield, Ohio; Mrs. J. D. Johnson, Malakoff, Tex.; Jewel Johnson, Malakoff, Tex.; Virginia Johnson, Hartsdale, N. Y.; Mrs. Annie B. Jones, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. E. Garry Jones, St. Joseph, Mo.; Elsie Jones, Hamilton, Ohio; Glenn J. Jones, Middlesboro, Ky.; Mabel W. Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.; Oscar Jones, Jr., Newport, Del.; Ruth E. Jongeneal, Newark, N. J.; Hans Jorgenson, Valley, Neb.; Roy A. Judd, DeKalb, Ill.; Charles J. Kadlec, Detroit, Mich.; Elizabeth Kaelo, Fort Hunter, N. Y.; Katherine Kalb, Berea, Ohio; Esther Kane, Murrysville, Pa.; Thomas Kane, Elkton, Md.; William E. Kane, Salina, Kan.; F. Karschnick, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Beatrice Keetch, Sanborn, N. Y.; Mrs. Cleota Keller, Sherman, Tex.; Irene Kelley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Kelley, Derby, Me.; Charlotte A. Kellogg, Hyannis, Mass.; Helen Kellogg, Union, N. Y.; Bessie Kelly, Fleischmanns, N. Y.; R. W. Kelly, Deland, Fla.; Mrs. Ranken Kennedy, Taylor, Tex.; Wanda Kennedy, Prescott, Ark.; S. C. Kepler, Mifflintown, Pa.; Betty Kepley, Detroit, Mich.; Art Kerpestein, Racine, Wis.; Mildred Kerstein, Chicago, Ill.; C. Alvin Kessler, Portland, Oreg.; William Kimball, Allston, Mass.; Robert King, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Jenny M. Kinneman, New York, N. Y.; Marguerite Kinney, Whitestone, N. Y.; Roleene Kinney, Phoenix, Ariz.; Elsie Klamroth, New York, N. Y.; H. E. Klebba, Port Arthur, Tex., Madeline Kneberg, Chicago, Ill.; Donald Knight, Spokane, Wash.; Henrietta R. Knudsen, New York, N. Y.; J. B. Knudson, Los Angeles, Calif.; C. A. Knutson, Valley Springs, S. D.; A. Koby, Van Nuys, Calif.; Helene Koenig, Menominee, Mich.; Elsie Koepke, Davenport, Iowa; L. W. Kogel, Bronx, N. Y.; John B. Koller, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. T. G. Konklin, Ponca City, Okla.; J. R. Kosck, Racine, Wis.

(To be continued in an early issue)

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BEATRICE GOTTLIEB

BEATRICE GOTTLIEB raised money for organized charities, talked the rich into sharing *some* of their wealth at least with the poor. Started the work as a hobby when she was seventeen; became a whiz at it, raising between five and ten thousand dollars a day in good times. She kept it up for twenty years without financial gain to herself but with enormous profit to her knowledge of human nature.

At a banquet she sat beside a man of undistinguished appearance. He seemed well acquainted, so she questioned him about various prospects for her charity fund. Could this one give a thousand, that one two thousand, another one five thousand? Her neighbor groaned, reached for his checkbook and fountain pen. "All right," he said. "I'll give five thousand." He was deaf, had misunderstood; thought she was putting the buzz on him for five grand. His check went through just the same.

From a Jewish home for the aged an old lady of eighty-one called Beatrice Gottlieb on the telephone. In the same home lived the old lady's husband, aged eighty; also a perfumed and affectionate widow of seventy-nine. After more than sixty years of marriage the old wife still felt endangered by the fact that she was one year older than her husband! On the phone she said, "My husband follows *that woman* around because she smells nice. Please, Mrs. Gottlieb, sent me some perfume water. I want he should follow *me* around." Of course Mrs. Gottlieb sent the perfume.

Write to her, in my care, if you are interested in raising money for charity. She'll be glad, she says, to tell you what her long experience has taught her about it. In private life she is Mrs. Arnold Gottlieb. For publication she writes under the name of Beatrice Alliott—a name she took years ago when she went on the stage for a while just to exasperate her family.

● From Colorado a young surgeon writes to me saying: "Young doctors like myself are not accepted *socially*—not to the point of being considered eligible as husbands for the daughters of well-to-do citizens—until we show definite promise of becoming successful; . . . and in our profession success rarely gives us a sign of recognition before we reach our forties. We put in years of study, many of us complete our education abroad, are young men of experience and culture. Yet we can seldom make an advantageous marriage while we are still young. Is that fair to us?"

He doesn't think it is. I don't, either.

● Two sisters, unmarried, dwell together in a small apartment. Each sister accuses the other of snoring in her sleep, snoring every night, snoring all night long. Each sister denies it. They both say, "You are the one who snores. I don't snore. I *know* I don't."

They have been squabbling about it for years.

Thousands of married couples carry on the same controversy. There is no way of settling it, as far as I can see. You can't convince anybody that he or she snores. While they're asleep they can't hear themselves. Wake them up to convince them, and they stop snoring.

If you sneaked into their bedroom while they were asleep and made a phonograph record of their snores, then they might be convinced. They might, but I doubt it. Like as not they would say, "That isn't me snoring. It's you. You went to sleep and left the phonograph on."

● Was fascinated reading Hilaire Belloc's new human-interest history of the Holy Land. He calls it The Battleground, Syria and Palestine. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● That inquiry of mine, asking how we can teach ourselves to remember people's names, continues to flood my mail with letters from all points. Last week it brought me an odd report from a lady in San Francisco. She described a method of remembering names by rhyming them mentally with some familiar word, like Jones with bones, Burrell with squirrel, and so on.

She said, however, that the system may go embarrassingly wrong. Cited the following case:

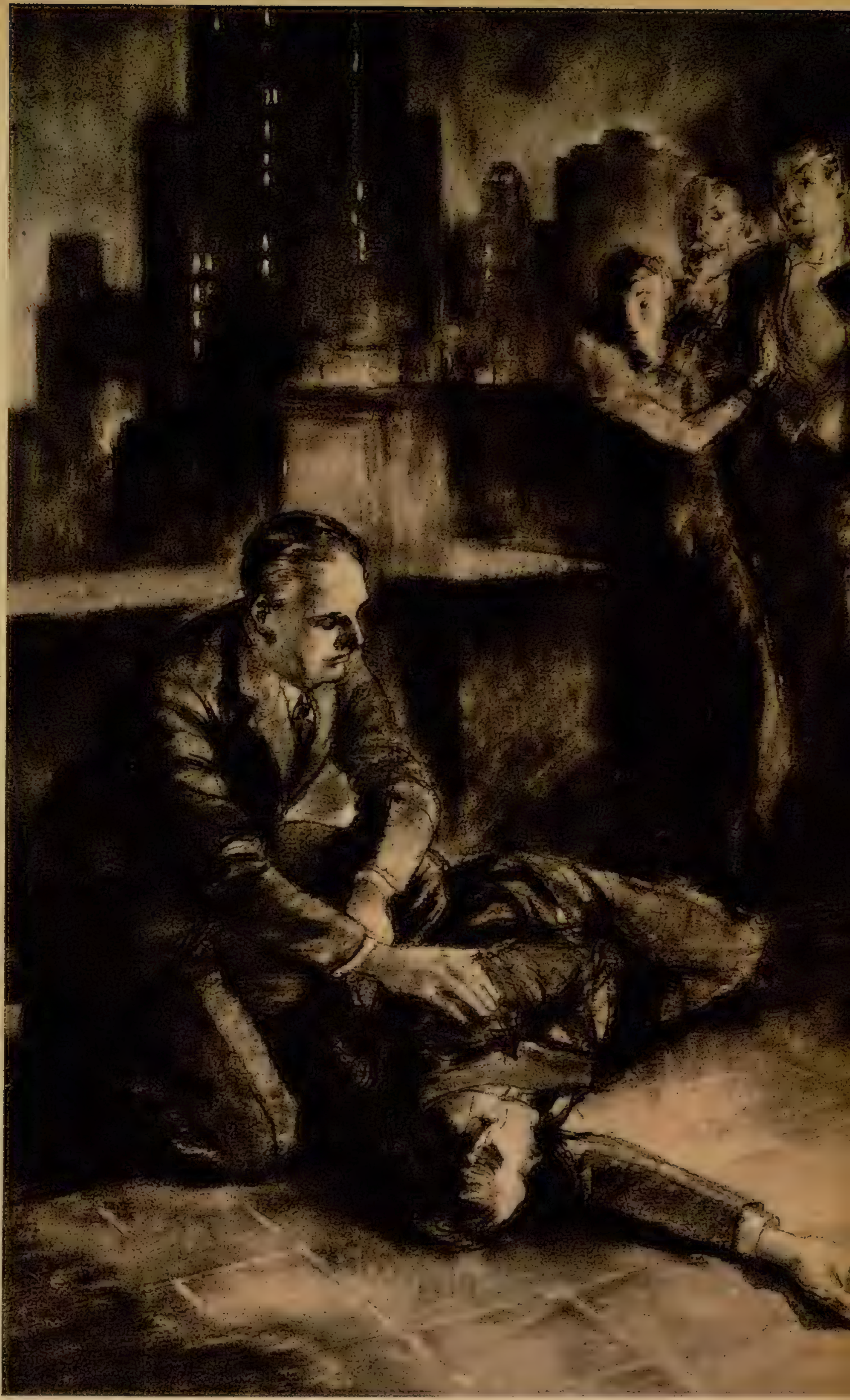
A parson, introduced to a Mrs. Hummick, tried to fix her name in his mind by rhyming it with "stummick." He met her again next day, greeted her smilingly. "How do you do, Mrs. *Kelly?*" he said.

● Cookbooklets published by the Culinary Arts Press of Reading, Pennsylvania, deal separately with recipes from New England, from the South, from Dutch Pennsylvania—cost twenty cents apiece, are handy and practical. Here's a baked-pompano recipe from the Southern booklet. I found it delicious.

Have your fishman bone the pompano. Put 2 cups cooked shrimp through meat grinder. To the shrimps add 1 egg beaten with ½ cup cream, ½ cup chopped mushrooms, salt, pepper, paprika, 1 whole egg, ¼ cup sherry. Stir till smooth. Stuff the fish with this mixture. Sew up, lay in baking dish, pour on ½ cup cream, bake 45 minutes in moderate oven.

Serve with sliced cucumbers marinated in French dressing.

Tragedy Catches Up with a Youth in Quest of Life and Adventure and Love, and a Crisis Nears in a Frank and Daring Modern Novel



READING TIME
29 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

YOUNG Jeff Lorimer, scion of a wealthy New York family, has his own ideas about his future and causes no end of worry in the household with the announcement of his humanitarian plans. A cryptic warning from the family doctor, however, that any serious shock might prove fatal to Mrs. Lorimer, causes Jeff to accede to her wish that he marry Margot Rogers, daughter of another socially elite family. But before the engagement is announced Jeff accidentally meets petite Doris Fenton, a night-club entertainer, and falls in love with her, although he is with the girl only a few hours. That same night he learns of his younger sister Natalie's secret affair with a strange man that has come to an unhappy end. She refuses to tell his name, but Jeff later sees him in a restaurant. Meanwhile Jeff's father and uncle plot to send him to Florida and have him meet some glamorous woman there. Carol Carson, a blues singer, is engaged by Harry Berwyn, a friend of the family. But Jeff doesn't fall for the trap. Instead he finds his yearning for Doris strengthened, although all efforts to locate her have failed. He tells Carol, and she promises to help. Back in New York, Jeff is watching Carol's show in rehearsal when he sees Doris enter the stage door. Before he can reach her, however, she is gone.

That night he and Carol attend a party in the penthouse apartment of Howard Locke, a friend of Carol's. Jeff gets a double shock when he meets his host. He recognizes him as the man who wrecked his sister's life. The girl with him is Doris! Jeff manages to steal only a few joyous minutes alone with Doris, however. And later in the evening Jeff realizes with some shock that neither she nor Locke is present. Stepping out on to the terrace, he finds Doris struggling in Locke's arms. In a fury he strikes Locke, almost knocking him over the coping. And as he is pulling Locke back to safety, the dazed man strikes his head sharply against a cement pillar, and drops as if shot.

PART FOUR—"I'M A MURDERER!"

BLOOD was spurting from an ugly wound in Howard Locke's skull. Doris and Jeff were making frantic efforts to stop its flow with handkerchiefs already stained red.

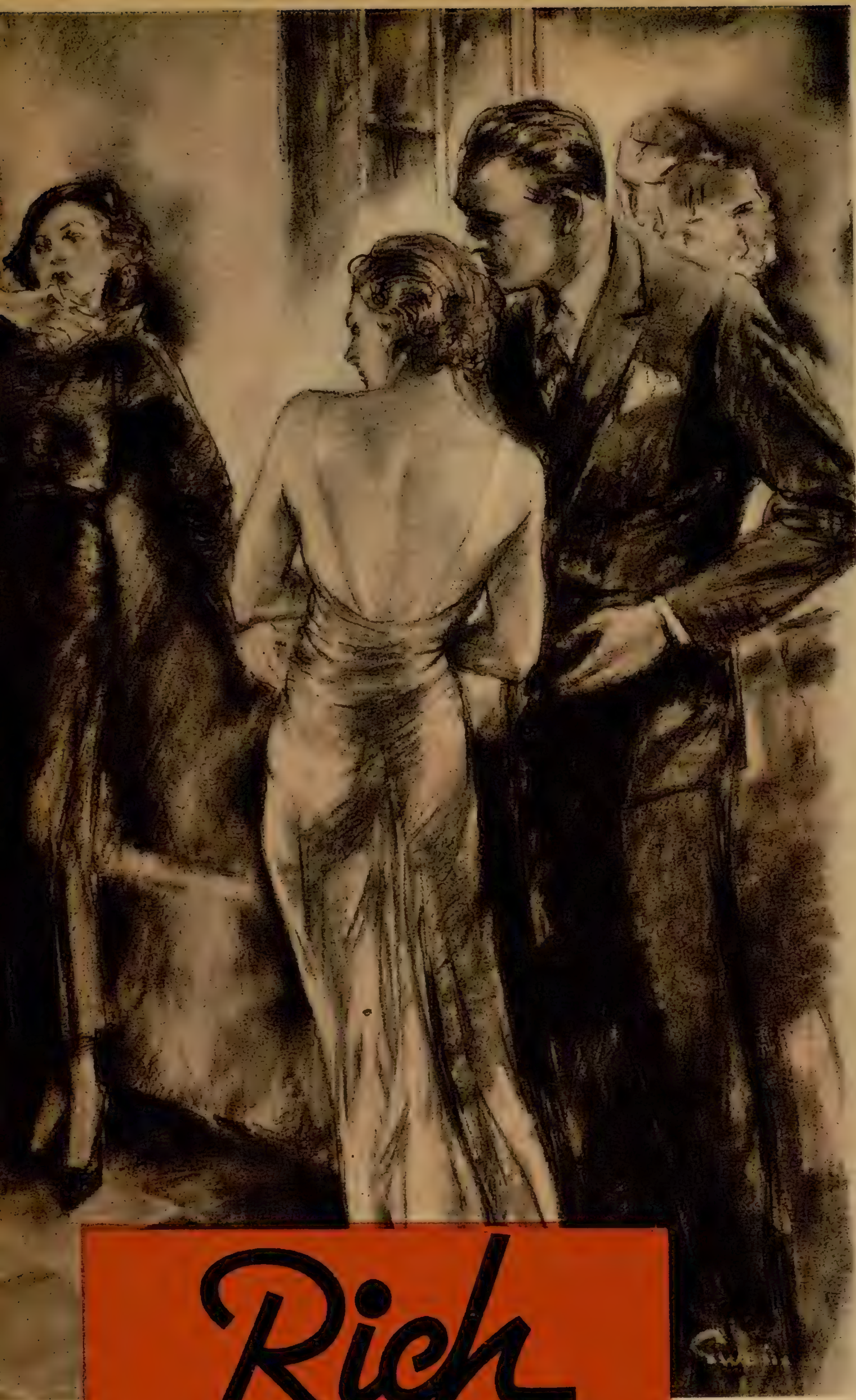
In a surprisingly few minutes a doctor was fighting his way through the crowd.

"What's happened?" he demanded brusquely.

"I hit him," Jeff spoke up. But he looked so stupid when he said it that the doctor gave an exclamation of disgust and pushed him out of the way. Kneeling beside the unconscious man, he made a hasty examination. Then, looking up, he said:

"Send for an ambulance immediately! This man is dying." He gazed coldly at Jeff, adding: "And call the police."

"This man is dying!" The doctor's words thundered through the air like the voice of doom. The guests hurriedly got their wraps and left in fright. Publicity, the champagne of their careers, now loomed as a poison.



Kneeling beside the unconscious man, he made a hasty examination.

Rich Man's SON

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

The radio-car police arrived, dragging with them a frightened man and woman they had stopped coming out of the penthouse elevator. The cop on the beat was with them. Behind followed the ambulance doctor and his driver, carrying a stretcher.

" Nobody is to leave here! " came the sergeant's curt order. One of the policemen was stationed out on the terrace, the other by the elevator.

Carol, Doris Fenton, and Jeff Lorimer were the only ones left of the twenty-odd people who had rushed wildly out on to the terrace but a few minutes before.

" He was falling over the coping, and I pulled him back, and he fell against the pillar," Jeff kept repeating. " I never meant this to happen! "

Jeff turned quickly to Carol and Doris. " You know nothing about this," he warned. " It was between Locke and me. Don't talk! "

" But it was all my—" Jeff put his hand over Doris's mouth as the others came up.

" What the devil's happened? " the sergeant demanded, looking from them to the doctor, who was bending over Locke.

The doctor looked up quickly. " Save your questions till later," he snapped. " We've got to get this man to the hospital in a hurry! "

When Locke was being carried out on the stretcher, the sergeant said to Jeff, " Go on inside with the others. You can talk to the lieutenant when he comes."

They had been in the drawing room only a moment when a lieutenant from the near-by precinct and two detectives got off the elevator.

" What's up? " the lieutenant demanded briskly.

The sergeant stepped forward. " The guy that lives here had his head bashed in. The doc just took him to the hospital. This feller "—pointing to Jeff—" admits he was the one took a poke at him."

The lieutenant stepped up to Jeff. " Who are you? "

Jeff told him.

" The banker's son? "

Jeff nodded. Police and detectives looked up interestedly. The lieutenant hesitated a moment as if he didn't know what to make of it. " You'd better call your father —and your lawyer. Where's the phone? "

Doris started forward, but Carol held her back firmly.

“My father’s in Florida,” Jeff said. He had decided against calling Uncle Hal. Later he would do that if it became necessary. A detective accompanied him to the telephone.

Andrew Osborne had been his father’s legal adviser ever since Jeff could remember. Jeff knew that he was a man of sympathy and understanding. If it was possible he would get him out of this scrape. Osborne lived in Tarrytown, New York.

Jeff put in the call, only to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Osborne had gone to Chicago for the holidays but were expected back by motor that night. Jeff asked the detective what he should do.

“We’ve got to take you to the station house anyway; have him call there,” the detective instructed.

Jeff obeyed.

BACK in the drawing room the other plain-clothes man was writing down names and addresses, advising the people that they would be called as witnesses. Carol and Doris were huddled together in one chair. Jeff felt dazed. But when he saw the white, frightened look on Doris’s face, he wanted to rush over, gather her in his arms, and comfort her. A warning look from Carol held him back. He turned to the lieutenant.

“I suppose I go with you?” he asked. “But these other people can leave now, can’t they?”

“All but those two girls.” The lieutenant nodded. Jeff’s heart sank. . . .

In the station house more detailed questions were asked. Jeff tried desperately to keep Doris out of it, but the hysterical girl kept insisting that it was her fault. Carol was quickly eliminated because she hadn’t been near the terrace when the fight started. Finally both girls were released after being warned to be available at any time for further questioning. Jeff, of course, must stay. At this Doris turned a woeful face to him.

“Don’t worry, dear,” he consoled her. “It will come out all right.”

“But I’m so afraid—for you!” she whispered. “It was all my fault.”

Carol pulled her gently away. “Doris will come home with me tonight,” she decided. “We’ll be back in the morning, Jeff.”

“For God’s sake, stay away—both of you!” he begged. “It’s her only chance. Make Doris see that, Carol!”

Carol looked at Doris. “Jeff is right, dear,” she agreed. Then they left.

Jeff now looked up inquiringly at the lieutenant behind the desk. “I am sorry,” he said, “but I must hold you here overnight, Mr. Lorimer. You can see your lawyer, of course. In the morning we will know more about this Locke’s condition.”

Jeff was led away to a cell.

Two hours had passed. Tired out from pacing the narrow confines of his cell and waiting for Andrew Osborne to phone, Jeff sat on the sagging cot. A cigarette dangled between his nervous fingers as he surveyed his surroundings.

The floor and walls of the tiny room told their tale of the sordid humanity that had found its way in and out of the place. The feeble electric-light bulb, protected by a wire cage, seemed to quiver with delight at his misery. A cockroach skittered across the floor and disappeared down a crack in the baseboard. Jeff shivered and put his overcoat around his shoulders. His face was haggard with worry.

At four o’clock, unable to stand the suspense longer, he called to the jailer.

“Hasn’t my lawyer phoned?” he asked.

“Not yet.”

“Any report from the hospital?”

“They don’t tell me nothin’. Take it easy, buddy. I’ve seen ’em get out of tighter spots than you’re in.”

The hours dragged on their torturous way. At eight o’clock Jeff heard footsteps coming down the corridor and jumped up. It was not Osborne, however. Only the day jailer with a strange young man in tow. Jeff turned away in disappointment, but they stopped at his cell.

“A reporter to see you, Mr. Lorimer,” the jailer said.

Jeff scowled and turned away. “I have nothing to say.”

“We already have the story,” the reporter insisted. “Don’t you want to tell your side? I’ll give you a break—you’ll need it.”

Jeff fought back the urge to say, “Get the hell out!” But it wouldn’t do to antagonize the newspapers. And so he said wearily:

“Later, perhaps—after I see my lawyer.”

“Want the latest bulletin about Locke?” the reporter asked slyly.

Jeff wheeled.

“Still unconscious. Liable to stay that way for some time. If you’ll take my advice, Mr. Lorimer, you will give out some kind of statement—” Boy, oh boy, the newshound reflected. That frightened look will make swell copy!

“Come on, Scanlon,” the jailer said. “I wouldn’t talk either if I was him. I won’t bring any more of them in,” he promised Jeff. Scanlon was already doping out a sensational lead for his “exclusive interview.”

At nine o’clock Andrew Osborne arrived.

“Geoffrey, my boy!” he exclaimed as Jeff pulled up the creaking chair for him. “Tell me all about it. I returned this morning—you have wired your father, of course? Has your Uncle Hal been here?”

“I waited for you, Mr. Osborne. I hope it won’t be necessary to wire father. This may blow over.”

“It is too late for that, son. The police have taken over the case. No matter what happens, there is still the assault charge against you. Tell me the story—from the beginning.”

Jeff told him everything—omitting, however, any hint of his feelings for Doris, and of Nat’s deplorable connection with Locke. When he had finished, Osborne shook his head reflectively.

“I must telephone your father and uncle immediately. The story is in the morning papers and by now the Florida reporters must also have it. I’ll arrange bail and you will be temporarily free. Unless, of course, Locke—”

A half-hour later Jeff’s cell door again opened, and this time Uncle Hal put his smiling face in. But the smile didn’t deceive Jeff. He saw the deep lines of concern behind it.

“Get on your things, Jeff,” Uncle Hal said. “You’re going home.”

“Does father—”

“He knows. But Osborne and I persuaded him not to come North unless the case takes a serious turn. We must keep this from your mother as long as possible. You remember Dr. Elliot’s warning—no shocks.”

“But she is bound to see it in the papers!”

“Your father is going to prevent that. By noon they will all be on the Moira, except Nat. They will cruise about Southern waters. Nat is flying North by plane this morning. She insisted. You have a mighty loyal sister, Jeff. Were you drunk, boy?”

“No. Locke had it coming to him,” was all Jeff would say. “Let’s go.”

As they started down the corridor, Uncle Hal said: “Newspapermen are waiting outside. And photographers. We can’t avoid them. You are not to say a word to them—Osborne’s orders. The lieutenant will rush us through. The car is waiting. All set?”

JEFF nodded, pulling his hat down over his eyes and turning up his coat collar. With Uncle Hal hurrying protectively before him, they ran through the station house and got into the car, a pack of reporters and photographers clamoring at their heels. Twenty minutes later they ran the same gamut in front of the Lorimer home on Fifth Avenue. But Pitts and two footmen were waiting at the door. They pulled Jeff and his uncle in and kept the others from following.

Pitts, mute with despair, helped Jeff off with his coat. “Oh, Master Jeff!” was all he could say. His old mouth was trembling. Jeff patted his shoulder affectionately.

“Don’t worry, Pitts,” he said with an optimism he did not feel. “Everything will turn out fine.”

Uncle Hal handed him the morning papers. The screaming headline, HOWARD LOCKE DYING FROM BLOW BY GEOFFREY LORIMER IV—made him really frightened for the first time. The hospital report was discouraging. Locke had received a compound fracture of the skull, "and this, coupled with a heart condition, may bring on death at any moment, attending physicians say." Jeff was trembling as he pushed the papers aside.

"You must rest now, boy," Uncle Hal said. "We can't do anything but wait and see what happens. I'll send your father a radiogram letting him know you are at home on bail. Osborne is calling in other attorneys and we are to confer. I'll come back later, after seeing them."

Jeff went upstairs to his own rooms feeling as if he had just torn himself from some horrible nightmare.

AFTER a shave and bath he donned pajamas and dressing gown and went more carefully over the newspaper accounts of last night's happening. It was too bad for Carol's sake that she had to be dragged into it. Her picture, with that of other prominent theatrical folk whom he didn't even remember seeing at the party, was spread through the papers. And in every story, of course, Doris was mentioned as the "beautiful night-club girl whose fondness for playboys and a gay life have proved her undoing." One tabloid had unearthed a picture of her.

Jeff threw down the paper in a futile rage. Some day they would eat those words! Some day, if he got out of this jam, Doris's picture would appear alongside his. But her name wouldn't be Doris Fenton. It would be Mrs. Geoffrey Lorimer IV. A lot of people would have to take that and like it.

It was eleven thirty. A dozen times he had reached for the telephone to call her, but had decided against it. If the girls were awake they would surely have called him. By twelve he could wait no longer.

A sleepy voice that he recognized as Carol's answered. "I'll call her," she said. There was silence for many long minutes, then Carol's excited voice was on the wire again:

"She's gone, Jeff! She hasn't even slept in the bed. There's a note here saying she didn't want to cause me any further trouble and that I was to tell you she had written you."

"She left her address, of course?" Jeff asked excitedly.

"I don't see it anywhere. But you'll hear from her," Carol reassured him. "The way that kid loves you is pathetic. Or maybe it's wonderful. In the meantime, if there is anything I can do—"

Jeff hung up the receiver and turned away. Carol's confidence was comforting. He knew Doris was acting wisely, but until her letter came he would be in agony. He tried to sleep, but there was no sleep in him. Every few minutes he went to the window, parted the curtains, and looked to see if a messenger boy might be entering the vestibule. Each time he saw only the weary but persistent newspapermen and the passing throngs that stared stupidly up at the house.

At two o'clock Pitts came up with the promised letter. Jeff grabbed it from the old man. His hands shook so he had difficulty opening it.

> You can't know how terribly I feel about getting you into this trouble, darling [Doris wrote], and there is nothing I won't do to help you. [The "nothing" was underscored.] I will watch the papers for news about Howard Locke, and if anything happens to him you can count on me. Meanwhile, I am going to drop out of sight so the reporters won't keep hounding me and trying to build up something between us that never existed. You know how they twist your words around! At least I can save you and your family that much. But know this, dear—that I love you every bit as much as you love me. That is why I must keep out of your life now. When you need me I will be there. Until then I shall hope and pray.

Jeff put down the letter. She was right. But more than ever before he wanted her in his arms—ached to hear her say the things she had written and to hold her very close to him for hours upon hours. As his longing grew, he paced the floor in helpless fury at the fate that had again separated them. That one maddening embrace—that had etched her loveliness into him so that even now he could see and feel her almost as if she were there. Everything taunted him—the curve of her throat, the tilt of her nose, the mouth that always looked like a full-blown flower, and her breasts blossoming out like fragrant magnolias beneath the gown that covered but could never conceal them. He had never experienced such frustration. He didn't know how to meet it. Not even once had Margot made him feel a hundredth part of this.

NOW, for one wild moment, he contemplated dashing out of the house, finding her, and running away with her—far away from the whole nasty mess he had got them into.

Common sense returned, of course. He was out on bail, like a criminal. Any such step would make desperate hunted fugitives out of them. But what was his father going to say to him after it was all over? He hated himself for the dread he felt at the thought of that meeting. And his mother! If she should find out! It was just such a shock that Dr. Elliot had warned them against.

He rang for Pitts and asked for some brandy and soda.

"Now, Master Jeff—" the old man began doubtfully.

Jeff's nerves were on end. "I won't get drunk, Pitts," he promised. "But see"—holding out his shaking hands. "I can't go on like this!"

Later, when Jeff looked back on that afternoon, it seemed that only by a miracle had he retained his sanity. Sometimes in a stupor, sometimes in a dizzy whirl of uncertainty, he sat there waiting while the life of a man he loathed, for whose death he

This story
will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

would certainly be responsible, hung by the merest thread. Doris . . . Nat . . . Locke . . . jail . . . the police . . . Florida . . . his mother . . . everything became a hysterical jumble.

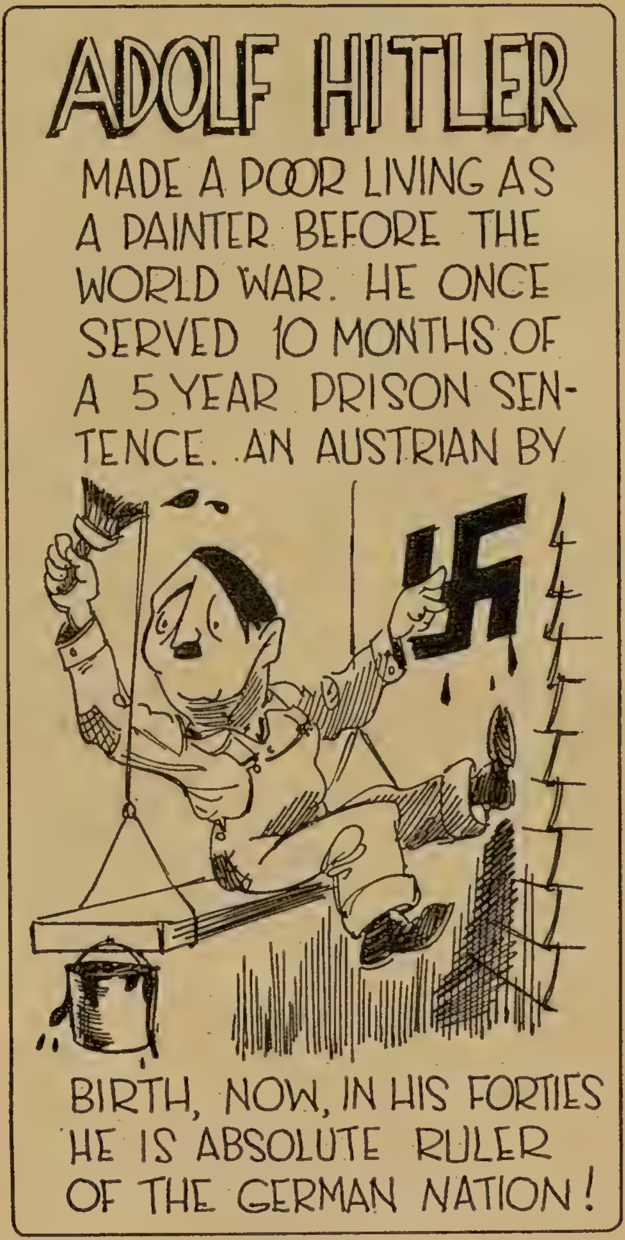
Shortly before six o'clock Uncle Hal returned, bringing with him Andrew Osborne, a young lawyer named Cranston clever in the criminal field, and his assistant, who was going to present the case in court. After a hurried dinner that no one could enjoy, they discussed the case, pondering every possible legal angle that might give Jeff a loophole in the event Locke died.

"Locke was annoying the girl, I tell you!" he insisted. "Any man would have interfered. I had no intention of killing him."

"But, Jeff," Uncle Hal interposed, "show girls can usually take care of themselves. For all you know, she might have encouraged him." Andrew Osborne nodded in agreement.

Keyhole Kartoons

by John W. Elliotte


ADOLF HITLER
MADE A POOR LIVING AS A PAINTER BEFORE THE WORLD WAR. HE ONCE SERVED 10 MONTHS OF A 5 YEAR PRISON SENTENCE. AN AUSTRIAN BY BIRTH, NOW, IN HIS FORTIES HE IS ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE GERMAN NATION!

Hearing his uncle discussing Doris as if she were some cheap little adventuress was almost more than Jeff could bear. He wanted horribly to throttle him. There were moments when he actually bit his tongue to keep from leaping to his feet before these doddering nitwits and branding Howard Locke as a despoiler of girls. He wanted to shout at them: "My own sister was one of his victims!"—and then see the horrified looks on their faces.

But Jeff restrained himself—and this was the hardest fight the boy had ever made. Yet he was glad when he won out. Glad for Doris's sake, and for Nat's.

At nine the conference ended. Uncle Hal phoned the hospital again. Locke's condition was unchanged. "I suppose we should look on that as good news," he said with an attempted brightness that didn't come off. The others made no comment. "My things are being brought over here tonight, Jeff. I will stay here with you."

Jeff dreaded the long night ahead of him—but it wasn't as trying as he had expected.

At ten thirty Pitts handed him a telegram. It was from Nat. She would arrive in the morning, "to stand by you and to tell my story."

Jeff went quickly into Ogden's cheerful rooms, where Uncle Hal had taken up temporary abode. "Nat's landing at the Newark Airport tomorrow morning," Jeff told him. "Will you meet her—and keep her from talking, just as you did me? The reporters may be there. *Nat mustn't talk!*"

"What could she possibly have to say, Jeff?" Uncle Hal asked curiously. Jeff's nervous gravity was too obvious.

Jeff started—then caught himself. "Oh—chatter. You know how Nat loves to talk. *But she mustn't.*" He turned and stalked out of the room, Uncle Hal watching him thoughtfully.

Jeff went back to his library, this new worry making his heart heavier than ever. Nat simply mustn't be dragged into the scandal. The suspense was getting him. He called the hospital once more and was told that Locke's condition had not changed. Fatigue finally won out and he dropped off into sound slumber.

A little more than an hour later Uncle Hal woke him by holding a cold wet washcloth against his forehead. Pitts, standing beside him, looked frightened and very old. In his trembling hands he clutched a glass of whisky and another of water. Tears crept into the old butler's eyes as he watched Uncle Hal breaking the deep, merciful slumber.

"Wake up, Jeff!" Uncle Hal said, and his voice was thick. "Wake up, I say!"

Jeff, stupid with the first sound sleep he had known in two nights, blinked uncomprehendingly.

"Wake up," his uncle repeated, "and get a grip on yourself, boy." He took the whisky from Pitts. Jeff drank it mechanically. Then he tried to sit up, wondering vaguely what it was all about. He hadn't yet noticed the pallor on his uncle's face.

"Look at me, Jeff," came his uncle's voice, steady now, and even. Jeff looked. "It's all over," Uncle Hal said, his voice faltering. "Locke is—he is dead, Jeff!"

Jeff stared for an instant. Then—like blinding sunlight suddenly let into a dark room—the full meaning of his uncle's words flooded his consciousness. "Oh, my God—I'm a murderer!" he cried.

For a moment the two older men thought he might faint. But presently he straightened up and in another moment he had complete control of himself.

"I'd better dress, I suppose. They will be coming for me, won't they?" He was wide awake.

Uncle Hal went back to dress and call the lawyers. Pitts found fresh linen for Jeff, a suit that had just been pressed, and a pair of newly shined shoes.

"I don't know what your father will say, Master Jeff," he observed sadly. "Nothing like this has ever happened in the Lorimer family before. Oh, why did you do it, sir?" His dismay was pathetic.

In the midst of his dressing, Jeff stopped to say, "Some day, Pitts, I may tell you—the whole story."

"I'll be glad when you tell the authorities, sir." The butler sighed fervently. A bell pealed softly downstairs. In spite of his age, Pitts had keen ears. "I must answer that, Master Jeff!" he exclaimed. "The reporters have been very bothersome today, sir. It wouldn't do if one of them should get in."

He lumbered off and Jeff went on with his dressing. When his uncle came back he was sitting quietly on the edge of the bed, smoking a cigarette.

"They are downstairs, Jeff," his uncle said.

Pitts had returned. The trio rode down in the elevator in silence.

In the big entrance hall two detectives, hats in hand, waited respectfully—a thing they seldom did. But the name of Lorimer had magic in it. They stared about them at the high ceilings, the enormous crystal chandeliers, the priceless tapestries hanging on the wall, and the large oil painting that concealed the door to the lift. It was the first time they had ever been inside such a house and they were awed to speechlessness. When Pitts swung the lift door open they turned quickly.

"Here we are, gentlemen," Uncle Hal said pleasantly.

One of the men stepped forward. A warrant was in his hand.

"Mr. Geoffrey Lorimer?" he asked. Jeff nodded. "I place you under arrest and charge you with the murder of Howard Locke. Anything you say will be used against you."

Jeff reached out mechanically for the warrant. "Where am I going?"

"To the Magistrate's Court," the detective spoke up. "We have a taxi waiting."

"I am ready," Jeff answered calmly.

It was a strange feeling indeed to be leaving his father's house under these circumstances, and as the butler went forward to open the front door, Jeff turned and looked back up the stairs to the first landing, where the portrait of the first Geoffrey Lorimer had hung for more than a hundred years. The others followed his gaze. They saw an oil painting of a fine-looking old man. A dim overhead light revealed the strong character lines in his face. It seemed to Jeff as if his great-grandfather had stepped out of the massive gold frame and was standing on the topmost step. He could almost hear a voice saying: "Go courageously, my boy. Hold your head high—for I, at least, know. I understand!"

"The taxi is waiting," the detective reminded Jeff.

THE big glass and iron-grilled door swung slowly open and the four men hurried down the eighteen steps in the vestibule. This time the people who had been standing outside the Lorimer mansion in the cold were rewarded beyond their expectations. They saw young Geoffrey Lorimer come out of the house between two detectives.

"Hope you like the jail beds, sweetheart!" a rowdy on the outer fringe of the crowd called out.

A moment later they were driving away in a cab. The reporters followed in another. The lawyers would meet them at the court.

It was a short ride, and as they drew up before the court the detective who had served the warrant said: "You will appear before the magistrate immediately, Mr. Lorimer, and in the morning you will go down to the Tombs." Jeff was hoping the cells at the Magistrate's Court were cleaner than the other one.

The Magistrate's Court was jammed with the usual crowd of curious people. Many had come to get in out of the cold. When the clerk called out, "Geoffrey Lorimer!" necks craned and a buzz of excitement swept through the big room. This was a treat they had not anticipated. It was too soon for the papers to be on the street with the news of Howard Locke's death and Jeff's arrest.

Three lawyers, the detectives, and Uncle Hal, circling Jeff, came in through a side door. People jumped excitedly to their feet for a better view. The seven men took their places before the bench. By now confusion was so great the magistrate pounded with his gavel. In the ensuing quiet a detective submitted his affidavit charging Jeff with first-degree murder.

"We waive examination, Your Honor," Andrew Osborne spoke up.

The magistrate looked down at Jeff. "I remand you to the jail," he said.

Jeff looked around uncertainly.

"That is all," Uncle Hal whispered. The clerk was already handing papers on the next case to the magistrate. They all went into the anteroom again, brushing by the insistent reporters. Flashlights boomed in his face, but Jeff did not flinch.

"Try to rest," Osborne advised. "You are going to need all your reserve strength. In the morning we will send a radiogram to your father."

"He should get here by tomorrow night," Uncle Hal said. "But the lawyers and I will come back tomorrow morning to go over the case with you. Jeff, if there is anything you are withholding"—Uncle Hal paused to let his words sink in—"you must tell us then. Your very life may hang on it."

They left, and a jailer took Jeff to the cell in which he would spend the night. Jeff looked about him and shrugged. Since word came of Locke's death, shock had dulled him. He had heard the formal arraignment clearly; but the defendant was another man, not himself. Thus he undressed and slept soundly while newspaper headlines decried his "poker face" and the sensation stories bemoaned the callousness of the millionaire playboy who wouldn't bat an eye over the man he had killed.

Landing at the Newark Airport, Nat went directly to

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the Lorimer mansion, but upon learning Jeff's fate she dropped her bag and dashed out again for a cab.

"The Tombs!" she excitedly directed the driver.

There, the jailer led her directly to Jeff's cell. Jeff had arrived only a little while before, after his night in the jail adjoining the Magistrate's Court.

"Jeff!" Nat cried, flinging herself, weeping, into her brother's arms.

Jeff tried desperately to quiet her, but Nat only echoed the words of Doris: "If it hadn't been for me—oh, why did I ever tell you?"

In the end, though, he was able to quiet her down and to make her see that they had to think not alone of him but of the rest of the family. Especially their mother.

"If father can only keep her away!" Nat prayed. "But you know mother. When father suddenly insisted upon boarding the yacht and cruising around, when he knows she doesn't care for the water, she suspected something. We talked her out of it for the time being. And then, there is Margaret—"

Margaret Lorimer, with her genius for smelling out anything irregular, was indeed a menace. "When Margaret finds out, so will mother. She can never hide what she knows. Jeff—who was the girl who got you into this?"

"No girl 'got me into it,' Nat," Jeff replied evenly.

"Howard Locke didn't have to force his attentions on women. He could have any girl he wanted. I soon found that out!" Nat added bitterly. "Who was the girl, anyway?"

Who was the girl—anyway? Jeff looked at his young sister and wondered if she could possibly understand the great depth of his feeling for Doris Fenton. Everything that had gone into the making of Natalie Lorimer would instinctively cry out against this girl from nowhere who had involved her brother in a murder. And yet—because of Nat's own experience with Locke—might she not feel a little human kindness and understanding toward Doris?

Nat was a volatile little thing, easily upset, impulsive. Suppose she didn't see Doris with his eyes? Suppose she saw her as the rest of the world would see her, should he speak the truth—a cheap night-club adventuress who had been trying to ensnare a rich man's son and encourage Locke at the same time?

"Oh, just a girl," he replied carelessly—then added quickly, "but a nice girl! That was why I interfered."

Nat got up and put her arms about him. "I'll come to see you every single day, Jeff. I'll—"

"Nat!" Jeff turned her face so that she could look straight into his eyes and see how deadly serious he was. "You mustn't come down here again. Promise me you won't. You must also give me your word not to tell any one—not even Osborne or Uncle Hal or the other lawyers—what went on between Locke and you. *We have got to think of mother.* Some day she will have to know about what is happening to me now. But to know about Locke and you— Don't you see, Nat?" He stumbled over the words, but he won his point. Nat nodded in agreement, afraid for the moment to trust her voice.

His sister had not been gone an hour when the jailer came to Jeff's door and said:

"Another young lady wants to see you. Says she is a witness."

Jeff gripped the bars until his knuckles were white. "Miss Fenton?" he asked, keeping his voice low.

"Carson's the name she gave me. Shall I send her away?"

The agitation that had surged through Jeff at the thought of seeing Doris receded, leaving him weak and shaken. "Bring her in," he said dully.

CAROL looked strangely out of place here in the prison cell in a black-velvet suit trimmed with silver fox. A spray of gardenias was pinned on her shoulder.

"My poor Jeff!" she cried. "This is terrible!"

Jeff reached through the barred door of his cell and caught her arm. "Have you seen Doris? Or heard from her?" he beseeched.

Carol hadn't, but she tried to console him: "Doris is doing the best possible thing for you, Jeff. Your lawyers will agree. If she is seen around here, the reporters will pounce on her and the very thing you want to avoid will happen. They will say you were having an affair with her! There's enough scandal going around now without that. But tell me—have you seen your father?"

"He should be here tonight. I'd rather face a dozen juries than him. In his own little way my father is a sort of dictator who can do no wrong. Neither can the dictator's son. And I have done wrong." He shrugged.

"Maybe your mother could make him understand."

"My mother knows nothing about all this!" Jeff broke in vehemently. "She mustn't. I told you about her bad heart."

"Well, try not to worry," Carol said, patting his hand affectionately. "I know a few things about Howard Locke that I can tell when they put me on the stand."

Geoffrey Lorimer did not come to the Tombs that night to see his son. In his stead came Uncle Hal and Andrew Osborne. Outside Jeff's cell, the lawyer whispered, "I'll wait out here, Hal."

The jailer swung Jeff's door open and Uncle Hal entered. One look at his uncle's face gave Jeff the sickening feeling that something was wrong.

More misery for Jeff? Can it be possible that his father has turned against him, refusing to have any part in this scandalous affair? Or does Uncle Hal bring news more terrifying than that? Does it concern his mother? Doris? Read next week's installment for fresh light on this tense situation and new complications in this daring novel of today.

GOOD BOOKS by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **WE, THE LIVING** by Ayn Rand. The Macmillan Company.

At last, a superb novel of new Russia comes to us—so vivid, so intimate, that it makes us pause and say, "This could happen to us! But it mustn't!"

★ ★ ★ ½ **THE THINKING REED** by Rebecca West. The Viking Press.

A deep study of the deliberate morons of the world—rich, melancholy, and heartbreakingly witty.

★ ★ ★ **THIRTY HERBS WILL MAKE AN HERB GARDEN** (25c), and **CALENDAR OF GARDEN JINGLES** (50c) by Helen Lyman. Published by the Author.

Two slick booklets for the lovers of garden novelties. Sixteen varieties of herb seeds for ten cents additional. Address Helen Lyman, 52 Santa Clara Avenue, Oakland, California.

★ ★ ½ **SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS** by Richard Halliburton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Another travel book by a writer who goes to not-so-strange places, but with a unique flair for going in strange ways.

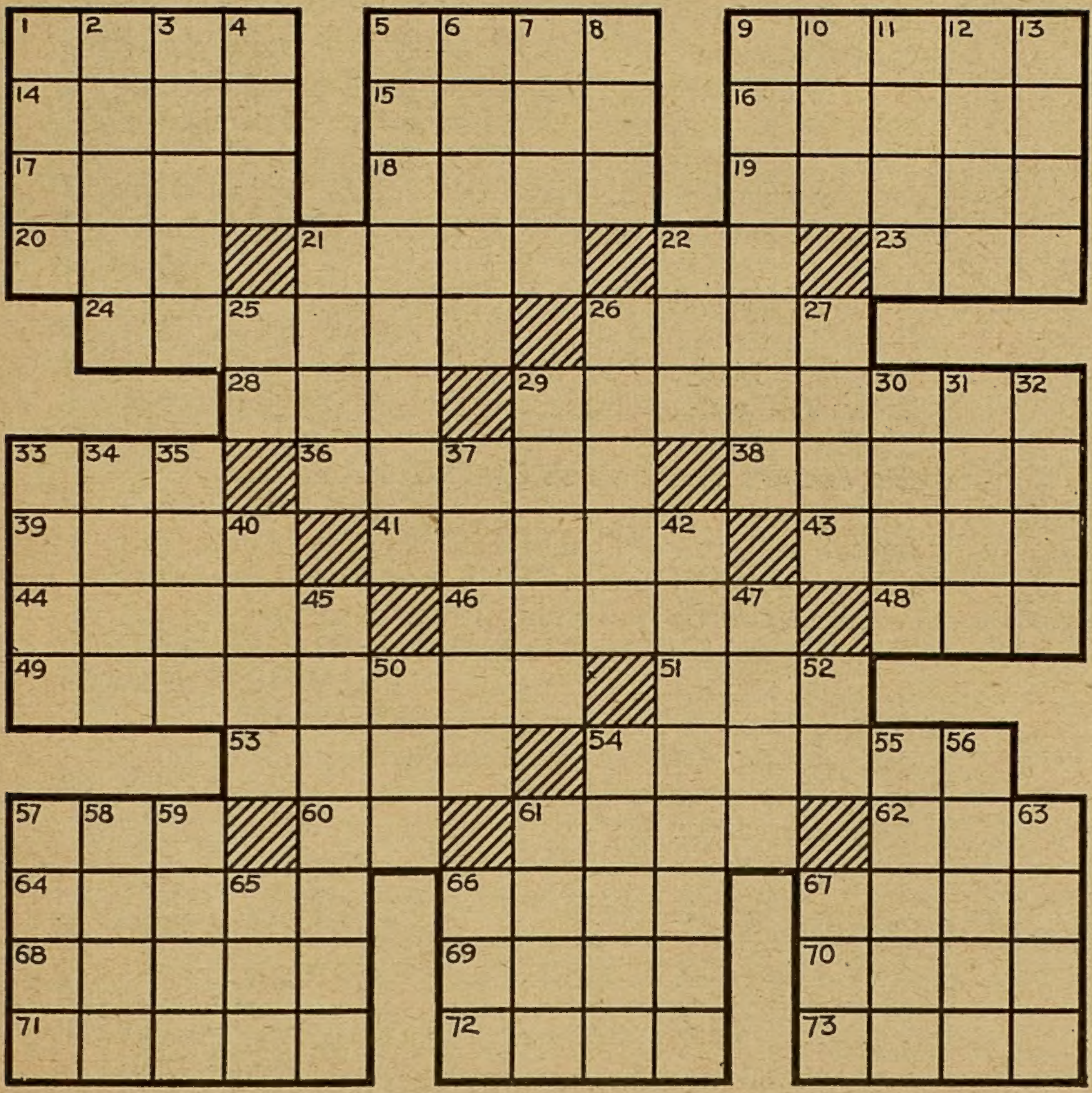
★ ★ **WHITE HAWTHORN** by Lucille Papin Borden. The Macmillan Company.

An interesting religious story of Fiorenza, a little dancing girl, a young Englishman, the Abbess Birgetta, who teaches and cares for Fiorenza. The scene is Florence and Rome.

★ ★ **THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE** words and pictures by James Thurber. Harper & Brothers.

In an extraordinary run of humorous and witty books, this ranks Thurber high.

$2,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 3

HORIZONTAL

1 Sour
5 A rod
9 Member of an Oriental race
14 Unusual; valuable to a degree seldom found
15 Incite
16 A size of type
17 Company
18 Girl's name
19 Cut again
20 Male child
21 Proofreading term
22 Exclamation
23 Printer's measure (plural)
24 A fruit (plural)
26 A farmer (slang)
28 Part of to be
29 A fruit beverage
33 Appropriate
36 That which is drawn along in the rear of something
38 The organ that secretes milk
39 Created a false impression
41 Stains
43 The sun (plural)
44 Mimics
46 A genus of typical geese
48 Placed
49 Legislators
51 Extending upward relatively little
53 A set-to
54 Takes intense delight in
57 A verbal suffix
60 Either
61 Step
62 Help
64 Small piece
66 Breathe quickly or spasmodically
67 Feminine personal name
68 One of the United States
69 Press upon
70 Religious group, especially a dissenting party
71 To support oneself on the feet
72 Indigence
73 On the ocean

VERTICAL

1 Part of a circle (plural)
2 Billiard shot
3 Woman's name
4 Condensed moisture
5 Either of a couple who dance together (plural)
6 Wind instruments
7 For fear that
8 Greek letter
9 Large stork
10 Period of time
11 Crippled
12 Any exceedingly small particle
13 An Old World evergreen tree (plural)
21 Arrange according to characteristics
22 To make a droning sound
25 Note of the scale
26 Torn places
27 Terminals
29 A certain animal (plural)
30 Bustle (plural)
31 To take out
32 Formerly
33 Exclamation
34 Tube
35 Suffix denoting the addition of ten
37 Separate
40 A dull brownish yellow
42 Chosen
45 Bent forward and downward
47 To roam about
50 Possessive pronoun
52 Us
54 A cooking stove
55 Narrow roads
56 Because
57 A theory (plural)
58 Begone!
59 A species of silkworm
61 Diminish by taking away a little at a time
63 Given facts
65 Woman's name
66 A play on words
67 Man's name

BEGIN AN ENTRY NOW—YOU CAN WIN!

YOU still have time to enter this great contest and win one of the prizes listed below! Don't miss this opportunity to turn your crosswording skill into extra money for your budget. Begin the game, if you are not already a competitor, by solving the puzzle—Number 3—at the left. When your solution is complete, put it one side until the end of the contest. Now, if you have not solved the first two puzzles of the contest and have given away or mislaid the copies of Liberty in which they appeared, mail a request for free reprints of the puzzles to the contest address in Rule 7. They will be sent without charge. Watch for Puzzle 4 next week.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.

3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.

4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.

5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.

7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The Judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

JOLIET, ILL.—Gates of Stateville Prison swung open for a truck to leave—then clanged shut as guards discovered six trusties sitting on a bobsled roped to the rear axle.

The convicts were hustled off to solitary confinement, insisting they built the sled for recreation and merely intended to coast behind the truck as far as the gate. The rope became tangled and they were unable to stop, they said.

There will be no more coasting at Joliet.

STOWAH, TENN.—When Nehemiah Butler, wanted for theft, was finally captured by deputy sheriffs, they found that one of the bloodhounds which had been set on his trail was being used by him to hunt rabbits.

CHIGAGO, ILL.—Charged with intoxication, Edward O'Neil was taken before Judge Thomas A. Green.

"It was this way, Your Honor," explained O'Neil. "I had a pet frog that I'd sit on the bar when I went into a place to drink. When he changed color I knew I'd had enough. But last night somebody stole my frog!"

"Case dismissed if you will get a new frog," replied Judge Green.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the taxes.

—The Middle Class.

●

Happy Happenings

Angus McAndrews, a young Scotch immigrant from Aberdeen, landed in South Africa penniless. He tramped to the Rand looking for work. Outside a saloon he saw some roughs beating a boy, and interfered. In the combat that followed, McAndrews was struck over the head with an iron bar and was thrown senseless in a gully.

When he recovered consciousness he found his face covered with blood and his hands grasping dirt and pebbles. One pebble gleamed brightly. It was a diamond of great value. He sold it in Cape Town for five thousand pounds, and invested in a flourishing store. In ten years he was one of the leading citizens of South Africa—and one of the wealthiest and most philanthropic.

—Roy L. McCardell.

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Delightful Si-Si.............Achmed Abdullah 18
Wings of Storm....................Peter Paul O'Mara 38
Close Shave—Liberty's Short Short.......Maxwell Hawkins 50
Mr. Dunkle's Diary......................Norman Anthony 51

Serials

Beginning—
Without Warning
Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty 6
Will it be East vs. West in 1937?—Here begins a poignantly vivid novel of war as it MIGHT come
Company of the Damned—Part II. . Captain W. J. Blackledge 32
Rich Man's Son—Part IV.........Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 54

Articles

Can the Women of the Pacific Prevent War?
Emily Newell Blair 5
They have tried and are trying, though the world hardly knows it—The story of a meeting pregnant with dramatic significance
Jafsie Answers Hauptmann's Death-Cell Accusation
Rev. D. G. Werner 14
Says the kidnaper: "I heard the Doctor say, 'I never can testify against this man'"—His pastor and confidant reveals a strange and startling new allegation
Will Hollywood Spoil Freddie Bartholomew?
Ring W. Lardner, Jr. 26
A close-up of a rising young star who keeps a level head and "hopes," when he grows up, "to be an actor"!
Fred Perry—Champ or Chump?...........Milton Holmes 30
What would you have done?—The story of a $100,000 decision and the greatest amateur in tennis

Features

Editorial.......................Bernarr Macfadden 4
Twenty Questions.. 12
Fashion Flashes from Paris...........................Doramiller 20
Liberty's Amateur Writers Page. Conducted by Major Bowes 28
Tricks, Thrills, Tunes—Movie reviews..........Beverly Hills 45
Vox Pop.. 48
To the Ladies!.............Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 53
Keyhole Kartoons........................John W. Elliotte 58
Good Books....................................Oliver Swift 60
$2,000 Crossword Puzzle Contest.............................. 61
It Happened In—.. 62

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

STRANGE STORIES THAT JAFSIE TOLD
BY FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR OF LIBERTY

While Dr. J. F. ("Jafsie") Condon was preparing the historic story of his connection with the Lindbergh case recently concluded in Liberty, he had numerous lengthy and intimate conferences with Fulton Oursler. From observations during these meetings Mr. Oursler presents a picture of the Condon character that few if any others have been privileged to see. Outstanding in his analysis of the garrulous educator is the belief that there is a great fear in the recesses of Jafsie's tantalized spirit! Whatever the thing is, it is with Jafsie always. What is it? Why should he fear anything? Read Mr. Oursler's remarkable record of Condon's words and actions and draw your own conclusions.

ALSO—

MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL—CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE—CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.—GILBERT WRIGHT—BEN AMES WILLIAMS—FREDERICK L. COLLINS—GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT AND EDWARD DOHERTY.

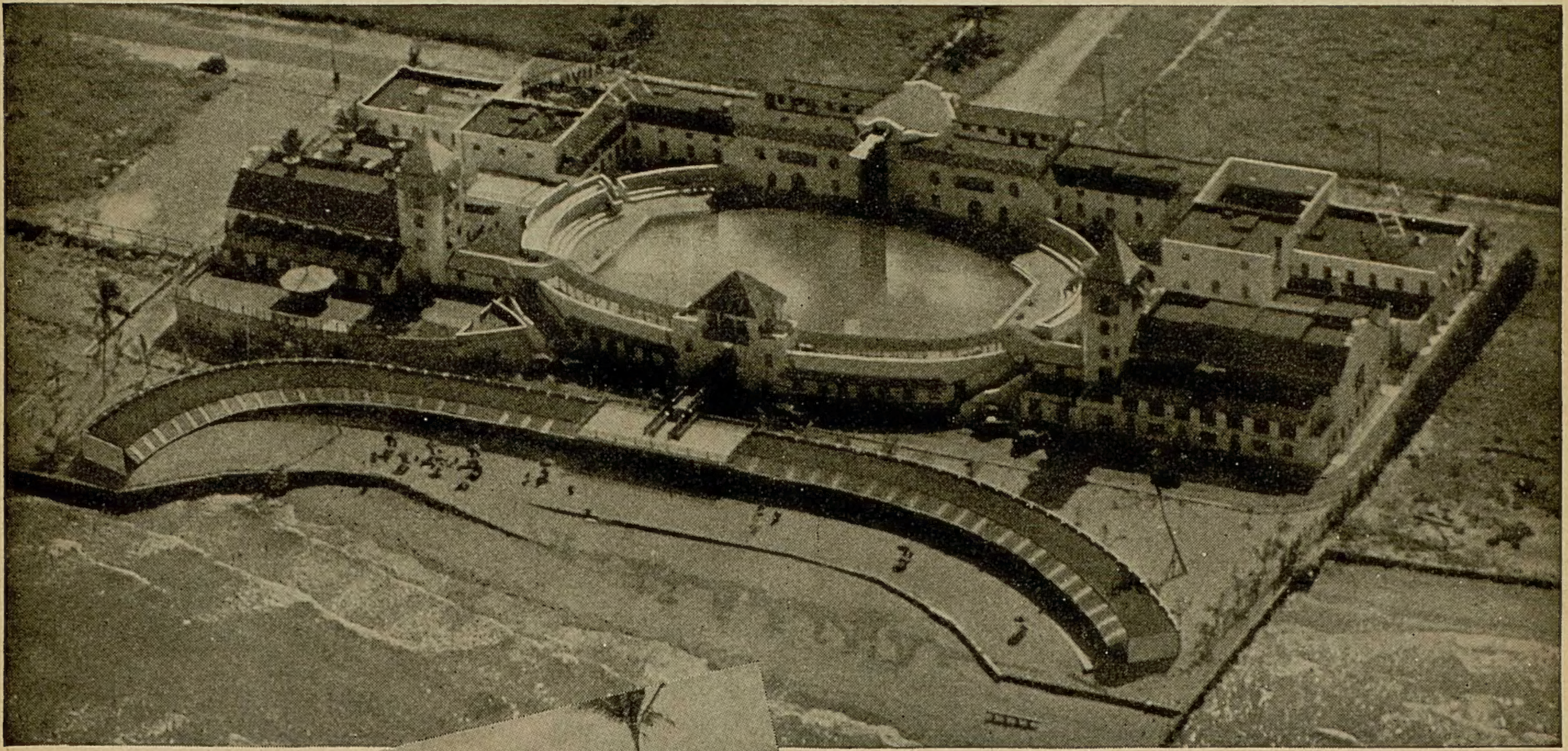
NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

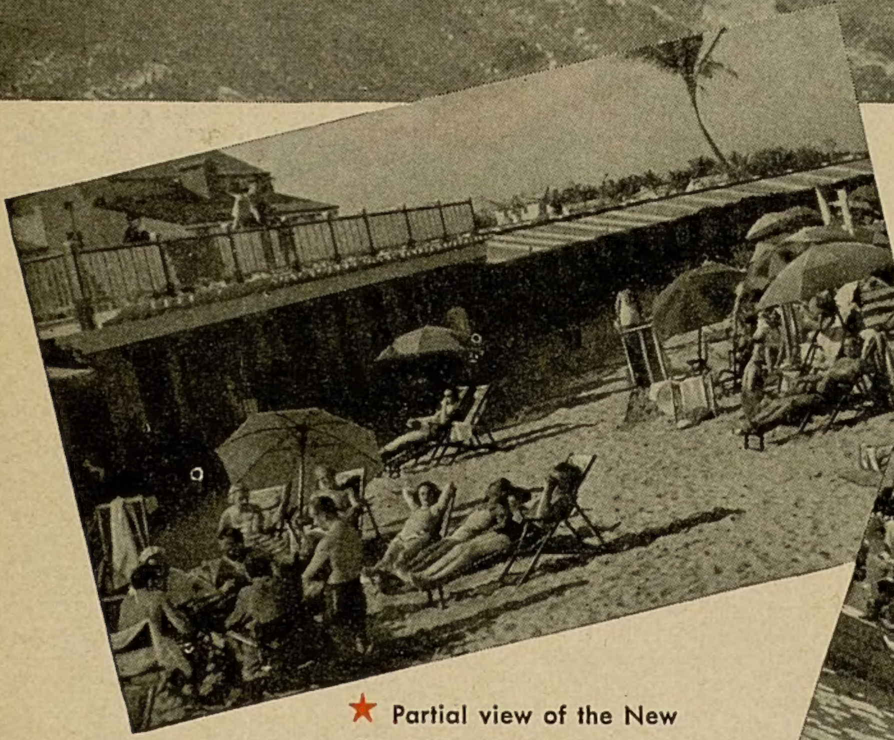
ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8

THE NEW DEAUVILLE

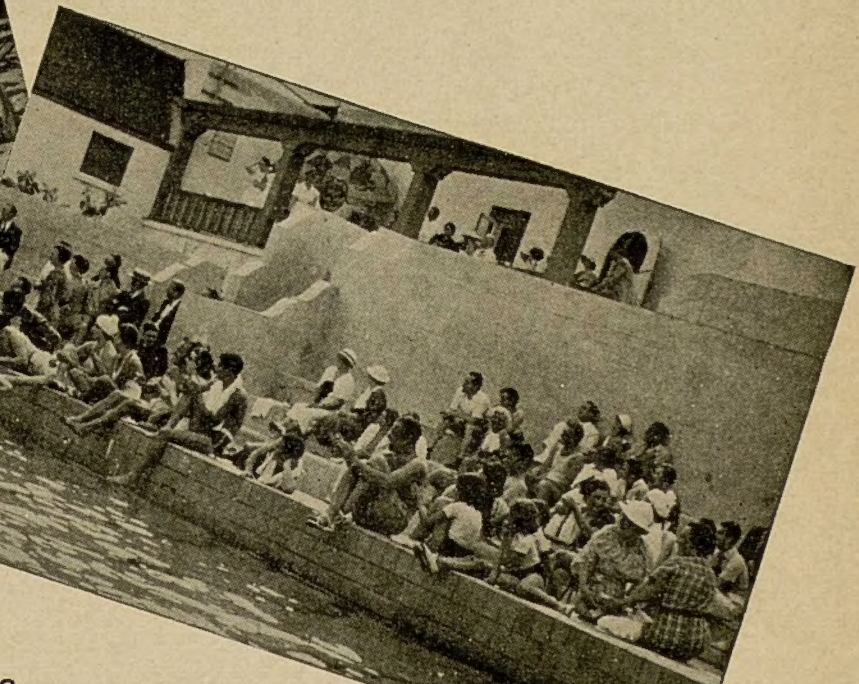
HOTEL AND PLEASURE RESORT • MIAMI BEACH • FLORIDA



★ The New Deauville from the air. The smiling Atlantic in front, the beautiful Biscayne Bay immediately behind the hotel.



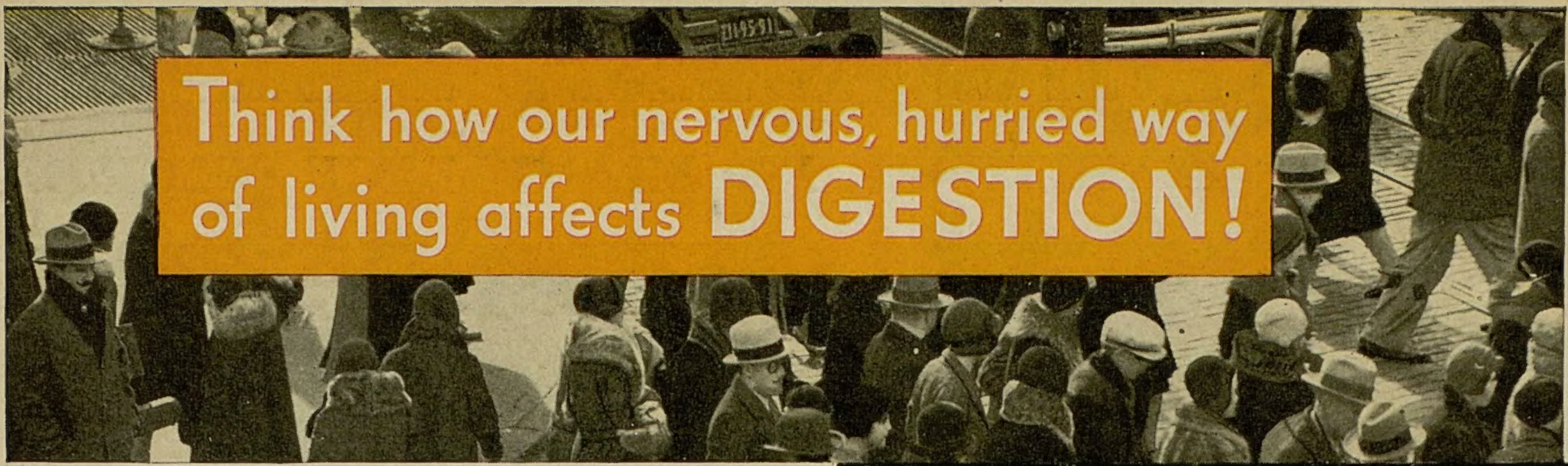
★ Partial view of the New Deauville beach, and luxuriously furnished cabanas.



★ The big circular swimming pool rivals the ocean itself.

★ The new and enlarged Deauville Hotel and pleasure resort extends a cordial welcome to vacationers. Here is a veritable paradise—luxurious quarters—unsurpassed cuisine—500 foot private ocean beach—golf—fishing—world's largest salt water circular swimming pool—the best cabanas in Florida—popular marine grill, all conducted under expert management devoted to your comfort and enjoyment. A vacation spent at the New Deauville will be a pleasure long to be remembered. For reservations wire or write The New Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida. New York information office, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

★ For those who wish to add to their store of health and vigor during their stay at the New Deauville, convenient arrangements may be made to follow Bernarr Macfadden's health-building diets and physical culture vitalizing methods under competent Macfadden-approved supervision.



Think how our nervous, hurried way of living affects DIGESTION!

Smoking Camels assists digestion to proceed normally and promotes well-being and good feeling

We live in high gear! All too often the rush and tension play havoc with nerves and the digestive system. How can one offset the effects of modern living—that's the problem! Here is an interesting, established fact: *Smoking Camels has been found a definite benefit in promoting natural digestive action.*

Camels are supremely mild—never get on the nerves. Enjoy Camels as much as you like...for their good cheer and "lift"...for their rare and delicate flavor! Smoke Camel's costlier tobaccos for digestion's sake—they set you right!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

FEEDS THOUSANDS. Miss Lenora Flinn, dietitian, says: "I smoke Camels. Smoking Camels during meals and after aids digestion."

"I EAT IN 30 minutes—and a riveter can't be walking around with indigestion," says Harry Fisher. "Smoking Camels helps my digestion."

THE TERRACED MARINE DINING ROOM of the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Chicago's famous "Gold Coast." Those who dine on tempting foods . . . at leisure . . . with music . . . and gay companionship . . . also appreciate Camels for their aid to digestion. Camels make food taste better—help you to enjoy it more. "Good times and good tobacco go together," says Fred, *maître d'hôtel* of the Marine Dining Room, favorite rendezvous of Chicago's exclusive set. "Here, where fine foods are prepared and served for those who like the best—so many of our guests smoke Camels. They are immensely popular."

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
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For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels